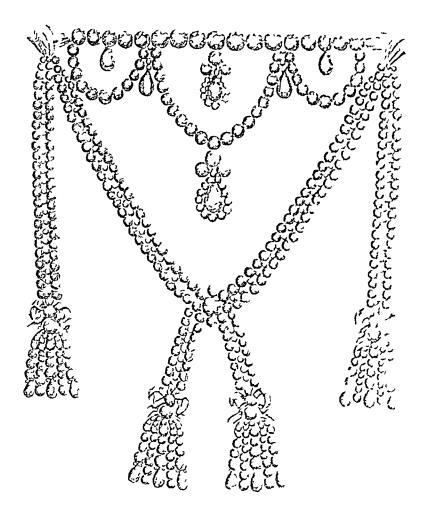
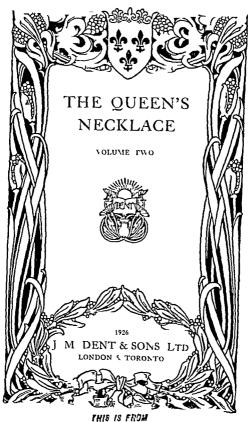
THE ROMANCES OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS Ligardy Library Contron

The Maric Antoinette Romances

TIIL
QUEEN S NECKLACE
VOLUML TWO



The Deamond Necklace



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THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE

CHAPTIR I

AMBITION IN THE GUISE OF LOVE.

JEANE also was a woman, though she was not a queen And therefore she was hardly scated in her carriage when she began to compare that splended palace of Versailles with her fifth story apartment - those magnificent lackeys with her old servant Cloudde. But immediately the attic rooms and the old servant fuled into the past and Jeanne san her little house in the Laubour, Saint Intoine so elegant and comfortable and her luckeys, less adorned with embroiders than the e of Versaille, but as re pectful and obedient. That house and the a lickers were her Versailles. There she was a queen no less than Marie Antomette and her wishes once formed provided they were himited not to what was necessary, but to what was reasonable, were as well and as speedily executed as if she had held a scentre

It was then with a cheerful face and a smile on her lips, that Jenner re-entered her house. It was still early She took paper pen and ink wrote a few lines enclosed them in a fine perfumed envelope wrote the address and ring the bell. Hardly had its list vibration ceased when the door opened, and a servant stood on the threshold

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"I was light," mulmured Jeanne, "the queen 1, not better served". Then aloud, "Take this letter to Monseigneur le Cardinal de Rohan"

The lackey took the note and went out, in cilent obcdience. The countess fell into a revery, in continuance of her meditations on the road from Ver alle. The minutes later the lackey returned

"Well?" said Madame de Li Motte, with a light accent of impatience, on seeing that her order had not been excluted

"As I was going out," said the lackey, "Mon eigneur knocked at the door. I told him that I was starting out to go to his house. He took the letter, read it, and either, saying, 'It is all right, announce me'."

"Go on"

"Monseigneur is here, waiting Madame's permission to enter"

A light smile played on the lips of the counters. After a silence of two seconds, "Let him come in," she sud, with an air of peculiar satisfaction

Was that pause of two seconds made for the purpose of keeping waiting in her antechamber a prince of the Church, or did Madame de La Motte need them for the completion of her plan?

The prince appeared in the doorway

In returning to her house, in sending for the cardinal, in experiencing so much satisfaction at his arrival, Jennie had, then, a plan?

Yes, for this longing of the queen, like the night-fires which reveal the gloomy features of a landscape, had exposed to the eyes of the intriguing countess all the recesses of a soul too proud to take precautions against observation. The journey from Versailles to Paris is of some length, and when it is made side by side with the demon of cupidity,

he has time to whisper to the traveller the most during counsels

Jeanne was still intoxicated with the view of that immense amount of money—fifteen hundred thousand france—spread out in diamonds on the white satin of the jewel case—Fifteen hundred thousand francs! Was it not in deed a princely fortune—especially to the poor mendicant who, only a month before was holding out her hands for charity! Certainly there was a greater distance between the Jeanne de Valois of the Rue Sunt Claude and the Jeanne de Valois of the Faubourg Saint Antoine than between the Jeanne de Valois mistress of the necklace She had then, accomplished more than half the journey which led to fortune.

And this fortune coveted by Jeanne, was no illusion like the words of a contrict, or like territorial possession, which require the exercise of imagination to give them value, no the neckline was a future in sight—there always there, glowing and fuscinating and since the queen could desire it Jeanne le Valois well might dream of it since the queen could make up her mind to forego possession of it, Madame de La Motte well might place it as the limit of her ambition

The cardinal who was to realize these dreams inter rupted them in responding by his unexpected presence to her desire to see him. He also had his dreams, he also had his ambition, which he concealed under the mask of love

' th, my dear Jeanne 1 said the cardinal you have become so necessary to me that my entire day has been clouded by the thought that you were so far from me. You are well after your visit to Versailles?"

Why, as you see Monseigneur

- "And contented?"
- "Enchanted"
- "The queen received you, then?"
- "Immediately on my arrival I was introduced to her presence"
- "You have good luck. One might infer from your triumphant manner that the queen spoke to you"

"I spent about three hours in her Maje ty' cabinet"

The cardinal started, and was very near repeating after Jeanne, in a tone of astonishment, "Three hours!" but he restrained himself "You are really an enchantre, "" he said, "and no one can resist you"

"Oh, oh, you exaggerate, Prince !"

"No, really And so you remuned three hours with the queen?"

Jeanne nodded

"Three hours!" repeated the cardinal, emiling "What a number of things an intelligent woman like you can say in three hours!"

"Oh, I assure you, Monseigneur, I did not lo my time!"

"I will wager," ventured the cardinal, "that during those three hours you did not once think of me"

"Ungrateful man !"

"Really ?" cried the cardinal

"I did more than think of you"

"What did you, then?"

"I spoke of you"

"Spoke of me?—and to whom?" asked the prelate, in a tone in which it was impossible for him to conceal his emotion

"To whom, if not to the queen?" But while saying these words, so precious to the cardinal, Jeanne was careful not to look at the prince that she might not seem to be at all anxious as to their effect.

Monsieur de Pohan's heart beat fast "Ah'l said he dear Countess tell me about it Indeed I feel so runch interest in everything that happens to you that I do not wish you to omit the slighte't detail

Jenno smiled she knew what interested the cardinal as well as he did him off. I ut as she had intended to relate punctihously the whole story even without the cardinals entreaty she began deliberately, pronouncing distinctly each syllable. She gave a full account of the interview, related all the conversation, and demonstrated by every word how by one of the charge account and which make the fortune of courtier, she had happened at Ver railles under none of the as range circum tances with in one day may trunsform as range circum tances with in one day may trunsform as range truth an almost indispensable from I. In fact, Janue I. In M. to had in one day been admit ed to the knowledge of the minformation of the queen, of the minformation of the equeen, of the minformatic particles.

In this narration M na ur lo I had appeared to observe that part only who hardsted to what the queen had said about Jeanne while Jeanne lay stress up a what the que n had said about Monseur de Pohan

The narration was scarcely finished when a privant entered announcing supper. Jeanne invited the cardinal by a glance the cardinal accepted by a sin. He effected his arm to the mitters of the house who had so quickly become accustomed to he position as he test and they went into the dining room.

When supper was over when the cardinal hall drunk deep dram, his of hope and lave from the story of the calcium, a twenty times be ann and as many times in trapted he filt oble, d to come to some sort of con lunc in with this women who hall the hearts of soverages in her hand. Let be returned with a surprise which amounted to t rior that instead of assuming airs like

other women who are much sought after and who can render valuable services, she anticipated his wisher with a grace very different from that force haughtiness she had shown at the former supper, in the same hould

Jeanne, on this occasion, did the honors of her house as if she were mistress not only of hers life but of others also. There was no embarrassment in her expression, no hesitation in her tone. Had she not been taking, all day, the elessons in anstociatic deportment by a countrie with the flower of French nobility? Had not a queen without rival called her "dem countess"? Therefore the endingly a man of superior rank himself, did not attempt to resit this assumption of superior rank on the part of Jeanne "Countess," he said, taking her had, "there in two women in you"

"How so?" asked the countries

"The one of ye terday and the one of to-day"

"And which does your Dunnence prefer?"

"I do not know I feel only that the one of this evening is an Armida, a Circe, something are stable."

"And whom you will not attempt to result, I hope, Monseigneur, prince though you are"

The prince slid from his seat and fell upon his knees before Madame de La Motte.

"You ask alms?" she said

"And I expect you to grant me them"

"It is a day for gifts," replied Jeanne "The Countess de Valois has taken her place, — she is a woman of the court, before long she will rank among the proudest women of Versailles She can then open her hand and extend it to whomsoever she pleases"

"Even to a prince?" said Monsieur de Rohan

"Even to a cardinal," replied Jeanne

The cardinal imprinted a long and burning kiss upon that

pretty rebelhous hand and after a glanco and a smile from the countes, he ro c. He then went into the antechamber and spoke a f w words to his servant. Two minutes after could be heard the not c of the carriage as it rolled away. The counters looked up.

Upon my word Counte " sa I the cardinal, I have burned my ships,

"And there is no great ment in that replied the counters, "since you have reached port.

CHAPTER II.

MASKS AND PACES

Long conversations are the blessed privilege of persons who have nothing further to tell each other. After the pleasure of being silent there is none greater than that of conversing carelessly. Two hours after the deputure of the carriage, the cardinal and the countess had reached this point in their intercourse. The countess had yielded, the cardinal had conquered, and yet the cardinal was the slave, the countess was the victor

Two men deceive each other while shaking hands, a man and a woman deceive each other with a kiss. But in this case each deceived the other only because the other wished to be deceived. Each had an end in view, for the attainment of which this intimacy was necessary. Each, then, had made a forward step.

The cardinal did not take the trouble to conceal his impatience. He very soon brought the conversation back to the subject of Versailles and the honors which there awaited the new favorite of the queen. "She is generous," he said, "and spares no pains to please those whom she likes. She has the rare gift of giving a little to a great many persons, and of giving much to a few friends."

"You think she is rich, then?" asked Madame de La Motte

"She knows how to obtain resources with a word, a gesture, a smile There has never been a minister except

Turgot, perhaps who has had the courage to refuse the queen anything she asked'

' Well' I think she is not so rich as you imagine, poor queen, — or rather poor woman!

'Why do you thinl so ?

Is a person rich who is obliged to endure privations?

"Privations? Tell me about it, dear Jeanne"

Oh! mon $D\iota uI$ I will tell you what I have seen nothing more, nothing less"

Go on I will listen

"Imagine to yourself two terrible torments which this unhappy queen has endured

'Two torments! Tell me what they are

'Do you know what the longing of a woman is my dear Prince?

No but I wish that you would tell me what it is

Well the queen has a desire which she cannot satisfy

For whom?

No for what

'For what then?

I or a diamond necklace '

Stry I remember! Do you not allude to the dia monds of Boehmer and Bossange?'

Precisely

Oh, that is an old tory Counte s !

'Old or new is it not a real sorrow for a queen that she cannot possess what a mere favorite was so near ob taining? If Louis XV had lived fifteen days longer Jeanne Vaubernier would have possessed that which Marie Antometic cannot have

Well dear Countess you are mistal en about this these diamonds have been offered to the queen five or six times and she has always refused them " Oh !"

"The king has offered them to her, and she has always refused to accept them," and the cardinal told the story of the ship-of-war

Jeanne listened eagerly, and when the cardinal had

finished, "Well," she said, "what then?"

"What then?"

"Yes, what does that prove?"

"Why, that she did not wish for them, it seems to me"
Jeanne shrugged her shoulders "You know what
women are, you know the court, you know kings, and
yet you allow yourself to be misled by such an answer?"

"Well, I prove that she refused"

"My dear Prince, that proves one thing, the queen thought she must utter a brilliant saying, a popula saying, and she uttered it"

"Good!" said the cardinal, "is that your faith in royal viitues? Ah, sceptic! Why, Sunt Thomas was a believer in comparison with you"

"Sceptic or believer, I will affirm one thing."

"What is it?"

"That the queen had no sooner refused the necklace than she was seized with an insane desire to possess it"

"You are inventing these ideas, my dear, and in the first place, you must consider that with all her faults the queen has one greet quality"

"What is it?"

"She is disinterested She loves neither gold, nor silver, nor precious stones She takes these minerals at their true value, to her a flower on her bosom is as precious as a diamond in her ear"

"I will not deny it But I do maintain that at this moment she has a strong desire to put several diamonds about her neck"

' Oh Countess prove what you say !

Nothing will be more easy I have just seen the necklace '

You?

I, I have not only seen it, but I touched it"

And where ?

At Versailles

'At Versulles ?

Yes, where the jewellers took it to tempt the queen for the list time

- "And it is beautiful?
- 'It 1 marvellou '

Then you who are a true woman, can understand how this necklace could possess one s thoughts

"I can see how on account of it a woman might lose appetite and sleep '

"Alas! why have I not a ship to give to the king?

A ship?

'Yes, he would give me the necklace And if I once had it you could eat and sleep peacefully

"You are jesting?

No I swear I am not"

' Well, I am going to tell you something which will astonish you very much

Say on

' I would not have that necklace 1"

So much the better, Countess for I could not give it to you

Alas! neither you nor any one else indeed, the queen understands that, therefore she desires it "

But I repeat to you that the king offered it to her

Jeanne made a quick gesture, an almost impatient one And I tell you — she said, "that women are most pleased with such presents when they are not given by per ons who oblige them to accept them?

The cardinal regarded Jeanne more attentively "I do

not understand exactly," he said

"So much the better, let us ery no more about it. What is the necklace to you, since we cannot have it?"

"Oh, if I were the king, and you were the queen, I would oblige you to accept it!"

"Well, without being king oblige the queen to take it, and see if it makes her is ingry as you margine"

The cardinal again looked at Jeanne "Really," he and, "you are sure you are not mustaken, the queen has this desire?"

"An overwhelming desire. Listen den Prince, have you not told me, or have I hand in some other vay, that you would not be sorry to become prince mini to?"

"It is very possible that I may have said that, Countess"

"Well, let us wager, my dear Prince - "

" What ?"

"That the queen would make a minister of that man who should manage to have this necklace placed upon her toilet-table within eight days"

"Oh, Countess!"

"I say what I say. Would you rather have me keep it to myself?"

"Oh, never 1"

"Besides, what I say does not concern you It is very clear that you would not sacrifice a million and a half to a royal caprice. Upon my word, that would be prying too dear for a portfolio which you might have for nothing, and which is your due. Therefore, consider all that I have said as mere chatter. I am like the parrots. I have been dazzled by the sun, and keep saying to myself that

'it is hot' Ah, Monseigneur how severe a trial is a day of favor to a little country girl! The e rays of light — one must be an eagle lile you to gaze at them serenely

The cardinal became thou_htful

'Come come said Jernne you think so ill of me you find me so vulgar and so wretched, that you do not deign even to speak to me

Ah, you are mı taken '

' I have judged the queen by myself'

'Countess!

'How could I help it? I thought she wished for the diamonds, because she sighed while looking at them, I believed it, because in her place I should have desired them Excuse my weakness

Nou are an adorable woman Countess You have both tenderness of heart and strength of mind — a rire combination there is at times in you so little of the woman that I am afraid of you. You are at other times so adorable a woman that I bless Heiven for you and I bless you also and the allant cardinal emphasized thus compliment by a kiss. Come let us talk no longer of these things he said

So be it murmured Jennie to herself, but I think the hook has caught in the flish

But although the cardinal sud, Let us talk no more about it' he continued, And do you thinl it is Bochmer who has returned to the charge?

With Bossange yes answered Madame de La Motte innocently

'Bo sange, — let me see said the cardinal as if he were trying to recall something, 'is he not his partner?

Yes a tall thin man

"That is he And he lives -- "

"He must live somewhere near the Quar de la Ferraille or Quar de l'École, I do not know exactly, but at all events, somewhere in the neighborhood of the Pont Neuf"

"The Pont Neuf, — you are right, I have read those names over some door, while driving in my carriage"

"The fish bites more and more," murmured Jeanne to herself And she was right, for the prey had swallowed even the hook

The next morning, on leaving the little house in the Faubouig Saint Antoine, the cardinal drove directly to the house of Boehmer He intended to remain incognito, but Boehmer and Bossange were the jewellers to the court, and at the first words he spoke, they addressed him as "Monseigneur"

- "Well, yes, 'Monseigneui,'" said the cardinal, "but since you recognize me, try, at least, to prevent others from recognizing me"
- "Monseigneur may iest easy We await Monseigneur's orders"
- "I have come to purchase the diamond necklace which you have shown to the queen"
- "Indeed, we are very sorry, but Monseigneur is too late"
 - "Why so?"
 - "It is sold"
- "It is impossible, since it was only yesterday that you offered it again to the queen"
- "Who refused it again, Monseigneur, so that the old bargain stands"
- "And with whom was that baigain made?" asked the cardinal
 - "It is a secret, Monseigneur"
- "Too many secrets, Monsieur Boehmer," and the cardinal rose

But Monseigneur -

I thought Monsieur continued the cardinal "that a jeweller to the crown of France should be glad to sell in France these beautiful tones prefer Portugal if you please Monsieur Boehmer

Monseigneur knows everything 1 circl the jeweller

' Well what is there surprising in that?"

'But if Monseigneur knows all he can have learned it only from the queen

And what if it were so? said Monsieur de Rohan without denying the supposition which flattered his selflove

Oh that would change everything entirely Monsieur"

' Lyplun yourself I do not understand
Will Monseigneur allow me to speak with perfect
freedom?

Speak

Well then, the queen wants our necklace

Do you think so?

We know it

Ah! why then does she not buy it?"

Why? because she has refused to accept it from the king and to retract that refusal, which has won for hier Majesty so much pruse would make her seem capitations

The queen is above considering what might be said about her

Yes when the people speal or even the courtiers, but when it is the king who speals -

'You know very well that the king wished to give this necklace to the queen

'Yes but he was very ready with his thanks when she declined it

What then, does Monsieur Bochmer conclude?

"That the queen would be glad to have the necklace without seeming to purchase it"

"Well, you are mistaken, Monsieur," said the cardinal; "there is no foundation for what you say"

"That is unfortunate, Monseigneur, for that would have afforded us our only ground for breaking our agreement with the Portuguese ambassador"

The cardinal reflected Seeing that he was in the man's power, "Monsieur," said he, "you may suppose, if you please, that the queen desires to possess your necklace."

- "That changes everything, Monseigneur I can break any bargain when there is a question of giving preference to the queen"
 - "What is your pince for the necklace?"
 - "Fifteen hundred thousand francs."
 - "On what terms?"
- "Portugal was to pay me a sum on account, and I was to carry the necklace to Lisbon, where the balance was to be paid at once"
- "That mode of payment is not practicable with us, Monsieur Boehmer, you shall have a sum on account if it is reasonable"
 - "A hundred thousand francs"
 - "They can be found As to the rest?"
- "Your Eminence would wish for time," said Boehmer "With the guarantee of your Eminence everything is feasible. Only, delay involves a loss. For observe, Monsieur, in a matter of this importance the figures increase of themselves, and rapidly. The interest on fifteen hundred thousand frances, at five per cent, is seventy-five thousand frances, and five per cent is ruinous to tradesmen. Ten per cent is the least they ought to accept."
- "That would be one hundred and fifty thousand francs by your calculation?"

Why yes Monseigneur

Suppose you sell the neel lace for sixteen hundred thousand francs, Monsieur Bochmer and divide the pay ment of the fitteen hundred thousand francs which will remain to be paid into three installments payment to be completed within a year. Is it agreed?

'Monseigneur we should lo e fifty thousand france by that burnain

I do not think so, Monsieur If you should receive, to-morrow, fifteen hundred thousand fi mes you would not know what to do with them, a jeweller does not buy an estate of that value

'There are two of us Monseigneur — my partner and myself

That is true but no matter it will be more convenient for both it receive five hundred thousand france every four months — that is, two hundred and fifty thou sand francs spiece

'Monseigneur forgets that these damonds do no be long to us, it they did we should be rich enough to wait

To whom, then, do they belong ?

Why, to perhaps ten different creditors We procured some from Hamburg some from Naples, one from Buenos Ayres two from Moscow Our crultors are matting for the sale of the necklace to be paid. The profit we shall make is all that will be ours but alas! Monseigneur since we have had this unfortunate neel face on hand which is about two years we have already lost two hundred thousand frances in interest. You may judge what the profits will be

Monsieur de Kohan interrupted Boehmer 'After all, he said I have not seen the neel lace

True Monsei neur here it is and Boohmer with all the usual precrutions, exhibited the precious jewels

"Superb t" cried the cardinal, touching affection itel, the clasp which must have pressed the queen's neel. When his fingers had sought, to his catisfaction, and sympathetic effluence which might still be clin, any to the stones, "Is it a bargain?" he asked

"Yes, Monsieur, and I must now go to the embry to retract my promise"

"I did not know that there was an ambie ador from Portugal in Paris, just now"

"Indeed, Monseigneur, Monsieur de Souza is here ness, he came incognito"

"To negotiate this business," said the cardinal, Luighing

"Yes, Monseigneur"

"Oh, poor Souza! I know him well Poor Souza! said the cardinal, laughing still more hearthy. Monsieur Boehmer thought he ought to join in the hilling of his customer. They amused themselves for some time over this jewel-casket, at the expense of Portugal

Monsieur de Rohan was about to lewe Bochmer stopped him "Will Monseignem fell me how this matter is to be arranged?" he asked

"Why, simply enough"

"With Monseigneur's intendant?"

"No, with myself only, you will deal only with me"

"And when ?"

" To-morrow

"And the hundred thousand francs"

"I will bring them here - to morrow "

"Very well, Monseigneur"

"And the notes?"

"I will sign them here, to-morrow."

"Nothing could be better, Monseigneur"

"And as you are a man used to secrets, Monsieur Boeh mer, remember that you now possess an important one"

"Monseigneur I feel it, and will ment your confidence as well as that of the queen he ultel slyly

Monsicur de I ohan blushed and went away somewhat disturbed but happy, like every man who ruins lamself in the arder of passion

The next day Monsieur Bechmer went to the hotel of the Portuguese amba sador. Jult at the moment he knocked at the gate Monsieur Leuwire was ging through some accounts with Monsieur Ducorneau while Don Manoel was discussing with the valet, his partner, a new scheme of adventure.

Since Monsieur Boehmer's last vi it to the Pue de la Jussienne the hotel had undergone some transformations. The whole of the hou chell having arrived as we have ad in two post-chaises had been established according to the different positions they were to fill in the hou e of the new ambresador. It must be confissed that the partners in distributing among them class the reversible.—which they filled admirably—had thus an operaturity to watch the progress of their own afters and this always imparts a cert in degree of courage even in the performance of the most diagrae, table tasks.

Mon near Ducornera was charmed to find an amba sador so free from national preprints as to have farmed his whole etabli liment of I renchmen. Thus it was that while going over accounts with Monstear de Beausire he entered into conversation with that gentleman full of pruss of the head of the embass.

The Source you see sull Beausire ' are not lile the cold lortugue of the foirteenth century many of whom you can see now in our produces. No they are gentlemen travellers very rich, who might be kin s if the fancy took them?

But it does not take them said Monsieur Ducorneau.

"But why should it, Monsieur? With a certain number of millions and the name of a prince, is not one equal to a king?"

"Why, these are philosophical doctrines, Monsieur," said Ducorneau, surprised, "I should not expect such

opinions concerning equality from a diplomati t"

"We are an exception," replied Be usue, 1 ither annoyed at the anachionism he had committed, "without being a follower of Volture, or an Armenian after the manner of Rousseau, a man may know the natural theories of the inequality of conditions and forces."

"Do you know," ened the chancellor, enthusin-tically, "that it is fortunate that Portugal 1, a small state?"

"Eht why?"

"Because with such men at its head, it would soon become powerful, Monsieur"

"Oh, you flatter us, dear Chancellor No, we are philosophical politicians. What you say a specious, but not pertinent. But enough of this There are one hundred and eight thousand france in the box, you said?"

"Yes, Monsieur, one hundred and eight thousand france"

" And no debts?"

"Not a son"

"That is exemplary Give me the memorandum if you please"

"Here it is. But when is the presentation to take place? I must tell you that it is the subject of a general curiosity, of endless comments, I might almost say of anxiety"

" Ah ! ah !"

"Yes, from time to time people are seen prowling about the hôtel as if the gates were of glass through which they could see." People I do you mean the people in the neighborhood?

"And others, the mission of the ambiasador being a secret one, you may be sure that the police will soon in terest themselves in ascertaining its object

'I have thought as you do said Beausire, somewhat unersy

See, Monsieur' said Ducorneau taling Beausire to the grating of a window which looked on the street look, do you see that man in an old brown coat?

'Yes I see him

"How he watches ch?

'That is true! What do you think that man is?

How should I know? One of Monsieur de Crosne a spies perhaps."

"I robably

Between ourselves Monsieur Monsieur de Crosne is not the equal of Monsieur de Sartines Did you know Monsieur de Sartine ?"

No Monsieur no

Oh! he would have found out all about you long ago
It is true you tal o precautions —

A bell rang

The amba-sador calls me, said Beausire hurriedly for the conversation was becoming embirrassing and opening the door quickly he I necked down two of the partners who one with a pen behind his ear the other with a broom in his hand—the one a servant of the fourth rank the other a footman—had thought the conversation protracted enough to have a serious meaning and were trying to share in it by the sense of hearing.

Beausire concluded that he was under suspicion and resolved to everuse greater vigilance. He continued on his way toward the ambassadors room after giving a friendly grasp of the hand to his two as ociates.

CHAPTER III

BLAUSIRL ACTS FOR HIMSELF.

Dox Manoll 1 Souza was less yellow than usual, that is to say, his face was red. He had just had a trouble-some explanation with the valet, in fact, the explanation was still pending. When Beausire entered, the two game-cocks were plucking each other's last feather.

- "Come, Monsieur de Beinsire," said the valet, "you shall decide between us"
- "On what subject?" asked Be insire, who assumed the manner of an arbitrator, after exchanging a glance with the ambassador, his natural ally
- "You know," sud the valet, "that Monsieur Bochmer is coming to-day to conclude the sale of the necklace?"
 - "Yes, I am aware of it"
- "And that the one hundred thousand francs are to be paid over to him?"
 - "Yes, I know that also"
- "These one hundred thousand francs are the property of the association, are they not?"
 - "Who doubts it?"
- "Ah! Monsieur de Beausile is of my opinion," said the valet, turning toward Manoel
 - "Wait, wait 1" said the Portuguese
- "I agree with you only on that one point," said Beausire,—"that the one hundred thousand francs belong to the association"

'That is all that I claim. It follow that the safe in which they are kept should not be placed in the only office of the embissy which adjoins the chamber of the ambresider.

Why not? asked Beausire

And the umbassador," continued the valet, 'ought to give each of us a ley to that safe

By no means said the Portuguese

" Your reasons?"

Ah ye your reasons?" sull Beausire

I am distrusted said the lortugue e stroking his beard. It seems to me that if I am to be accused of an intention to rob the association. I may suspect the association of a with to tob me. We are all alike

Agreed sail the valet and precisely for that reason we all have equal rights

Then my dar follow if you will equality to be observed here you should have decided that all of us in turn should a time the role of ambissudor. It would have made our position less trustworthy in the eyes of the public but the associates would have foll more secure

In the first place Monsieur interrupted Leuisire, you are not acting the part of a loyal a sociate. Has not Senor Don Manoel an incontestable privilege as the inventor of the scheme?

Ah yes! said the ambassador—and Monsieur de Bousire shares it with me

Oh replied the valet, the thin, once started there is no more attent on paid to privileges

'Agreed but attention to proper conduct should still be continued'

I am not alone in making this demand murmured the valet somewhat ashamed All our comrades think the same" "And they are wrong," replied the Portners of

"They are wrong," and Bermare

The valet looked up 'I w. vrong my eff," to said spitefully, "to all Monte in the Benefit of interior Of come the century would ende with the ambassador"

"You are a knive, who can I would ent off if you had any left, but they have ben alipped to a nany times"

"What do you cy?" ad the . let, drame him elt up.

ambissador's cabinet and consisting the boundary ounselves. Now, you have just in diel richy owing that I have in under tinding with Day Morrel?"

"And you have insulfed u.e." and the Portions 4 coldly, coming to the another of Bomon

"And I demand struction, Mor icur"

"Oh, I am no fighter " curd the volct

"So I see," uplied Be in in , "on equantly, you shall be besten, Monsieur"

"Help!" ened the latter, alondy our I by Ohva's lover, and almost choked by the Portugue e

But just as the two chiefs were about to tale justice into their own hands, the bell from below announced a visitor

"Let him alone," sud Don Manoel

"And let him attend to his duty," added Berusire

"The comrades shall know this," is plied the vilet, readjusting his dress

"Oh, tell them what you please! We shall know how to answer for ourselves"

"Monsieur Boehmei!" cried the guard, from below

'Well that will settle everything my dear fellow, said Beausire giving his adversary a tap on the rape of the neck. We shall have no more contests about the one hundred thousand francs, since they will disappear with Monsier Bochmer. Now put on your best behavior as our valet-de-chambre.

The valet went out grumbling, and assumed his humble air in order properly to introduce the crown jeweller After he had left the room Beausire and the Portuguese exchanged a second plance as significant as the first

Boshmer entered followed by Bossange The faces of both expressed humility and emburrs sment which the keen obs rivers of the embassy saw with anxiety. While they were talling the sexts offered by Bausire the latter continued his scrutiny watching at the same time the eye of Don Manool to keep up a correspondence between them. Manoel assumed his dignified and official demeanor. I colimer tool the initiative in this difficult situation, and explained that political reasons of great importance, would prevent them from fulfilling their contract.

Munoel cried out an rily Beausire gave a hem!

Monsieur Boehmer became more and more embarrassed

Don Manoel remarked to him that the bar_oain had been completed and that the money on account was ready. Boolimer persisted

The ambassudor still interpreted by Beausire, replied that his Government had been apprised of the conclusion of the bargain, and that to break it off was an insult to her Vijesty

Monsieur Boehmer said that he had weighed well the importance of these considerations but to return to his former plan would be impossible Beausine refused to accept the intraction, he declared to Boehmer that his conduct was that of a dishonorable business man

Bossange then took upon him elf to defend the honor of trade, thus attached in his own per on and that of his partner, but he was not cloquent

Beausire interrupted him with this single remark, "You

have found a higher bidder"

The jewellers, who did not I now much about politic, and who had a very high opinion of applomate in a nearl, and Portuguese diplomate to in particular, colored, thinking their motives had been discovered.

Beausire six that he had but the nul on the heal, and as he wished that this busine is horld be curred through,—since there was a fortune in it,—he put inded to consult his ambassidor in Portugue. There he sid to the jeweller, "Gentlemen, you have had amone advantage onsofter. Nothing could be more natural, it prove that the diamonds were offered us it as four value. Well, her Portuguese Majesty would not with to obtain a good burgum at the expense of worthy trade men. Will you take fifty thousand france more?"

Boehmer shook his head

'One hundred thousand, one hundred and fifty thousand francs," continued Be usine, determined to offer a million more rather than lose his share of the lifteen hundred thousand francs

The jewellers, dazzled by this offer, were for a moment somewhat embarrassed, then, having consulted together, "No, Monsieur," they said to Beausire, "do not take the trouble to tempt us, a will more powerful than ours compels us to sell the necklace in this country. You understand, without doubt, that it is not we who refuse, therefore do not be angry with us. It is from some one

greater than ourselves, greater than you, that the opposition comes

Beausire and Manoel had nothing to say to this On the contrary, they affected politeness and tried to appear indifferent. They were so intent upon this that they did not observe the valet who was listening at the door to discover, if possible what this business was from which they wished to exclude him. This worthy associate was how ever, unfortunate enough to slip and fall against the door making a loud noise

Beausire ran to the antechamber What are you doing here, you rascal? he cried

Monsieur, I bring the morning despatches

Good said Beausire now go

These despatches were letters from Portugal generally unimportant but which passing through their hands before going to Ducorneau often give them useful information about the affurs of the embassy

On hearing the word depatches" the jewellers rose from their seats much releved, life persons who receive permission to withdraw after an embarrissing audience. They were allowed to depart and the valet was ordered to accompany them to the court yard

He had scarcely left the staircase when Don Manoel and Beausire, exchanging plances of the kind which promise immediate act on approached each other

Well! sud Don Manoel ' the affair has failed

Completely said Beausire

'Out of one hundred thousand francs paltry spoils we shall each have eight thousand four hundred francs"

'Not worth the trouble replied Beausire

'It is not But there in that safe" and he pointed toward the safe so eagorly coveted by the valet — 'there in that safe are one hundred and eight thousand francs' "Fifty-four thousand each"

"Well ! enough said," replied Don Manoel. "Let us share it"

"So be it, but the valet will not leave us a moment if he knows the affair has failed"

"I will think of some way," said Don Manoel, in a peculiar tone

"And I have found one already," said Beausire

"What is it?"

"This is it The valet will soon return?"

"Yes"

"He will demand his share and that of his associates"

"Yes"

"We shall have the whole house on our hands"

" Yes"

"Let us call the valet us if to a secret conference, then leave me to act"

"I begin to understand," said Don Manoel, "go and meet him"

"I was just going to ask you to do so"

Neither would leave his friend alone with the box Confidence is a lare jewel. Don Manoel lephied that his dignity as ambassador prevented him from taking such a step

"You are not an ambassador to him," said Beausire, "but no matter"

"You are going yourself?"

"No, I will call him from the window," and he hailed the valet from the window just as he was entering into conversation with the guard. The valet, hearing himself called, came up. He found the two leaders in the room next the one containing the safe. Beausire said to him with a smiling face, "I will wager that I know what you were saying to the guard".

Ι3

'Yes you were telling him that the affair with Boehmer had failed

' Upon my word no'

You lie

'I swear to you that I was not

"That is fortunate for if you had spolen you would have done a very fooli h thing and lot a fine sum of money

"How so? cried the valet in surprise, what sum of money."

'You must understand that we three alone pos ess the secret

That is true

'And that consequently we three possess the one hundred and eight thousand francs since the others believe that Boehmer and Bossange have carried away the money

Morblen ! cried the valet transported with joy "that is true

Thirty three thousand three hundred and thirty three frances six sous apiece—said Manoel.

More! more! cried the valet ' here is a fraction of eight thou and francs

That is true said Beausire Do you agree?"

Do I agree 1 said the valet, rubbing his hand should think so That is as it should be that is talking '

That is tall ing nike a knave said Beausire, in a voice of thunder 'I said that you were only a regue Come Don Manoel, you who are so strong seize this fellow for me and let us show him up to ou associate.

"Mercy, mercy! cried the wretched man I was only jesting

"Come, come!' continued Beausire into the dark

room with him until we can devise some punishment for

"Mercy!" cried the valet, again.

"Take care," said Beausire, who had served the perfidious valet, "take care that Monsieur Ducorneau does not hear you!"

"If you do not let me go," said the valet, "I will

denounce you all!"

"And I will strangle you!" said Don Manoel, in a voice full of anger, pushing the valet toward a closet near by. "Send away Monsieur Ducorneau," he whispered in Beausire's car

The latter did not wait for a repetition of the order; he went quickly into the next room while Don Manoel was shutting up the valet in the dark closet

A minute passed, but Beausire had not returned.

An idea struck Don Manoel he was alone and the safe was not ten paces away, to open it, to take from it the one hundred and eight thousand francs, to jump out of a window and run through the garden with his booty was but the work of two minutes to an experienced thief Don Manoel calculated that Beausire would require five minutes at least to send away Ducoincau and return to the room. He ran toward the door of the room which contained the safe, and found it bolted. He was strong and skilful, he could have opened the door of a city with a watch-key

"Beausire distrusted me," he thought, "because I alone have the key, and has bolted the door." He forced back the bolt with his sword. On reaching the safe he uttered a terrible cry. There stood the chest with gaping mouth and empty!

Beausile, who had a second key, had entered by another door, and had called away the money Don Mancel can

hke a madman to the porters lodge where he found the guard singing. He found that Beausire land been gone just five minutes

When the Portuguese by his cries and groins had in formed the whole hou chold of what had happened, when to obtain a witness, he had released the valet—it was only to find them all incredulous and furious. They accused him of being an accomplice of Benusire who would deliver to Don Manoel his share of the spoils.

There was no longer any mystery all had unmasked, and worthy Monsieur Ducorneau could not understand with what so t of people he had been associated. He almost fainted when he saw these diplomatists preparing to han, Don Manoel who could do nothing to help himself

'Han Monsieur de Souza! cried the chancellor, but

They determined to throw him into the cellar faring his cries would be heard

At that moment three loud knocks at the door made the associates tremble and immediately ilence was ro stored among them. The knocks were repeated. Then a shrill voice called out in I ortuguese. Open in the name of the ambassador from Portugal!

"The ambassador!" murmured all the rescals scatter ing in every direction through the hotel, runnin, through the garders elimbing over the roofs and neighboring walls in headlong terror

The real ambassador who had in fact arrived could not enter his own hotel without the help of the police who broke open the gate in the presence of an immense crowd attracted by this curious spectacle

Then a thorough search was made, and Monsieur Ducorneau was arrested and sent to the Chatelet

Thus ended the adventure of the sham embassy from Portugal.

CHAPTER IV.

ILLUSIONS AND REALITIES

BEAUSIRE, when he had cleared the gate, had run at the top of his speed through the Rue Coquillier to the Rue Saint Honoré. Imagining that he was pursued, he had taken intricate turnings through the streets bordering on the corn market called Halle and Blés. After a few moments he felt quite sure that no one could have followed him; he was also quite sure that he was exhausted, and that a good rice-horse could not have made better speed than he had made. He sat down on a big of corn in the Rue de Viaimes, which runs along one side of the market, and pietended to be examining attentively the column of Medicis, which Bachaumont had bought to save it from the hammer of the demolishers, and had presented to the city.

The fact is that Monsieur de Beausire was looking neither at the column of Monsieur Philibert Delorme nor at the sundial with which it had been adoined by Monsieur de Pingić. He was simply trying to recover his breath. When, after some moments, he had succeeded in doing so he give himself up to pleasing meditations "Now, at list," he thought, "my dream is fulfilled. I am owner of a fortune. I shall now be able to become an entirely respectable man it seems to me that I am already growing fat. I shall make Ohiva as respectable as I shall be myself. She is handsome, and she is simple in her tastes. She will not dislike a life of retirement in the country, on a fine farm, which we will call our estate, near a small city where we shall easily pass as

of noble rank Nicole is good, she has but two faults -idleness and pride

Only those! Poor Berusire! - two deadly sins!

'And with these infirmities which I shall respect —I, the Beausi'e of doubtful reputation, —I shall have gained an accomplished wife

Beausire wiped his brow assured himself that the stolen money was still safe in his pocket and then, feel ing more comfortable in body and in mind, he again reflected. They would not look for him in the Rue de Viarmes but still they would look for him. The entle men of the embassy were not likely to lose with cheerful resignation their share of the spoils. They would probably divide themselve into several parties and would begin by exploring the residence of the thef. There lay all the difficulty. In hat house lived Oliva. They would inform her of what had happened would maltreat her, perhaps — nay they might push their cruelty so far as to take her for a hostage. For why should they not speculate on his pa son for her?

Beausire was near losing his wits as he contemplated these dangers. Love prevailed over all other considerations. He would not allow any one to touch the object of his love. He started off with the swiftness of an arrow toward the Rue Dauphine.

Beausire relied with great confidence on the rapidity of his movementa his enemies however active they might be could not be in advance of him. But for greater assurance he threw himself into a fiacre to the driver of which he showed a six franc piece saying. To the Pont Neuf. and the horses flew over the ground.

The evening was closing in When the carnage had reached the open space behind the statue of Henri IV Beausire ventured to put his head out of the window and

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had some experience with the police, and had for ten years been accustomed to know the police agents by sight, that he might the more easily avoid them when occasion required. He noticed two men on the end of the bridge toward the Rue Dauphine who, standing some distance apart, were gazing into that street with every appearance of interest. These men were

spies.

It was by no means unusual to see spies on the Pont Neuf, for there was a proverb to the effect that in order to see at the same time a prelate, a woman of the town, and a white hoise it was necessary only to go to the Pont Neuf. And as white hoises, clerical habiliments, and women of the town are always objects of interest to the police, the presence of these two spies did not appear to Beausire to have any special significance. He alighted from the carriage, made himself appear humpbacked, and limping to disguise himself still further, pushed through the crowd and entered the Rue Dauphine He saw there no sign of what he had apprehended. He could sec already the house at whose windows his stu, the beautiful Ohya, had so often appeared to him. The windows were closed Doubtless she was lying on the sofi, or was reading a wicked book, or was enjoying some delicate article of food Suddenly he thought he saw a soldier lurking in the alley opposite the house; nay, he saw a soldier at one of the windows!

Thoroughly alarmed, Berusire nevertheless had the courage to pass by the house and observe it carefully. What a spectacle! The passage-way was filled with soldiers of the Paris guard, and among them was a commissary from the Châtelet, dressed in black. They were as Beausire's rapid glance discovered perplexed and

disappointed Evidently they had fuled in their object, whatever it may have been

Beausire said to himself that Monsieur de Crosne, hav ing received information against him had undertaken to have him arrested and had found only Ohya Inde træ! hence the signs of disappointment he had noticed tainly if Berusire had been in ordinary circumstances he would have thrown himself into the midst of those soldiers crying like Nisus Here I am ! here I am ! it is I who have done all ! But the idea that they would get hold of the hundred thousand france and boast of their success for the remainder of their lives, the idea that his bold and adroit achievement should have been performed only for the advantage of the police -this idea prevailed over all his scruples, and stifled even the anxiety of love think he said to himself I allow them to capture me I allow them to take the money I do no good to Ohya. and I run myself I prove to her that I love her like a madman, but I give her the right to say You are a fool you should have loved me less an I saved me ' Decidedly the better way is to make good use of my legs and place this money where it will be safe for money is the root of everything, - liberty happines philosophy

Thus meditating Beausire pressed the bank notes to his heart, and directed his course toward the Luxembourg, for during the last hour he was under the guidance of instinct and since he had been a hundred times to the Luxembourg Gardens in search of Oliva he instinctively at this moment went in that direction. For a man so proud of his logic this was a poor reason.

In fact, the police who knew the habits of theres as well as Beausire knew the habits of the police would naturally have gone to the Luxembourg in search of Beausire But it was decided that Monsio.r ac Crosne should have nothing to do with Beausire at this time.

Nicole's lover had hardly turned the corner of the Rue Saint Germain des Piés, when he was nearly run over by an elegant carriage moving rapidly toward the Rue Dauphine. Beausire had just time enough to dodge the pole,—thanks to an agility which is peculiar to the true Parisian. He did not indeed escape the oath of the coachman, or his whip, but the proprietor of a hundred thousand france will not stop for trifles that concern his dignity, especially when he thinks the police are after him.

Beausire, then, leaped aside, and in doing so he saw in that carriage Ohia and a very handsome man in animated conversation. He uttered a slight cry, which, however, only quickened the speed of the horses. He would have followed the carriage, but it was going toward the Rue Dauphine, the only street in Paris which Beausire was at that moment anxious to avoid. And besides, he began to doubt if he had really seen her, it was a phantom, an hallucination. How could Ohia be riding in that carriage? And besides, had not the police arrested her in the Rue Dauphine?

Poor Beausire, at the end of his resources, mentally and physically, resumed his course toward the Luxembourg, crossed the already deserted garden, and made his way to a small inn outside the barrier, the hostess of which had been friendly to him. There he installed himself. He hid his money under a tile in the chamber-floor, placed the foot of his bedstead on the tile, and went to bed swearing and perspiring. He, however, intermingled with his oaths thanks to Mercury for favors already assured. He was sure that the police would not find him. He was sure that no one would rob him of his money. He was sure that Nicole, even if she were arrested, was guilty of

no crime, and that the time when innocent persons were perpetually imprisoned had gone by He was sure in hort that his one hundred and eight thousand frances would deliver Oliva his inseparable companion from whatever prison might be closed on her. There remained his companions in the embissy, with them his account would not be so casy to settle. He resolved to leave them all in France, as soon as Oliva should have regained her liberty, and set out for Switzerland, the lind of liberty and good moral.

Nothing of all that Beausire meditated upon as he drank his warm wine, took place according to his anticipations it was so written. Men are almost always wrong in imagining they so what they do not see they are even more in error when they imagine that they do not see what is really before their eyes.

We are about to explain this to the reader

CHAPTER V.

OLIVA CHANGES HER RESIDENCE

IF Monsieur Beausite had made use of his eyes, which were excellent, instead of his imigination, which was always dull, he would have spried himself much regret and many mistakes. It was, in fact, Oliva who sat in the carriage by the side of a man whom he would have recognized if he had looked at him more attentively. Oliva had gone that morning, as usual, to take a walk in the Luxembourg Gardens, and there she had meet the strange friend whose acquaintance she had mide the day of the Operaball

She was just leaving a restaurant, bestowing a gracious smile on the proprietor, whose constant customer she was, when Cagliostro, emerging from one of the walks, ran up to her and caught her by the arm. She uttered a little cry.

- "Where are you going?" he said
- "Why, home, of course, to the Rue Dauphine"
- "Just what the people want who are there waiting for you," rejoined the unknown nobleman
- "People who are waiting for me how can that be? No one is waiting for me"
 - "Oh, yes, a dozen visitors at least"
- "A dozen visitors!" cried Oliva, laughing, "you might as well say a whole regiment"
- "Upon my word, if it had been possible to send a regiment to the Rue Dauphine, it would have been done"

"You astonish me

"I should astonish you more if I should allow you to go to the Pue Dauphine '

'Why?

Because you would be arrested, my dear"

'Arrested, I?

Assuredly, these twelve visitors who are waiting for you are archers sent by Monsieur de Crosne

Ohva shuddered certain persons are always afruid of certain things. Accertholess after a careful inspection of her conscience. I have done nothing she said, "why should I be are ted?

'Why should any woman be arrested? For some intrigue, some foolishings

I have no intrigues

'But you may have hid them

Oh, perhaps !

They may be wrong in wishing to arrest you, but the first remains that they do wish to arrest you. Will you go to the Rue Dauphine notwithstanding?

Oliva stopped, pale and agitated "You play with me as a cat plays with a mouse, she said Come if you know anything, tell it to me Pechaps it is Beausire they want?" and she cast upon Cagliostro a supplicating look

Perhaps I suspect his conscience is less clear than your

Poor fellow !

Lity him, if you like but if he is arrested, there is no need of your following his example

What interest have you in protecting me? Why should you concern yourself about me? Come, now 'slie said boldly, "it is not natural for a man like you—

Do not go on, you would say something foolish and

time is precious, because the agents of Monsieur de Crosne, not finding you at home, are quite capable of coming here to look for you"

"Here! do they know that I am here?"

"Not a very difficult thing to know, I have it! Let me finish what I was saying. As I do take an interest in your person and wish you well, the rest need not concern you. Come, let us go to the Rue d Finer. My carriage is waiting for you there. Ah! you doubt still?"

"Yes"

"Well! we will do a very imprudent thing, but which will convince you once for all, I hope. We will drive by your house in my carriage and when you shall have seen these gentlemen of the police at a safe distance, yet near enough to judge of their intentions then you will better appreciate my services." While saying this he had led Oliva to the Rue d'Enfer, where they entered the carriage. They were on their way to the Rue Dauphine, where Beausire had seen them. Certainly, if he had called out at that moment, if he had followed the carriage, Oliva would have done all in her power to reach him, in order to share his fate, whatever it might be. But Caghostrosaw the unfortunate man, and diverted Oliva's attention by pointing to the crowd which curiosity had already attracted to her door.

When Ohva perceived that her house was filled by the soldiers of the police, she threw herself into the arms of her protector in such despair that the heart of any other man but this man of iron would have been moved. He only pressed the hand of the young girl, and in order to conceal her lowered the blinds of the carriage.

"Save me I save me !" cried the poor girl, every little while

'I promise to do so he said

But if these police officers know everything, they will find me, after all.

No, no, no one can discover you in the place to which you are going, for although they may come to your house to arrest you, they will not think of lool ing for you at my house?

"Oh, she said in terror, at your hou e! we are going to your house?

"You are mad, he replied "I should think that you had forgotten our a reement I am not your lover, my good girl, and do not wish to become so '

"Then it is a prison you are offering me ?

"If you prefer the hospital of Sunt Lazare, you are free to go there

Well, she replied almost overcome with fear 'I trust myself to you do with me as you please

He took her to the I us Nerve Sunt Gilles to that house in which he had received Philippe de faverney When he had established her in a small room in the second story where she would be free from the observations of the servant, he said to her — I assure you that you are yet to be happier than you will be in this place.

Happy ! How can I be happy ? said she, with a heavy heart Happy without liberty, — without a gar den in which to take my walk It is so gloomy here I shall die here

You are right," he said 'I do not wish you to want for anything You would be uncomfortable here, and besides my servants would see you here at last, and might annoy you

Or betray me, perhaps she added

As to that fear nothing, but that you may have

perfect peace of mind, I will try to find you another abode"

Ohva seemed to be somewhat appeared by these promises. Besides, she was pleased with her new apartment, which contained every comfort, and entertaining books with which she could occupy herself

Her protector left her, saying, "I do not mean to starve you, dear child—If you wish to see me, ring, and I will come immediately if I am at home, or if I am out, as soon as I return." He kissed her hand and left her

"Ah," cried she, "above all, bring me come news of Beausire!"

"I will give it my first attention," he replied, as he closed the door of her room. Then, is he was decending the stairs, "It will be," he thought, "a profamition to put her in that house in the Rue Saint Claude. But it is important that no one should see her, and in that house no one will see her. At all events, it is better to run the risk of her discovery in that house in the Rue Saint Claude than in any other. Yes, I must make this sacrifice. I will extinguish the last spark of the fire of other days."

The count put on a heavy coat, took some keys from his secretary, from which he selected several which he gazed upon tenderly, and left his hôtel alone and on foot, taking his way along the Ruc Sunt Louis du Mariis

CHAPTER VI

THE DESCRIED HOUSE.

MONSIEUR DE CAGLIOSTRO WENT alone to the old house in the Rue Saint Claude which our readers cannot have quite forgotten. The might was coming on when he stopped opposite the gate and but five persons could be seen on the boulevard. A dog was barking—or rather howling—in the small encloure of the convent, and a breath of warm wind bore to the I ue Saint Claude the inclancholy tones of the clock of Saint I auls striking the hour and three quarters. It was quiter of time o clock

The count stopped as we have said opposite the car ringe gate, drow a great ley from under his overcoat and applied it to the lock. He had but to turn the key and then push open the gate. But time had done its work the wood was swollen at all it a joints, and rust had eaten into the hinges. Grass had sprung up through the openings in the pavement covering the lower part of the gate with its moist emanations. A sort of mastic like that with which is allows build their nests filled every space and covered the woodwork. Cagliostro pushed the gate with his hands then with his shoulder and finally over came the resistance, and with a complaining creak the gate yielded before him.

When the gate was open the court yard was seen, as desolate and moss-grown as an abandoned cemetery Caglustro closed the gate behind him. No one had seen him enter and surrounded as he was by high walls no one could see him. He could therefore pause a moment

to recall his past life, face to face with his former abode. His life was desolate and void, his house was a described Of the twelve steps at the entrance, three only were still whole Cagliostro ascended the steps, trembling under his feet, and by the aid of a second key entered the large antechamber There he lighted the lantern he had brought with him In the dining-room the side tables had almost lost, through decay, their original forms, the tiles of the floor were slippers with slime. All the doors were open, allowing the imagination field to penetrate those gloomy depths already visited by death. The count shuddered, for at the end of the silon, where formerly the stanway was approached, he heard a my-terious noise In other times that noise would have announced a beloved presence, and would have summoned the master of that house, through all his senses, to life, hope, and happines: That noise, now repreenting nothing, recalled all the vanished past

With a frowning brow, and holding his breath, Caghostro moved forward toward the statue of Harpocrates, near which was the spring by which formerly he opened the door of communication between the conceiled and the unconcealed portions of the house. The spring was worked without difficulty, though the worm-exten wood work trembled around it. But hardly had the count placed his foot on the secret stancase, when again the strange noise was heard. He reached forward his lantern to discover its cause, he saw nothing but a large snake slowly descending the stairs, and lashing with its tail the sounding steps. The reptile looked calmly at Caghostro, and glided through a hole in the woodwork and disappeared. It was, no doubt, the Genius of Solitude

The count continued the ascent, attended on his way by a recollection, or to speak more piecisely, by a pres-

ence When the light outlined his moving shadow on the wall. It seemed to him that another was there, revived from the dead to join him in this visit to the mys terious abode. Thus going forward dreiming as he went he reached the movable tile which served as an entrance from Balsamos armory to the perfumed retreat of Lorenza Felicium. The walls were but the rooms empty. On the hearth was a large mass of ashes in which sparkled a few particles of gold and silver. Those fine ashes white and perfumed were the ashes of Lorenza's furniture which Balsamo had burned even to the last item. Cagli o to stooped and took up a pinch of the ashes which he slowly and passionately absorbed with his breath of only 'he nurmined. I could thus ab orb a portion of that soul which in other days communicated with this dust!'

Cigliostro abandoned himself to these dreams. The man descended from the heights of philosophy to indulge for a little while in sentiments of the heart beyond the domain of reason. After evoking the pleasing phintons of solitude, and resigning them again to Heaven, and when he thought that he had done with human weak ness his eyes rested on an object still shining amid that ruin. He stooped and saw, in a groove in the floor and half buried under the du t a small silver arrow which seemed as if recently dropped from a woman's hair

The philosopher the man of science the prophet the scorner of humanity he who would even call Heaven to account with him, this min who had repressed so miny sorrows within himself and had drawn so many drops of blood from the hearts of others — Caphostre the atheist the chiraltan the mocking sceptice, picked up the silver arrow pressed it to his hips and being certain that no one could see him he suffered a tear to rise to his eyelids as he murmined 'Lorenza' to

And this was all. There was a demon in that man He had sought the struggle, and for his own happiness had fought it out. After aidently kissing that sacred relic he opened the window, passed his hand between the bars, and threw the bit of metal into the enclosure of the convent. Thus he punished himself for having yielded to emotions of the heart

"Adieu!" he said to the insensible object which perhaps was lost to him forever. "Adieu, thou souvenir, sent to me doubtless to soften me, to unman me. Henceforth I will think only of the earth. Yes, this house is about to be profaned. What do I say? It is profaned already. I have reopened the doors, I have brought light within its walls, I have looked into the interior of the tomb, I have trampled on the aslies of the dead. The house is already profaned, then. Let it be so altogether, and for some good purpose

"A woman yet again will cross this count-yard, a woman will press her feet upon the stairs, a woman will perhaps sing under this 100f where lingers yet the last sigh of Lorenza. So be it. All these profanations will have one sole aim, — the advancement of my cause."

He put down his lantern on one of the steps of the staircase "All this staircase must come down," he said "All the inside structure must be taken down. My stery will take its flight. The house will continue to be a hiding-place, though no longer a sanctuary."

The count wrote hastily upon his tablets the following lines

To Monsieur Lenoir, my architect

Clear up court-yard and vestibules Repair coach-house and stables Pull down the interior pavilion Reduce the hôtel to two stories Eight days

Now, ' said he let us see if the windows of the httle counters are visible from here

He approached a window on the second story He could see from there the houses on the firther side of the Rue Saint Claude Opposite and at a distance of not more than sixty feet was the lodging occupied by Jeanne de La Motte

It is infallible said Caglostro the two women cannot full to ee each other. He took up his lantern and descended the stairs. An hour later he had returned home and had sent his plan to the irchitect.

It remains to be said that on the next day fifty worl men invaded the hotel that the sound of the hammer the saw and the pickage were heard in every quarter that the grass piled up in a corner was beginning to smoke and that in the evening the pedestrian returning home faithful to his habit of duly observation saw in the court yard a large rat hanging by one leg from a hoop surrounded by a number of workmen who were making fun of its grizzly mustiche and venerable rotundity That silent tenant of the hotel had been buried in his hole by the fall of a large stone Half dead when the stone was raised by a crane it had been seized by the tail and sacrificed to the amusement of the young Auvergnese mixers of plaster Lither through mortification or through asphysia the rat had died under that treatment. The pedestrian pronounced over it this funeral oration is one who was happy for ten years. Sie transit gloria

In eight days the house had been restored as Cagliostro

CHAPTER VII.

JUANNE MANAGES THE CARDINAL

THE Cardinal de Rohan, two days after his visit to Boeh mer, received the following note

"His Emmence Monsieur le Cardinal de Rohan knows, doubtless, where he is to take supper to night"

"From the little countess," he said, noting the perfume of the paper, "I will go"

Among the lackeys in Jeanne's service she had noticed one with black hair, brown eyes, and a complexion of the dark hue which indicates the bilious temperament. She inferred from these signs that he was active, intelligent, and self-reliant. She sent for him, and in a short time obtained from him the information she sought. The lackey reported to her that his Eminence had gone twice within two days to the house of Messieurs Bochmer and Bossange.

This was enough for Jeanne Such a man as Monsieur de Rohan does not drive bargains. Shrewd tradesmen like Boehmer do not let a purchaser go away without buying. The necklace must be sold, — sold by Boehmer, bought by Monsieur de Rohan! And the latter had not said a word about it to his confidente, to his mistress! The indication was a serious one. Jeanne knitted her brows, bit her thin hips, and sent to the cardinal the note we have read.

Monsieur de Rohan came in the evening He sent be fore him a basket of Tokay and other delicacies just as he would have done if he had been going to take supper with La Guimard or Mademoiselle Dingeville

Jeanne understood the significance of this attention as of so many others. She allowed nothing the cardinal had sent to be served at the table and when they were alone she opened the conversation in the following manner

Indeed Monseigneur she said 'there is one thing which pains me very much

'Oh what is that, Counters? said Monsieur de Rohan with that affectation of analety which is not an expression of real alarm

Well, Monseigneur! the cause of my grief is the discovery not that you no longer love me, but that you never have loved me

Oh, Countess what is that you say ?'

Do not excuse yourself Monseigneir, that would be time lost

For me said the cardinal gallantly

'No for me replied Madame de La Motte, quickly "Besides ---

"Oh Countess ! ' said the cardinal

Do not be uneasy Monseigneur, I am quite indifferent about it

- "Whether I love you or not?
- "Yes
- "And why are you so indifferent?"
- "Because I do not love you
- ' Countess do you know that what you have done me the honor to say to me is not at all kind?"

Indeed it is true that we are not beginning with pleasant sayings but it is a fact which may as well be acknowledged between us"

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"What fact?"

"That I have never loved you more, Monseignem, than

you have loved me"

"Oh, as for me, you must not cry that '" cred the prince, in a tone which was almost truthful. 'I have had for you much affection, Countess. Do not put me in the same position with yourself."

"Come, Monseignem, let us a teem each sufficiently to speak the truth"

"And what is the truth?"

"There is between us a tic very different from that of love"

"What is it?"

"Interest"

"Interest? Fie, Countess!"

"Monseigneur, I will say to you as the Norman persont said of the gibbet to his son. 'If you dislike it your ilf, do not give others a distaste for it.' The on interest, Monsieur? how you do go on!"

"Well, then, Countess, let us suppose that we are guided by interest, in what way can I serve your interests and you mine?"

"In the first place, Monseigneur, and before everything else, I have a notion to pick a quartel with you"

"Do so, Countess"

"You have shown a want of confidence in me, a want of esteem"

"I' - and in what, if you please?"

"In what? Do you deny that after having skilfully dragged from me details which I was dying to give you."

"Of what, Countess?"

"Of the desire of a certain great lady for a certain thing, you immediately took measures to gratify that desire without informing me."

- ''Drag details'' the desire of a certa n great lady for a certain thing ? gratify that desire?! Countess, truly you are an enigma a sphina Ah! I had seen the head and neck of a woman but I had not yet seen the lions claws. It appears that you are about to show them to me Well be it so
- 'No, I will show you nothing at all Monseigneur since you have no longer the desire to see anything. I will give you simply and plunly the answer to the enigma the 'details are all that happened at Versulles the 'desire of a certain lady that is the queen, and the gratification of this desire of the queen is the purchase which you made yesterday from Messieurs Bochmer and Bossange of their famous neel lac

"Countess! murmured the cardinal pale and trembling

"Come she said "why do you look at me with such an air of fear? Did you not yesterday make a bargain with the jewellers on the Quai de l'École?

A Rohan does not lie even to a woman

The cardinal
was silent And as he was about to blush — a thing for
which a man never forgives the woman who causes it —

Jeanna hastened to talle his hand

Pardon my Pince she said 'I was anxious to show you how far you had been mistal en with repard to me. You have thought me foolish and wicled?'

Oh oh Count ss !

"In short -- "

'Not a word more let me speak in my turn I can persuade you perhaps for now I see clearly with whom I have to deal I expected to find in you a pretty woman a woman of intelligence a charming mistress, but you are better than all that Listen"

Jeanne drew nearer to the cardinal leaving her hand in his. You, indeed were willing to be my mistress, my friend, without Ioving ne You told me so yourself," continued Monsieur de Rohan

- "And I repeat it," said Madame de La Motte
- "You had an object, then?"
- " Assuredly "
- "The object, Countess?"
- "Do you need to have me explain it to you?"
- "No, I can guess it You wish to make my fortune. Is it not certain that my fortune once made, my first care would be to secure yours? Am I mistaken?"
- "You are not mistaken, Monseigneur, only, believe me, I have not pursued this object in the midst of antipathics and repugnance, the road has been agreeable"
- "You are an amiable woman, Countess, and it is a pleasure even to talk business with you. I was saying, then, that you had guessed aright. You know that I have in a certain direction a respectful attachment?"
 - "I saw it at the Opera-ball, Prince"
- "That attachment will probably never be reciprocated Oh, may God keep me from the certainty!"
- "Eh!" said the countess, "a woman is not always queen, and you surely are the equal of Monsieur le Cardinal Mazarin"
- "He was a very hand-ome man also," said Monsieur de Rohan, laughing
- "And an excellent prime minister," rejoined Jeanne, with the greatest coolness
- "Countess, in your presence it is needless to think; speaking is much more superfluous. You think and speak for your friends. Yes, I mean to be prime minister. Everything prompts me to it, buth, experience in affairs, a certain consideration which foreign courts manifest toward me, the great sympathy felt for me by the French people."

- "Everything in short, with one exception
- "Except a repugnance you mean?
- 'Les, on the part of the queen and this repugnance is a real obstacle What the queen likes the king will also like in the end what she hates, he detests in advance
 - 'And she lates me?
 - Oh!"
- "Let us be frank I think we must not stop half way on this pleasant road

Well Mon eigneur the queen does not like you'

- 'Then I am lost! No necklace will help me
- 'There is where you may be mistaken Prince
- "The necklace is bought
- 'At least the queen will see that if she does not love you, you love her"
 - 'Oh Counte s! '
- You I now Monseigneur that we have agreed to call things by their right names

So be it You say then that you do not despair of seeing me some day prime minister?

I am sure of it

I should be rexed with myself if I failed to ask what are your ambitions"

"I will tell you Prince, when you shall be in a position to gratify them

That is to the point I will wait until that day"

'Thank you now let us take supper

The cardinal took Jeannes hand and pressed it as Jeanne had so much desired to have it pressed some days before But that time had gone by She drew away her hand

- ' Well Countess?
 - 'Let us take supper, I say Monseigneur But I am no longer hungry

- "Then let us talk"
- "But I have nothing more to say."
- "Then let us separate"
- "Is that what you call our alliance? You dismiss me?"
- "In order to belong more truly to one another, Monseigneur," she said, "it is neces if above all that we should belong to ourselves."

"You are right, Countess, pridon me for bring agun mistaken with regard to you. Oh, I swe in that it is for the last time." He took her hand and kissed at so respectfully that he did not see the mocking, diabolical smile of the countess, at the words, "This will be the last time that I shall be mistaken with regard to you."

Jeanne rose, conducted the prince is fit is the rute-chamber. There he stopped and whispered, "What comes next, Countess?"

- "It is very plain"
- "What shall I do?"
- "Nothing Wait for me
- "And you will go
- "To Versailles"
- 'When?"
- "To-morrow."
- "When shall I hear from you?"
- "Immediately."
- "Well then, my pationess, I leave everything to you"
- "Lewe all to me," and she retired to her own apartment, went to bed, and looking viguely at the beautiful marble Endymion waiting for Diana, "Decidedly, liberty is best, after all," she murmured

CHAPTER VIII

JEANNE MANAGES THE QUEEN

Mistress of such a secret, rich in such a future supported by so powerful friends. Jenune felt strong enough to move the world

To appear at court no longer as a suppliant, no longer as the poor mendicant protected by Madame do Boulain villiers but as a descendant of the Valor, with an income of one hundred thousand fraces with a husband who would be a dul c to be called the fivente of the queen and in this age of intrigue and agitation to govern the State by governing the ling through Marie Antoinette,—this was the prinoraina which unrolled itself before the inexhaustible impaination of the Comtesse de La Motte

Early in the day she lastened to Versailles She had no audicine appointed but her futh in her good fortune had become so strong that she ha not doubt that etiquette would yield to her desire. And she was right. All the officials of the court so ea er to di cover the taltes of the sovereign had already noticed how much pleasure Mane. Antoinette seemed to take in the society of the pretty countess.

Therefore on her arrival an intelligent usher placed himself in the way of the queen as she was returning from chapel and said as if by chance to one of the gen tlemen in waiting. Monsieur what can be done for Madame la Comtesso de La Motte Valois, who has no letter of audience?" The queen was talking with Madame de Lamballe On hearing Jennie's name adroitly spoken by this man, she stopped and turned round

"Did not some one say that Madame de La Motte-

Valois is here?"

- "I believe so, your Majesty," replied the man.
- "Who says so?"
- "This usher, Madame" The usher bowed modestly
- "I will receive Madame de La Motte-Valois," said the queen, as she passed on Then, as she reached her apartments, "You may conduct her to the bath-chamber," she said

Jeanne, to whom the man related plainly what he had done, immediately took out her purse, but the usher stopped her by a smile

"Madame la Comtesse, please let this debt accumulate, you will be able to pay me with better interest"

Jeanne returned the money to her pocket "You are right, my friend, I thank you Why," she said to herself, "should I not pationize an usher who has patronized me? I do as much for a cardinal"

Jeanne soon found herself in the presence of her sovereign. Marie Antoinette was grave and rather reserved,—perhaps for the very reason that she had granted the countess this unexpected reception.

"The queen imagines," thought the friend of Monsieur de Rohan, "that I have come again to beg Before I have spoken twenty words she will have unbent, or will have driven me from her presence"

"Madame," said the queen, "I have not yet had an opportunity to speak to the king"

"Ah, Madame, your Majesty has already been but too good to me, and I expect nothing more I have come "

"Why do you come?" said the queen, quick to see

any change of manner lou had not asked for an audience There is something urgent, perhaps, — for yourself?"

' Something urgent - yes, Madame, but not for myself.

For me, then? Come speak on, Countess! and the queen led Jeanne into the bath room where her women were waiting

The countess seeing so many persons about the queen did not begin the conversation. The queen sent away her women

"Madame' said Jeanne 'your Mijesty sies that I am very much embarras ed

Why so? I told you to speak

Your Majesty knows—I believe I have told you the very grea kindness which Monsieur le Cardinal de I ohan has shown me?

The queen frowned I do not remember she said.

I thought -

No matter go on

Well Madame his Liminence has done me the honor to pay me a visit

Ah i

It was with regard to a very good work I have in charge

Very well Countess very well I will contribute also — to your good work

Your Majesty misunderstands I have had the honor of saying that I asked nothing. Monsieur le Cardin il, as usual spoke to me of the kindness of the quien of her unlimited generosity."

- ' And aske I that I should put onize his prottyes?'
- "At first he did your Majesty
- ' I will do it, not for Monsieur le Cardinal but for the

unfortunate, whom I always help. Only, tell his Eminence that I am very much strutened."

"Alas, Madame, that is just what I told him! and hence the emburassment I mentioned just now to your Majesty"

"Ah ! ah !"

"I expressed to Monsieur le Cardin d'my sonre of the generosity which constantly empties your pure, always too narrow for your desires"

"Well?"

"See, Monseignem," I and, "her Map ty renders herself the slave of her own Lindnes. She carries herself for the poor. The good which the doct brings and therefore I accused my alf."

"How so, Counters?" and the queen, who was listening attentively, either because the superior intelligence of her weak point, or because the superior intelligence of Muie Antoinette perceived that this long pre inble must be the introduction of something very interesting to herself

"I told him that your Majesty had given me a large sum of money a few days before, that a thousand times, at least, during two years such instances of your generously had occurred. I told him that if the queen had been less sensible, less generous, she would have two millions in her coffers, and there would have been no need of denying herself that be intiful diamond necklace,—so nobly, so courageously, but allow me to say, Malame, so wrongly refused."

The queen blushed and looked steadily at Jeanne Evidently the conclusion had been reached in the last sentence. Was there any same, or was it all flattery? Certainly, this point unsettled, there could not fail to be some danger for a queen. But Jeanne's face expressed so

much sweetness such candid benevolence and truth that no one could have accused her of perfidy or adultion And as the queen herself possessed a soul full of true generosity and as in generosity there is always strength, and in strength always truth Marie Antoinette said, with a sigh. Yes, the neel lace is beautiful—it was beautiful I mean,—and I am very slad that a woman of taste praise me for having refused it.

If you knew Madame cired Jennie how we come at last to understand the feelings of those who love persons in whom we are interested!

What do you mean ?"

'I mean Madame, that on hearing of your heroic suc rifice of the necklice I saw Monsieur de Rohan urn pale"

Turn pale!

In an instant his eyes were filled with tears. I do not know, Madame whether it is true that Monsieur de Pohan is a handsome man and an accomplished noblem in, as many pretend I into be all that I know i that hi facture at that froment ill imined by the fire of his soul and fur rowed by tears excited by your generous disinterestedness—what am I sayin, ? by your sublime self denial—will hive forever in my memory

The queen topped a noment to start a flow of water from the mouth of a gilded swan suspended over the mar ble bath Well Countess, she said since Monsieur de Rohan has appeared to you as handsome and accomplished as you have just said I advi e you not to let him see it He is a worldly prelate — a shepherd who gathers the sheep as much for him elf as for the Lord

Oh Madame i

Well do I calumniate him? Is it not his reputation? Does he not glory in it? Have you not seen him on ceremonal days, moving he be intial hands in the air, they are beautiful, it is true, in or let to make them whites, while on those hands, spulling with the petor larner, the devotees fisten then eye, more brilliant than the dismond of the cardinal?"

Jeanne bowed

"The cudinal's trophic," pur are I the queen, presonately, "are numerous. Some of them have made combit. The cudinal is a lover like those of the Fronds. Let those praise him who will, I decline to do as."

"Well, Madame," and Jennie, completely at notice a by this familiarity. "I do not know whether Mondour befordinal was thinking of those devoteds when he pole to forvently of your Majesty' virtues, but I do know this, that his beautiful hands were present to he heart"

The queen shook her head, with a for +11m h.

"Indeed!" thought Jenne, "are thing going even better than we could have thou ht possible? Is pute about to become our auxiliary? Oh, in that ever we shall have too many facilitie."

The queen quickly resumed her dignified and indifferent demeanor—"Go on," the said

"Your Majesty freezes me, this modesty, which repels even the homage —"

"Of the cardinal ! Oh, yes!"

"But why, Midame?"

"Because I do not believe in his homage, Counters"

"It ill becomes me," replied Jennie, with the most profound respect, "to defend any one who has incurred your Majesty's displeasure, it is not to be doubted for a moment that ho is guilty, since he has displeased the queen"

"Monsiem de Rohan has not displaised me, he has offended me But I am a queen and a Christian, doubly

disposed, therefore, to forget offences and the queen said this with the majestic kindliness which was peculia to her

Jeanne was silent

"Have you nothin, more to say?"

'Your Majesty would suspect me I should mour your anger, your blame, by expressing an opinion which differed from yours

You do not agree with me in my opinion of the cardinal?

Not at all, Madame

"You would not speak so if you knew what Prince Louis had done against me

"I only know what I have seen him do in your Majesty s service

He has made polite speech s?

Jeanne bowed

'Courtesies good wishes, compliments? continued the queen

Jeanne was silent

You have a lively friendship for Monsieur de Rohar. Countess I will not attack him in your presence, and the queen begin to laugh

' Madame" replied Jeanne I prefer your anger to your raillery The sentiment Monsieur de Pohan enter tains for your Majesty is so respectful that I am sure it would kill him to see the queen laughing at him

'Oh oh he has changed very much then!

But your Mujesty did me the honor to tell me only the other day that for the past ten years Monsieur de Rohan has been passionately—

I was jesting Countess, said the queen, severely

Jeanne, reduced to silence, appeared to the queen to have given up the contest but Marie Antoinette was mis-

taken. With those women who combine the rature of the tiger and respent, the moment when they could them selves is always the moment when they plan are hattall, a concentrated report precides the spring

"You speak of those diamond," and the queen mapra-

dently "Confee, that you have thought of the: "

"Day and might, Madame," ad Jeanne, vith the joy of a general who on the field of bath are a districted move on the part of his enemy. "They are to be outeral! they will become your Maje to cover?"

"They will become me ?"

"Yes, Madame, yes, they vill be one your Maje ty."

"But they are cold "

"Yes, they are sold "

"To the ambass idor of Portugal ?"

Jenne shook her held gently.

" No?" sud the queen, joytully.

" No, Madame"

"To whom, then?"

"Monsieur de Rohan has bought tham"

The queen spring up, and then suddenly is mainly her cool manner, "Ah!" she sud

"See, Madame, 'send Jeanne, with an eloquence full of fervoi and pission, "Monsieur de Rohm's conduct in this instance has been superb. It was a generous impulse, a noble action, a soul like your Maje ty's cannot help sympathizing with all that is good and full of feeling. When Monsieur de Rohan leuned—and I acknowledge having informed him of it—of your Majesty's temporary embariassment, 'What!' he cried, 'the queen of France denies herself what the write of a farmer general would not think of denying herself? What! the queen hable to see some day Madame Necker adorned with these dramonds?' Monsieur de Rohan did not know, until I informed him of it, that

the ambassador of Portugal intended to buy them, then his indignation redoubled 'It is no longer, he said a question of gratifying the queen it is a question of oyal dignity I know the spirit which pervades foreign courts—vanity, ostentation They will laugh at the queen of France who has no money to gratify a legitimate desire and shall I allow the queen of France to be laughed at? No never! And he left me abruptly One hour later I knew that he had bought the diamonds

- ' Fifteen hundred thousand francs?
- ' System hundred thousand france
- 'And what was his intention in purchasing them?"
- "That since your Majesty could not have them they should not at least belong to any other woman'
- 'And are you sure that Monsteur de Rohan did not buy this necklace as a pr sent for some mistress?

I am sure that it is for the purpo a of destroying it rather than that it should adorn any neck but that of the queen"

Marie Antoinette reflected and her noble countenance expres ed clearly everything that was passing in her soul "Mousieur de Rohan has done well she said it was a noble action and a delicate expression of devotion"

Jeanne eagerly drank in these words 'Therefore you will thank Monsieur de Rohan?" cont nued the queen

'Oh ves Madame!"

'You will add that he has proved to me his friendship and that I as an honest man—as Catherine said—ac cept everything from friendship on condition that I may return it. Therefore I accept not the raft of Monsieur de Rohan—

What then?

But a loan from him Monsieur de Rohan has been pleased to advance his money, or his credit for my grati fication, I will reimburse him Bochmer wanted ready money, I believe?"

"Yes, Madame"

"How much, two hundred thousand france?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand france"

"That is just the amount of the quarterly allowance given me by the king. It has been sent to me this morning,—in advance, to be sure, but, in short, I have it." Then, returning with Jeanne to her chamber, she said to the countess, "Open this drawer, if you please."

"The first one?"

"No, the second one Do you see a pocket-book?"

"Here it is, Madame"

"It contains two hundred and fifty thousand frames Count them"

Jeanne obeyed

"Take them to the cardinal and thank him. Tell him that every month I will arringe to pay him thus. The interest can be arranged later. In this way I shall have the necklace which pleased me so much, and if it embarrasses me to pay it, I shall not at least inconvenience the king." She reflected a moment. "And I shall have gained the knowledge that I have a friend who has served me in a delicate manner—" She paused again. "And a friend who has divined my wishes," she said, offering Jeanne her hand, which the countess eagerly seized. Then, as she was about to leave the room, after another pause, "Countess," she said, in a low tone as if alarmed at what she was about to six, "you may tell Monsieur de Rohan that he will be welcome to Versailles, and that I wish to thank him."

Jeanne rushed out of the room, mad with joy and satisfied pride. She clutched the bank-notes as a vulture clutches its stolen prey.

CHAPTER IX.

THE QUEENS LOCKET BOOK

Ir ever horses driven to gain a prize flew along the race course so flew the poor hor es which carried Jeanne de Valois a vay from Versailles The coachmun stimulated by the counters drove them as if they were horses run ning in the Olympic games who were to gain for their master two talents of gold, and for themselves a triple ration of hulled barley.

The cardinal was at home when Madame de La Motte came to his hotel openly and before all the servants. She caused herself to be unnounced more cremoniously than when she had gone to see the queen

Have you just come from Versailles? he said

'Yes Monseigneur
He regarded her attentively she was impenetrable
She saw his agitation, his sadness and distress but she
had no pity

"Well ?" he said

Well tell me Monseigneur, what do you desire? Speak a little so that I may not reproach myself too much

'Ah Countess you say that with an air —'
Sad is it not?

Killing

'You wished me to see the queen?

Yes

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- "I have seen her You hoped that she would allow me to speak of you, she who several times had evinced her aversion to you, and her displeasure on hearing your name?"
- "I see that if I had formed any such desire, I cannot expect to see it fulfilled"
 - "On the contrary, the queen spoke to me of you"
- "Or rather, you have been so good as to speak of me to her?"
 - "It is true"
 - "And her Majesty listened?"
 - "That requires an explanation."
- "Do not say another word, Countess. I see how great a repugnance her Majesty has had"
- "No, not very great I ventured to speak of the necklace"
 - "You dared to say that I thought
 - "Of buying it for her, yes"
 - "Oh, Countess, that was sublime! and she listened?"
 - "Why, yes"
 - "You told her that I offered those diamonds to her?"
 - "She refused decidedly"
 - "I am lost !"
 - "Refused to accept a gift, yes, but the loan"
 - "The loan! And you turned my offer so delicately?"
 - "So delicately that she accepted"
 - "I lend to the queen! Countess, is it possible?"
 - "It is much more than giving, is it not?"
 - " A thousand times"
 - "I thought so All the same, her Majesty accepts"

The cardinal rose, then sat down again Then coming over to Jeanne and taking her hands, "Do not deceive me," he said, "consider that with one word you can make me the most miserable of men."

"One does not play with passions, Monseigneur unless they are ridiculous but men of your rank and ment can not be ridiculous"

' It is true Then what you have said - "

'Is the exact truth"

'I have then a secret with the queen?

"A secret - a momentous secret

The cardinal ran to Jennee and tenderly pressed her hand

"I like that clap of the hand said the countess, " it is life that of a man to a man

'It is that of a happy man to a protecting angel '

Monseigneur do not evaggerate"

Oh but I mean it My joy my gratitude - never - "
"But you are exaggrating both the one and the other

"But you are exaggrating both the one and the other To lend a million and a half to the queen — was that all that you desired?

The cardinal sighed

"Buckinoham would have asked more from Anne of Austria after strewino his pearl on the floor of the royal chamber

What Buckin ham obtained Countess I am unwilling to wish for, even in a dream

'You can come to an understanding as to that Mon seigneur, with the queen herself for she desired me to inform you that she will receive you with pleasure at Versailles.

The imprudent woman had no sooner allowed these words to escape her hips than the cardinal furned pale hill a young man re eight, the first hiss of love. He felt around him like a man intoxicated and took hold of the nearest chair to support himself

Ah! ah! thought Jenne it is even more serious than I imagined I was thinking of a duchy, a peerige

an income of a hundred thousand francs—but I may now go in for a principality, and an income of half a million, for Monsieur de Rohan is not actuated by ambition nor by avarice, but by love!"

Monsieur de Rohan quickly recovered himself. Joy is not a malady of long duration, and as he was a man of steady purposes, he deemed it advisable to talk business with Jeanne that he might the more quickly forget that he had spoken of love, and Jeanne allowed him to do so

"My friend," said the cardinal, pressing Jeanne in his arms, "what does the queen propose to do in regard to that loan which you suggested to her?"

"You ask that on the supposition that the queen has no money?"

" Precisely"

"Well, the queen proposes to pay you as she would pay Boehmer, with this difference if she had bought of Boehmer all Paris would have known it, a thing not to be thought of after her famous saying about the man-of-war. The queen therefore wishes to receive the diamonds by installments, and make payment for them in the same manner. You will afford her the opportunity, you are to her a discreet cashier, and solvent in case she should meet with any obstacle in making the payments, that is all. She is happy, and she pays, do not ask for more."

"She pays? What do you mean?"

"The queen—a woman who knows everything knows very well that you have debts, Monseigneur—And then she is proud, she is not a friend who will receive presents—When I told her that you had advanced two hundred and fifty thousand francs—"

"You told her that?"

"Why not?"

"It would make the affair impossible at once"

'It afforded her a reason for accepting your service.

'Nothing for nothing,' is the queen's motto
"Mon Dieu!"

Jeanne quietly felt in her poel et and took out the queen's pocket-book

"What is that? asked Monsieur de Rohan

A pocket book containing lank notes to the amount of two hundred and fifty thousand francs The queen sends them to you with hearty thanks

"Oh!'

'The full amount is there I counted the notes"

"There is no question about that

"What are you looking at so intently?

I am looling at this poel et book which I do not recognize as yours

"It seems to please you and yet it is neither rich nor han Isome

It does please me and I do not know why "

' You have good taste

Now you are mading fun of me In what way have I shown good taste?

Certainly since your taste agrees with the queen s '

'This pocket-bool -'

Was the queen's Monseigneur

Do you wish very much to I cop it?"

'Oh very much!

Monsieur de Rohan sighed 'That is easily conceived he said

Acceptables if it would please you said the countess with a smile which might have brought a saint to ruin

You cannot doubt it Countess, but I would not deprive you of it

- "Take it"
- "Countess!" cried the cardinal, transported with delight, "you are a friend the most precious, the most intelligent, the most "
 - "Yes, yes"
 - "And between us it is
- "'For life, for death,' they always say that No, I have only one ment"
 - "What is it, then?"
- "That of having pushed your affairs with considerable success and with very much zeal"
- "If that were your only ment, my friend, I might say that I am almost equal to you, masmuch as I, while you, poor dear, went to Versailles, I also was working for you."

Jeanne looked at the cridinal with surprise

- "Yes," he resumed, "a mere trifle—My banker came to propose my taking stock in some enterprise for draining and cultivating a marsh somewhere—He assured me the profit was sure, and I agreed"
 - "And you did well"
- "Oh, you will see in a moment that you always occupy the first place in my thoughts"
- "The second, you mean, and that is more than I deserve But go on"
- "My banker gave me two hundred shares, and I took a quarter of them for you"
 - "Oh, Monseigneur!"
- "Let me finish Two hours later he came again. The sole fact of my subscription for those shares had raised the value of the stock a hundred per cent. He handed me a hundred thousand france."
 - "A fine speculation"
 - "Of which here is your share, dear Countess, I should

say, dear friend, and from the package of two hundred and fifty thousand francs given by the queen he shipped twenty five thousand francs into Jeannes hands

That is very good of you Monseigneur,—gift for g ft But what pleases me most is that you thought of me

- 'I shall always do so replied the cardinal kissing her hand
- "And you may count on the same from me Au revoir Monsei, neur soon—at Versailles, and Jeanne took her departure, after giving the cardinal a memoran dum of the payments appointed by the queen the first of which would be five hunared thousand francs in one month from date

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH WE AGAIN MEET DOCTOR IOUIS

PERHAPS our readers, remembering in what a difficult position we left Monsieur de Charny, will be grateful to us for leading them back to that antechamber in Versailles to which the brave sailor, never intimidated by men or elements, had fled in fear of fainting in the presence of three women, the queen, Andrée, and Madame de La Motte

When he reached the middle of the antechamber, Monsicur de Charny perceived that he could go no faither He staggered and held out his aims. It was noticed that his strength had given way, and several persons ran to his relief. The young officer fainted. After some mements he came to himself, and had no suspicion that the queen had seen him, and perhaps, under the first impulse of her anxiety, would have hastened to him, had not Andrée, incited by jealousy rather than by regard for propriety, checked her movement

It was fortunate, however, that the queen, warned by Andrée, had remained in her chamber, for hardly had the door closed when she heard an usher announcing, "The king!"

As the king passed through the antechamber, attended by several officers of his household, he paused on seeing a man lying on a bench in the recess of a window, and in a condition that seemed to alaim the two guards

who were attending to him who were not accustomed to see officers faint away without reason So, while supporting Mensieur de Charny, they called out to him 'Monsieur I Monsieur! what then, is the matter?'

But Monsieur de Chriny had no voice and could not reply The king understanding from that silence the gravity of the case, moved quickly toward the sufferer "Why yes said he, yes, it is some one who has lost consciousness"

On hearing the lings voice the two guards turned around and by a mechanical movement releved their hold on Monsieur de Charny who fell or rither, sustaining himself with the remains of his strength slid greaning to the floor

"Oh! gentlemen," said the king what are you doin, ?"
They hastened to raid Monsieur de Charny, who had
again fainted away and gently placed him in an easy
chair

"Oh!' cried the king, sudd nly, on recognizing the young officer, 'why it is Monsieur de Charny!

"Monsieur de Charny?' cried the attendants.

"Yes, Monsieur de Suffren's nepheu

These words had a inergical effect. Charpy was immodiately inundated with perfumed waters, as if he were in the midst of women. A doctor arrived and hastily evamined the patient. The king curious in everything pertaining to science and compassionate toward all suffer ing remained through the evamination.

The doctor's first care was to open the young mans vest and shirt, to give the air access to his chest, but in doing this he made an unexpected discovery

A wound I' said the kin, becoming more interested, and coming nearer that he might see more clearly

'Yes yes murmured Monsieur de Charny, trying to

raise himself, and looking weakly around, "an old wound which has reopened, it is nothing," and his hand slightly pressed the doctor's fingers.

A physician understands, and ought to understand, everything This was not a physician of the court, but a surgeon from the city of Versailles. He wished to give himself importance. "Oh!" said he, "an old wound, it pleases you to say so, Monsieur, but its edges are too fresh, the blood is too red, that wound is not twenty-four hours old"

Charny, to whom that contradiction brought a supply of strength, stood up and said: "I cannot suppose, Monsieur, that you intend to inform me at what time I received my wound. I have told you, and I tell you again, that it is an old wound."

At that moment Charry perceived and recognized the king "The king!" he said, and immediately buttoned his vest as if ashamed that his weakness had been exposed to a spectator so illustrious

- "Yes, Monsieur de Charny," replied the king; "and I am very glad that I came this way, and may perhaps bring you some relief"
- "A scratch, Sire," stammered Charny, "an old wound, Sire, that is all."
- "Old or new," said Louis XVI, "the wound has enabled me to see your blood, the precious blood of a brave gentlemar"
- "Whom two hours on his bed will restore to health," added Chainy, and he tried to rise again. But he had over-estimated his strength. He became dizzy, tottered on his legs, and fell back again into the armchair.
 - "Really," said the king, "he is very ill"
- "Oh, yes," said the doctor, with a shrewd and diplomatic manner; "but we may save him yet"

The king was a man of honor he had conjectured that Charny was concealing something. That secret was accred to him. Many another man would have sou hit to chect it from the dector who seemed not unwilling to disclose it, but Louis XVI preferr d to leave the secret with its owner. 'I do not wish he said, that Monsieur de Charny should expose himself to danger by returning home. Let him be cared for here. Send immediately for his ancle. Monsieur de Suffren, and when this gentle man designating the officious practitioner shall have been thanked for his services, let my own physician. Doc tor Louis be summoned.'

An officer hastened to execute the kings orders Two others raised Chriny and carried him to the end of the gallery to the chimber of the commander of the guard Monsieur de Suffren was sent for and Doctor Louis ar rived to talle charge of the patient

We are already acquainted with this man honest wise and modest of an intelligence less brilliant than u cful a brave laboret in that immense field of science in which, if he who gathers the harvest is more honored, he who opens the furrow is not less honorable

Behind the doctor bending over his patient was Monsieur de Suffren who summoned by a messenger had hastened thither The illustrious sailor could not under stand that sudden illness When he had tal en Charny's hand and lool ed at his dull eyes Strange! he said "it is very strange" Doctor, my newhew has never been ill before

'That proves nothing Monsieur r plied the doctor

The air of Versailles must be very oppressive for I repeat I have seen Olivier at set for the last ten years, and always vigorous always erect as a mast

^{&#}x27; It is his wound ' said one of the officers.

"What do you mean?" exclumed the admiral "Olivier was never wounded in his life."

"Oh, I beg pardon," and the officer, pointing to the rimsoned cambric, "but I thought"

Monsieur de Sufficien etw the blood

"Enough, enough!" and the doctor, abruptly, after feeling his patient's pulse. "Are we to discuss the origin of the malady? We have the malady itself, let us be content with it, and cone it if we con."

The admiral was pleased with this decided style of speech, it was like that used by surgeon, on his vestless it very dangerous, Doctor?" he asked, with more emotion than he wished to show

"About as dangerous as a cut of a rizor on the chin."

"Good! Thank the king, gentlemen. Olivier, I shall come back to see you"

Olivier moved his eyes and his finger, as if at the came time to express his thanks to his uncle who was going away, and to the doctor who had persuaded him to go Then, happy because he was in bed, and in the care of a man full of intelligence and kindness, he pretended to fall asleep. The doctor sent every one away

Olivier soon slept in fact, not without having given thanks to Heaven for what had happened to him, or rather that no misfortune had happened to him under circumstances so giave. Then he became feverish. He went through again and again, in feverish dicams, the scene with Philippe, the scene with the queen, and the scene with the king, and then fell into that terrible circle which the raging blood throws like a net around the mind. He became delinous. Three hours liter they could hear him in the gallery where the guards were on duty. The doctor noticed this, and calling his servant, ordered him to take Olivier in his aims. Olivier uttered plaintive cries.

'Roll the counterpane round his head—aid the do tor.
'And what shall I do with him?—asked the screant
"He is too neavy and he resists—I must have one of the

guards to help me

You are a poor chief en heart if you are afraid of a sick man said the doctor

'Monsieui ---

'And if you find him too heavy you are not so strong as you thought. I shall have to send you back to Auvergne

The threat produced its effect Charny crying out howling and gesticulating, was carried off like a feather by the Auvergnese in full view of the guards. The latter clustered about the doctor questioning, him

Gentlemen, said the doctor, shouting to drown Charry's cries you can under tand that I am not going to walk a league every hour to visit this patient whom the king has confided to me. Your gallery is at the end of the world

'Where are you taking him then Doctor?"

"To my own quarters I have two rooms here you I now I shill sleep in one of them and by day after to-morrow, if no one meddles with him I will give you a good account of him

'But Doctor said the officer in command I assure you that the patient would be well lodged here we all love Monsieur de Suffren and—

Yes yes I know all about this care of comrides for one another. The wounded man is thirsty, they are kind to him give him drint and he dies. To the devil with such care as that I it has I illed patient enough for me

Before the doctor had finished speaking Ohmer's cries could no longer be heard

Indeed, pursued the worthy doctor, that was very

well thought of ! There is only one danger now, the king will want to see the sick man. And if he sees him, he will hear him. The devil! there is no time to local must speak to the queen, she will give me advice."

The good doctor, having formed this resolution with the promptitude of a min who counts the second, deluged the face of the wounded man with cold water, placed him in bed in such a position that he would not hurt himself by turning over or falling. He put a padock on the window-shutter, double-locked the duor of the moin, and putting the key in his pocket repaired to the queen, after having assured himself, by listening out ide, that Olivier's cries could not be under tood, even should they be heard

It need hardly be said that as a precention the Auvergnese had been shut up in the room with the sick man.

Near the door the doctor met Madame de Misery, v hom the queen had sent to obt un news of the v ounded man She insisted on entering

- "Come along, Madame," he said, "I am just going out"
 - "But, Doctor, the queen is waiting!"
 - "I am on my way to the queen, Midame."
 - "The queen desires
- "The queen shall know as much as the desires to know, I promise you, Madame—Let us go," and he did go, so quickly that he forced the first lady in writing of Marie Antomette to run in order to keep up with him.

CHAPTI I. XI

TGI I SOMNIA

The queen was awating the return of Madame de Misery she was not expecting the doctor. The latter entered with his accustomed fimiliarity

'Madame he said aloud the patient in whom the king and your Waje ty are interested as doing as well as can be expected in a case of fever

The queen knew the doctor—she was well aware of his aversion to those persons who he said—uttered whole cries for only half—ufferings—She had an idea that Monsieur de Charny—was exagerating—his condition Brave women are inclined to underrate the courage of brave men

- 'Is the wound a slight one? she asked
- Fh! ch! said the doctor
- ' A scratch -

Why no no Madame but whether scratch or wound all I know is that he has fever

- ' Poor fellow ! A very violent fever ?
 - 'A terrible fever
- What! said the queen in terror, I did not think that so suddenly fever -

The doctor looked at the queen for a moment 'There are fevers and fevers' he replied

My dear Louis really you frighten me, —you, who are usually so reassuring I do not know what can have come over you this evening

- "Nothing extraordinary"
- "Ah! for instance, you keep turning round, you look from right to left, you appear as if you wanted to confide to me a great secret"
 - "Eh! perhaps I do"
 - "I thought so, a secret about the fever?"
 - "Why, yes"
 - "About Monsieur de Chainy's fever ?"
 - "Why, yes"
 - "And you came to tell me this secret?"
 - "Why, yes"
- "Be quick, then You know how curious I am. Come, let us begin at the beginning"
 - "Like little Jean?"
 - "Yes, my dear Doctor."
 - "Well, Madame?"
 - "Well, I am waiting, Doctor."
 - "No, it is I who am waiting"
 - "What do you mean?"
- "For you to question me, Madame I cannot tell a story very well, but if you ask me questions, I can answer like a book"
- "Well, I asked you to tell me how Monsieur de Chainy's fever is getting on"
- "No, you begin wrong In the first place, ask me how it happens that Monsieur de Charny is in my apartment, in one of my two little rooms, instead of being in the gallery, or in the guard-room?"
 - "Well, then, I do ask Lideed, it is astonishing"
- "Well, Madame, I did not leave Monsieur de Charny in this gallery, or in this guard-room, because Monsieur de Charny is not suffering from an ordinary fever"

The queen made a gesture of surprise "What do you mean?"

' Monsieur de Charny, when he has a fover, is immediately delirious

Oh! said the queen, clasping her hands

And continued Louis approaching the queen 's hen he is debrious — the poor voing min! — he says a grat many things it would be improper for the gentlemen of the gurid or any other person, to hear?"

" Doctor !

- "Ah Mrdame you should not have questioned me if you did not wish me to answer
- 'Sry on dear Doctor and the queen took his hand 'This young man is an ather t perhap and blasphemes in his delirium
 - ' Not at all ! On the contrary he is a devotce '
- "Perhaps there is something of evaltation in his ravings?
 - ' Lxaltation is the very word "

The queen composed her features and assuming that superb dignity of manner which always accompanies the notions of princes accustomed to the respect of others and their own self a teem — a faculty indepensable to the lords of the earth in returning self-control — Monsieur do Chany "she said has been recommended to me. He is the nephew of Monsieur do Suffran our hero. He has rendered no personal service and I wish to be to him as a relation a dear friend. Therefore tell me the truth. I must and will hear it

But I cannot tell you 'Madame' replied Louis' and since your 'Majesty In's such a desire to know about it I know of no way but for your 'Majesty to hear it yourself Then if this young man should say anything improper the queen will not be uigry it the indi cretion which may have allowed the secret to be divined nor at the impru dence which might have concealed it

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"I acknowledge your consideration," and the queen; "and since Monsieur de Charny says such strange things in his delirium"

"Things which your Majesty ought to hear in order to appreciate them," said the good doctor, and he took the trembling hand of the queen.

"But above all, take care," cried the queen, "I can do nothing here without being followed up by some kindly spy"

"I shall be the only one to-night We have only to go the length of my conidor, which has a door at either end I will lock that by which we enter, and no one will be near us, Madame."

"I trust to my dear doctor," and the queen, and taking the doctor's arm she glided out of the apartment, palpitating with curiosity

The doctor kept his promise. Never was king, marching to battle or setting out to make a reconnoissance, never was queen, seeking an adventure, more carefully attended by a captain of the guards or an officer of the palace.

The doctor locked the first door, and approached the second, against which he placed his ear.

"Well," said the queen, "is your patient in there?"

"No, Madame, he is in the second room Oh, if he had been in this room you would have heard him at the end of the conidor Just listen at this door"

She heard, indeed, an marticulate murmur of moanings. "He is groaning, he is suffering, Doctor"

"Not at all, he does not groan at all He is speaking distinctly Stry, I will open this door."

"But I do not wish to go in where he is," cried the queen, drawing back

"I do not propose that you shall,' said the doctor "I

only wish you to listen in the adjoining room where with out fear of seeing or being seen you can hear all that the wounded man says

All these mysteries all these preparations frighten me murmured the queen

'How will it be then, when you have heard him? replied the doctor, and he went alone into Charny's room

Dressed in his regimental small clothes, the buckles of which the good dector had unfastened his well formed legs encased in silk stockings his arms stretched out like those of a corpse and rigid in the fine crumpled cambric sleeves Charny endeavored now and then to raise from the pillow his head which was as heavy as lead. A hot per spiration was streaming from his forchead, and locks of his hair clung to his temples. Overwhelmed crushed inert he was no more than a thought, a sentiment a reflection, his body lived no longer but by the flame of thought, con stantly springing up in his brain like that of a wick in its plabaster vise.

It is not an empty comparison we have chosen, for this flame the sole existence of Charmy illuminated fantastically and softly certain details which memory alone, unruded by passion could have found little food for romance

Charny was relating to himself his interview in the ceach with the German lady he had met on the read from Paris to Versailles

German! German! he was constantly repeating

Yes a German lady — we all know that, said the doctor on the road to Versulles'

Queen of Trance he exclaimed suddenly

'Eh! said the doctor looking into the room where the queen was standing 'Nothing less than that What do you say to that Madame?

"What a dreadful thing it is murmured Charny, "to

love an angel, a woman, to love her madly, to give one's life for her, and then on approaching her to find nothing more than a queen of velvet and gold, metal and cloth, without a heart!"

"Oh!" said the doctor, with a constrained laugh

Chainy paid no attention to the interruption. "I would love," he said, "a mairied woman. I would love her with that passion which makes one ferget everything else Well, I will say to that woman. There is main to us some happy days on this earth; all those without love which await us in the future will not be equal to these few blessed ones! Come, my well-beloved, so long as you love me and I love you, we shall lead the life of the elect Afterward, well, after that will come death, like the life we are living now. Therefore let us enjoy the blessings of love?"

"Not badly argued for a man in a fever," murmured the doctor, "though the morality of it might be improved"

"But her children!" cried Charny, suddenly, with rage; she will not leave her two children"

"That is an obstacle, hic nodus," said the doctor, with a sublime mingling of raillery and gentleness, as he wiped Charny's blow

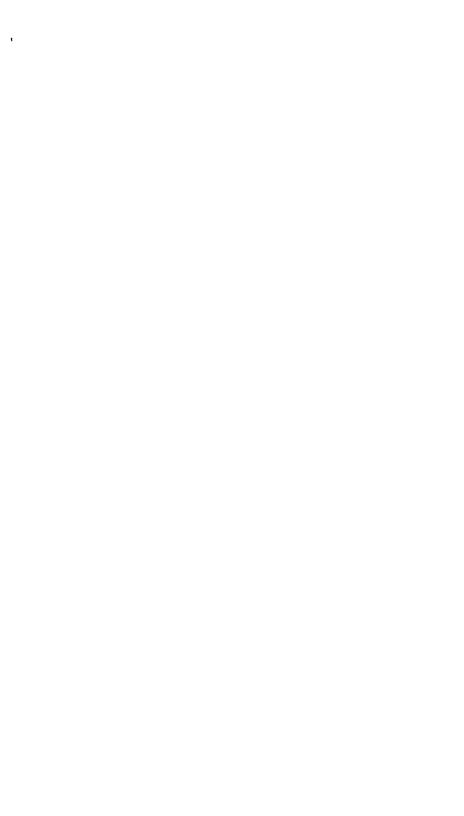
"Oh!" continued the young man, insensible to everything, "the children could be carried off in the skirt of a travelling coat! Come, Charny, if you can carry off in your arms the mother, who is lighter than a linnet's wing, since you can take her up without feeling any burden but a thrill of love can you not also carry off the children of Marie — Ah

He uttered a terrible cry.

"The children of a king would be a burden so heavy that the void they left would be felt through half the world."



YOU CAN HEAR ALL THAT THE WOUNDED MAN SAYS



The doctor left his patient and approached the queen He found her standing, cold and trembling, he took her hand which was shaking

'You are right she said this is more than delirium this youn, man would incur a terrible danger if he were overheard

"Listen! h ten! said the doctor

'No not another word

He is becoming more quiet. Hirk! he is praying Indeed, Chirny had railed himself up and joined his hand, he fixed his creat astonished eyes on vacancy

Mane, he said in a centle and thrilling tom. Mane, I have felt that you love I me. Oh I will say nothing about it Your foot tuched mine in the couch Mane, and I felt like dying. Your hand fell upon mine—thro—there—I will say nothing of it it? the secret of my life. My blood may flow from my vound Mane but the secret shall not issue with it. My enemy has steeped his several shall not issue with it. My enemy has steeped his several m my blood but if he I nows something of my secret he knows nothing of yours. Ther fore fear nothing Mane! do not even tell me that you love me, it is u cless—since you blushed. I have nothing more to learn.

Oh oh! said the doctor It is no longer fever alone, see how calm he is it is --

It is - said the queen with anxiety

'It is an eestasy Madame and eestasy resembles memory, it is indeed the memory of a soul recalling heaven

I have heard enough 'murmured the queen so agu

The doctor stopped her Madame Madame" he sud, 'what do you wish me to do?

Nothing Doctor, nothing'

- "But if the king should wish to see his protégé?"
- "Ah, yes Oh, that would be a misfortune!"
- "What shall I say?"
- "Doctor, I have not an idea, I cannot find a word, this frightful spectacle has unnerved me"
- "And you have caught the fever of this ecstatic," said the doctor, in a low voice, "your pulse is at a hundred at least"

The queen did not answer, she withdrew her hand and disappeared.

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CHAPTER XII

ANDRÉE

The doctor remained thou htful looking after the queen as she withdrew. Then shirking his head he murmured to himself. There are in this palace mysteries which are not within the reich of my science. Against some of them I arm myself with a lineet and piece the veins to cure them, against others I arm myself with reproach and piece the heart. Shall I cure them?

Then when the attack was over he closed Charnys eyes which had remained open and higgard bathed his temples with water and vinegar, and bestowed upon him those attentions which change the burning atmosphere that surrounds the invalid into a paradise of delight. Then seein, that the fostives of the pritient were becoming calm, that the sols were giving place to sight that some vague syllables escaped from his lips instead of furious words. Yes yes there was not merely sympathy but some powerful influence he said, it seemed as if this delirium started up to meet the viltor who has just retired. Yes human atoms move as in the vegetable world moves the focundating dust. Yes thought has its secret modes of communication, hearts have their hidden approaches

Suddenly the doctor started turned and listened in tently Well he murmured 'who can it be now? He had heard something like a murmur and the rustling of a dress at the faither end of the corridor "It cannot be the queen," he said to himself. "She would not so soon change her course of action. Let us see."

He went quietly and opened another door communicating with the corridor; and putting out his head without noise, he saw within ten feet of him a woman dressed in a long robe, standing motionless like a statue of despair. The feeble light placed in the corridor was insufficient to illumine it from one end to the other, but the figure was visible in the moonlight, which for a moment was unobscured by clouds

The doctor noiselessly withdrew, and passing rapidly to the door near which the woman stood, he suddenly opened it. She cried out, reached forth her hands, and met those of Doctor Louis

"Who is there?" asked the doctor, with more of kindness than of menace in his tone, for he had inferred from her immobility that she was listening with her heart rather than with her ears.

"It is I, Doctor, I," replied a voice, sweet and sad.

Although that voice was not unknown to the doctor, it awakened in his mind only a vague and indistinct remembrance

"It is I, Andrée de Taveiney, Doctor"

"Ah! what is the matter? Is she ill, then?"

"She !" cried Andiée "Who, then, is she ?"

The doctor saw that he had committed an imprudence "I beg pardon!" he said, "but a little while ago I saw a woman going away. Perhaps it was you?"

"Ah, yes! a woman has been here before me, then?" and Andiée uttered these words with such an accent of curiosity that the doctor could have no doubt as to the sentiment that prompted them

"My dear child," he replied, "it seems to me that we

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are playing at cross purpos Of whom are you speaking!
What do you wish? I uphin yourself

- 'Doctor, replied Andrec in melancholy tones that went to the heart — do not try to deceive me ! You may admit to me that a woman has been here for I saw her!
 - ' Eh! who said that no one had been here!"

'les but a woman. - a woman, Doctor !

' Certainly, a woman, — unless you would maintain the theory that a woman is a woman only to the a_oc of forty years

Then she who came here vas forty years old?" cried Andree with a sigh of rulef

"When I say forty years, I do not sive her whole age
by five or six years, but then we mut be polite to our
friends and Madame de Mi ery is one of mine

Madame de Misery ?

Certainly

It is indeed she who came here?

And thy the deuce shoullnt I tell you if it were any one clse?"

"Oh, I was thinking -- "

Indeed, women are all alike - incomprehensible! I thought I knew you but no, you are as unintelligible as all the rest. It is enough to make one swear!

Good Doctor dear Doctor-

'Enough Let us come to the point "

Andree looked at him anxiou ly
Is she werse than she was? In asked

"Who?

The queen of cour e

The queen ?

"Yes the queen at who e order Madame de Misery came to seek me a little while a on She has one of her suffocating spells with palpitations, — a sad di case my

dear young lady, and incurable Tell me about her, if you are sent by her, and let us return at once"

The doctor made a movement as if to go from that place, but Andiće gently checked him, and replied, "No, dear Doctor, I did not come on behalf of the queen I did not even know that she was ill Poor queen! had I known that Ah, paidon me, Doctor! but I am no longer awaie of what I am saying"

"I see that clearly"

"I know neither what I am saying, nor what I am doing"

"Oh, I know what you are doing! You are turning faint" In fact, Andrée had withdrawn her hand from the doctor's arm, and it fell lifeless by her side, she leaned forward, white and cold The doctor held her up, and spoke to her encouragingly

Andrée then made a violent effort to recover heiself That strong soul which had never allowed itself to be prostrated either by pain or by giref, tightened now its springs of steel "Doctor," she said, "you know that I am nervous, and that the darkness frightens me I have lost my way in the dark, and that is why I am in such a state"

"And why in the world do you expose yourself to the risk of losing your way in the darkness? No one, you say, has sent you, nothing has brought you"

"I did not say nothing, Doctor, I said no one"

"Ah! subtleties, my dear patient We are not very comfortably placed here for considering them. Let us go elsewhere, especially if they are likely to continue"

"Ten minutes, Doctor, is all that I ask of you"

"Ten minutes, so be it, but not standing, my legs positively forbid that sort of a dialogue We will go and sit down"

- "Where then?"
- "On the bench in the corridor, if agreeable to you?
- "And no one will hear us you think, Doctor?' said Andree in alarm
 - "No one
- ' Not even the wounded man in there! she continued in the same tone, pointing to the chamber of the invalid
- 'No" said the doctor if any one could hear us that poor fellow certainly could not
- Andree clasped her hands My God I is he, then so
- 'He certainly is not well Put let us speak of what brings you here Quick my child quick, you I now the queen expe ts me
- Well Doctor and I did sighing we are speaking of it it seem to me"
 - What! Mon seur de Charny!
- ' It is abou him Doctor I came to get news of
- The silence with v bich the doctor received the e words which he might have expected was chilling. He was in fat comparing Andreas demenior with that of the queen. He saw these two women led by the same sentiment and he judged by the symptoms that this sentiment was a violent love.
- Andrée, who was ignorant of the queen's visit and who could not look into the doctor's heart full of kindliness and compassion understood his silence as implying blame. She defended herself against that condemnation silent though it was
- ' It seems to me Doctor, that you can pardon the step I have taken, since Monsieur de Charny is suffering from a wound received in a duel and that wound was given by my brother.

- "Your brother!" cued Doctor Louis, "it is Monsieur Philippe de Taverney who has wounded Monsieur de Charny?"
 - "Certainly
 - "Oh, I was not acquainted with that fact"
- "But now that you know it you find it natural, do you not, that I should make inquiries?"
- "Of course, my child," said the good doctor, delighted to find a reason for indulgence. "I was uninformed, and could not conjecture the true explanation." These last words he emphasized in a way which showed Andrée that he adopted her explanation with some reserve
- "Come now, Doctor," said Andiće, leaning with both hands on his arm, and looking in his face, "come, tell me your whole thought"
- "Why, I have done so Why should I make any mental reservations?"
- "A duel between two gentlemen is a common thing, it is an every day affair"
- "The only thing which would give importance to this duel would be the fact that our two young men had fought about some woman"
 - "About a woman, Doctor?"
 - "Yes, about you, for example"
- "About me!" Andrée sighed "No, Doctor, it was not for me that Monsieur de Chainy fought."

The doctor had the air of being satisfied with the answer, but he determined in some way or other to have an explanation of the sigh "Then," he said, "I understand,—it was your brother who sent to obtain an exact account of the wounded man's condition"

"Yes, it is my brother, yes, Doctor" said Andrée.

The doctor looked her in the face "Oh! I will soon find out the secret of your heart, inflexible soul," he mur-

mured Then aloud Well then I will tell you the whole truth which should be spoken to every one distrous of knowing it I eport it to your brother and let him male his arrangements accordingly. You under tand?

No, Doctor, for I do not know what you me in by these words, Let him make his arrangements accordingly

I mean this up to the pre ent time the lime still condemns the fighting of Juels. He no longer in 1sts upon the observance of the chees it is true but when a duel has caused scandal his Majesty banishes or imprisons

That is true Doctor

And when un riunately a num dies, — oh! then the king is pitiless. Well at so your dear brother to keep himself in hiding for a little while

' Doctor cried Andrea - Doctor Monsieur de Charny is then very ill?

Listen dear joun, lady! I promised you the truth and here it is if by this time to morrow the fever which has jut begun and which is consuming him should not have sub-ide! Monsieur de Charny will be a dead man

Andree felt that she was going to shriek. She pressed her hand to her throat she buried her riuls in her flesh that she might allay in physical pain this angus h which was tearing her heart. The doctor could not see upon her features the signs of this inward struggle.

Andree controlled herself life a woman of Sparta My brother she said will not fly He has fought Monsieur de Charny like a brive man if he had the misfirtune to wound I im it was in self-defence if he has killed him God will judge him

"She did not come on her own account said the doctor to 'himself' therefore, it mut be for the queen Let us see if her Maiesty ha carried her thoughtle sness to such an extreme "Then, speaking aloud to Andrée, "What effect has this duel had on the queen?" he asked "The queen? I do not know," replied Andrée. "How

does it concern the queen?"

"She likes Monsieur de Taverney, I presume"

"Well, Monsieur de Taverney 15 5 ife, let us hope that her Majesty will defend my brother if he is accused"

The doctor, beaten on both sides of his double hypothesis, abandoned the attack. "I am not a physiologist," he said to himself, "I am only a surgeon. Why the devil when I know so much about the play of muscles and nerves, should I trouble myself about the play of womanly caprice and passion?—Mademoiselle, you have learned what you desire to know. Advise Monsieur de Taverney to fly, or not, as you please. My business is to try to save the wounded man—this night, if I do not succeed to night in saving him, death, which quietly carries on its work, will take him from me within twenty-four hours. Adieu," and he gently, but firmly, closed the door upon her

Andrée pressed her hand convulsively to her forchead when she found herself alone, alone with that terrible reality. It seemed to her as if death, of which the doctor had spoken so calmly, had already descended into that chamber, and was stalking through the dark corndor in its white winding-sheet, it seemed as if the breath of this melancholy apparition floze her limbs She fled to her 100m, locked the door, and throwing herself on her knees by the side of the bed, "My God!" she cried, with frenzy, while burning tears fell from her eyes, ' my God ! thou art not unjust, thou art not unwise, thou ait not ciuel, my God! Thou who canst do everything, thou wilt not let this young man die, who has done no harm and who is so much loved. My God! we poor human beings beheve in the power of thy kindness although trembling always before the power of thy wrath But I!—I who pray to thee —I have been sufficiently tried in this world I have suffered without having committed crime Well, I have never complained, even to thee I have never doubted thee If now when I pray to thee, if now when I entreat, if now when I ask fir the life of a young man—if now thou shouldst refuse me O my God! I would say that thou hadst made use of all thy power agunst me and that thou art a God of writh of insatiable ven geance, I would say—oh I blaspheme pardon me I blaspheme! and thou dost not sunte me! Pardon! pardon! thou art indeed the God of elemency and nercy!

Andree felt her sight failing her strength giving way, she fell manimate upon the floor. When she woke from this cold sleep and remembered everything her fears and her griefs. My God! she murmured in a bitter tone thou hast been unmerciful! I love him! Oh, yes I love him! that is enough is it not? Now, with thou kill him?

CHAPTER XIII.

DELIRIUM.

God doubtless listened to Andrée's prayer. Monsieur de Charny did not succumb to his attack of fever. On the next day, while she was anxiously waiting for any intelligence which might be received from the sick man, the latter, thanks to the care of good Doctor Louis, was passing from death to life

Charny once out of danger, Doctor Louis did not give him so much attention, the subject ceased to be interesting. To the doctor, the living are of very little consequence, especially when they are convalescent or quite well. But at the end of a week, during which Andiée became entirely reassured, the doctor, who remembered the manifestations of his patient during his illness, thought best to remove Charny to a distant place. He wished to expatriate the delinium

But Charny rebelled against the first attempts He fastened upon the doctor his eyes spaikling with anger, told him that he was the guest of the king, and that no one had the right to drive away a man to whom the king had offered a shelter. The doctor, who was not patient with intractable convalescents, ordered four valets to come in and quietly remove the wounded man. But Charny caught hold of the frame of his bed, and struck violently one of the men, threatening the others like Charles XII at Bender.

Doctor Louis tried reasoning At first Charny was logical enough but when the valets persisted he made such an effort that the wound re opened and his reason seemed to leave him with the flowing of his blood. He was seized with an attack of delirium more violent than the first. Then he began to cry out that they wished to deprive him of his visions but it was all in vuin his visions still smiled on him and she who loved him would come to see him in spite of the do tor's opposition for she was of too high rank to regard the opposition of any one

On hearing these words the doctor trembling hastened to dismiss the servints and to sew up the wound and soon had his patient, physically, in a satisfactory state. But he could not arrest the delirium which increased to an alarming degree. The situation had so changed in one day that Doctor Louis begin to think of resorting to heroic remedies. The sick nan would not only ruin him self he would ruin the lucen. From speaking he passed to shrieking he began with remembering and ended with inventing and the worst feature of the case was that in his lucid moments—and they were many—he was madder than in his fits of madness.

Deeply embarrassed the coctor, being unable to appeal to the authority of the king—since the invalid also appealed to that—determined to go and speak to the queen and he chose for this purpose a time when Charny was sleeping fatigued with relating his dreams and calling up his visions

He found Marie Antoinette thougatful and at the same time radiant with pleasure for she expected the doctor to give a good account of his patient. But she was much surprised to her very fir t question the doctor replied sharply, that the patient was very ill

What 1 cried the queen, yesterday he was doing well you II - 7

- "No, Madame, he was doing very badly"
- "Yet I sent Misery, and you replied by a good bulletin"
- "I allowed myself to be deceived, and wished to deceive you also"
- "What does that mean?" replied the queen, turning very pale. "If he is ill why conceal it from me? What should I fear, Doctor, except a misfortune which is too common, alas!"
 - " Madame "
- "And if he is doing well, why increase my anxiety, very natural when it concerns a good servant of the king? Therefore, answer frankly, yes, or no Is the patient in danger?"
 - "There is less danger for him than for others, Madame"
- "Now the enigmas begin, Doctor," said the queen, impatiently "Explain yourself"
- "It is difficult, Madame," replied the doctor "It is enough for you to know that the malady of the Comte de Charny is wholly moral. The wound is only an accessory to the sufferings, an occasion to the delinium."
 - "A moral sickness! Monsieur de Charny!"
- "Yes, Madame, and I designate as moral everything that cannot be analyzed by the scalpel Spare me the pain of saying anything more about it to your Majesty"
- "You mean to say that the count" the queen insisted
 - "Do you still wish me to tell you?"
 - "Of course I wish it"
- "Well, I mean that the count is in love, that is what I mean to say Your Majesty demands an explanation, there it is "

The queen gave a little shrug of the shoulders which signified, "A pretty piece of business!"

"And do you think that can be cured in the same way that a wound is cured Madame? continued the doctor No the evil increases and from temporary delinium Monsieur de Charny wi sink into a fatal incommuna Then—

Then Doctor?

- ' You will have ruined that young man fadame
- ' Indeed, Doctor you have most astonishing ways I shall have ruined this young man! Am I then the cause of his madness?

'Certainly

- 'But you shock me Doctor
- 'If you are not the cau e of it now pursued the in flexible doctor shrugging his shoulders you will be later"
- 'Give me your advice then since it is your profession said the queen somewhat proffed
 - 'That is to say, I must give a prescription
 - ' If you will
- "Here it is then Tle young man must be cured by bulm or by iron let the woman whose name be constantly invokes kill him or cure him
- 'There you exagger to again interrupted the queen becoming impatient Kill—cure—grand word! Can you kill a man with a harsh word! Can you cure a poor madman with a smile!
- 'Ah! if you are incredulous you too said the doc tor, there is nothing more for me to do but to present my very humble respects to your Majesty
- But, in the first place tell me, does it concern me?
- 'I know nothing about it and do not wish to know anything I only repert to you that Monsieur de Chrirty is a reasonable madman that reason can at once render a man mad and kill him, that madness may render him rea

sonable and cure him So, when you with to free this palace from shireks, dreams, and scandal, you must act"

"What shall I do?"

"Ah, what? I only make prescriptions, I do not advise. Am I sure of having heard what I have heard, of having seen what I have seen?"

"Come, suppose I understood you, what would happen?"

"Two fortunate things—one, the best for you as for us all, that the sick man, preced to the heart by that infallible stiletto called reason, would see the termination of his agony, which is just beginning, the other—well—the other—Ah, Madame, excuse me, I was wrong in seeing two issues from this labyinth—There is only one for Mario Antomette, for the queen of France"

"I understand you, you have spoken with frankness, Doctor—It is night that the woman on account of whom Monsieur de Charny has lost his reason should return it to him, either by kindness or by force"

"Very well! That is what I mean"

"She must have the courage to go to him and wrest his dreams from him, that is, the grawing scipent which is coiled up in the very depths of his soul"

"Yes, your Majesty"

"Then I will send for some one, Mademoiselle de Taveiney, for example"

"Mademoiselle de Taverney?" said the doctor

"Yes, you will have everything ready for the wounded man to receive us comfortably"

"It is done, Madame"

"Without any warning?"

"It must be so "

"But," murmured the queen, 'this responsibility for

the life or death of a man is more dreadful than you think

It is what I assume every day, when I meet with an unl nown disease Shall I attack it by a remedy which kills the disease or by a remedy which kills the patient?

'You -- you are very sure of killing the patient, are you not? said the queen with a shudder

Eh! said the doctor with a gloomy air even if a man should die for the honor of a queen, how many die every day for the caprice of a king? Come, Madame come

The queen sighed and followed the doctor without waiting for Andree who was not to be found

It wis eleven o clock in the morning, Chainy completely dressed was sle ping in an arm-chair after the agitation of a terrible moht. The window blinds carefully closed allowed but a ficeble glimmer of light to enter the room. Everything was arranged to soothe the nervous sensibility of the still man. There was no sound, nothing to touch him nothing to disturb his sight. Doctor Louis had arranged everything to provent if possible a renewal of the delinious outbiecks. Nevertheless determined on striking a decisive blow he did not shrink from a crisis which might even kill his patient. It is true that it might also save him.

The queen in a morning robe with her hair el gantly dressed abruptly entered the corridor which led to Charn's room. The doctor had recommended her not to hesitate not to knock but to appear before him suddenly and with resolution in order to produce a violent effect. She there fore turned so suddenly the knob of the door of the interestants that a person learning a sunst the door of Chain's room.—a woman enveloped it a mantle.—thad not time to

straighten up and regain her self-possession. The agitated countenance and trembling hands of this woman certainly were not indicative of tranquillity

"Andice 1" cited the queen, in surprise "You here?"

"I'" replied Andrée, pale and agitated, "II yes, your Majesty — II but is not your Majesty here yourself?"

"Oh, oh! a complication," murmured the doctor

"I looked for you everywhere," said the queen, "where were you?" There was something in these words of the queen which did not express her usual kindness. It was like the beginning of an examination, it was like the announcement of a suspicion

Andrée was alarmed. She ferred especially that her indiscreet step would furnish a clew to her sentiments, so terrible even to herself. Therefore, proud as she was, she determined to utter falsehood for the record time. "Here, as you see," she said.

"Doubtless, but why me you here?"

"Midame," she replied, "they told me that your Majesty had sent for me, therefore I came"

The queen mistrusted still, the persisted in her inquiry "How did you discover where I had gone?"

"It was easy, Madame, you were with Monsieur le Docteur Louis, and you were seen passing through the small apartments, of course, you could have been coming only to this pavilion"

"Well guessed," continued the queen, still unsatisfied, but speaking not unkindly, — "well guessed"

Andrée made a last effort "Madame," she said, smiling, "if your Majesty had intended secrecy, you would not have appeared in the open galleries as you did just now in coming here. When the queen crosses the terrace Mademoiselle de Taverney can see her from her apartment,

and it is not difficult to follow or precede a person whom we can see at a di tance

'Sho is right sail the queen 'a hundred times right I have an unfortunate habit that of never for earn, any thing, reflecting so lattle invest I forget the possibility of reflection in others

The queen felt perhap that she on let to how indulgance since she had need of a conflant. Her scal, moreover, not being a compain of coquetry and district like the soils of common women she had finth in her friendships I nowin, that she was able to love Women who district them elves are still more districtful of others. A great misfortun which coquettes have to endure is that they never believe them elves loved by their layers.

Mane Antonade therefore, quielly forset the impression produced on her by finding Maltinu elle de Taverney before Clearn's door. She tiel Andres shand made her turn the key in the door and quiekly passing I fore her she entered the sick mans chamber while the doctor and Andres mans of without. When the latter saw the queen thus disappear she ruised toward Henen a look full of writh and suffering,—a look that resembled an impression. The doctor took her by the arm and led her into the corndor saying. Do you think she will succeed?

Succeed! Good Cod! in what?"

In persua line that poor man to allow himself to be taken away before he dies here of his fever"

He would then be cured should be go away?' cried Andree

The doctor looke l at h r with surprise and uncersiness.

I think so, he said

Oh may she then succeed I" said the poor girl

CHAPTER XIV.

CONVALLSCENCE

The queen had walked straight to the aim chair in which Chainy was reclining. The latter, roused by the creaking of her shoes on the floor, looked up. "The queen!" he murmured, trying to use

"The queen, yes, Monsieur," Marie Antoinette has tened to say, "the queen, who knows how you are striving to lose both your reason and your life, the queen, whom you offend in your dreams, the queen, whom you offend when awake, the queen, who has regard for her own honor and your safety! That is her reason for coming to you, Monsieur, and it is not thus you should receive her"

Chainy had risen, trembling, bewildered, and at her list words had fallen upon his knees, so overwhelmed by physical suffering and mental anguish that, bowed down like a guilty man, he had neither the strength nor the will to use

"Is it possible," continued the queen, touched by this respect and silence, "is it possible that a gentleman, formerly renowned for his loyalty, can persist in endangering the reputation of a woman? For observe this, Monsieur de Chainy, that from our first interview it is not the queen who has appeared to you, but a woman, and you should never have forgotten it"

Charny, much affected by these words, which seemed to come from the heart, endeavoied to say a word in his

own defence, but Marie Antoinette did not give him

'What can I expect of my enemie she said, "if you give an example of trason?

Treason - stammered Charmy

'Monsieur you must choose I ther you are mad and I must prevent you from doing harm, or you are a traitor and I must punish you

Madame, do not say that I am a trutor I rom the hps of a king this acculation preceds a sentence of death from the hps of a woman it incans dishonor. As a queen, kill me, as a woman, spare me

'Are you in your right mind Monsieur de Charny?' said the queen in an actiated yo ce

' Yes, Madame

Are you conscious of the wring committe I against me, of your crime again t - the king?

My God! murmure I the unfortunate man

I or you genthmen for t too easily that the king is the husband of that woman whom you msult by even looking upon her, the king is the father of your future sovereign, my druphin. The king is a man greater and better than you all —a man whom I venerate and whom I love

Oh!" murmured Charny with a groan and he was obliged to place one hand on the floor to support himself

His cry pi reed the queens heart. She read in the youn, man's face that he would be stricken with death if she did not promptly driw from the wound the barb she had buried there. It was for this reason that merciful and kind and terrified at the pideness and weakness of he culprit, she for a moment thought of calling for all But she reflected that the doctor and Andrie might inter

pret wrongly this fainting-fit of the sick man. She therefore raised him up herself

"Let us speak," she said, "I as queen, you as a man. Doctor Louis has tried to cure you, this wound, which amounted to nothing, has been rendered dangerous by the extravagances of your brain. When shall this wound be healed? When will you cause to give the good doctor the scandalous spectacle of a madness which causes him anxiety?"

"Madame," stammered Charny, "your Majesty drives me away, I will go away," and he made so violent an effort to leave the room that, losing his balance, he tottered and fell into the arms of the queen, who had placed herself between him and the door

Scarcely had he felt the contact of that warm breast which supported him, — scarcely was he enfolded in the involuntary embrace of the arms which held him, when his reason abandoned him entirely, a light breath escaped his lips, which was not a word, and did not dare to be a kiss

The queen, herself agitated by this close contact, moved by this weakness, had time only to push from her the manimate body toward the easy-chan, on which it fell, she would then have fled. But Charny's head had fallen back and struck the frame of the chair, a light-red tinge colored the froth which rose to his lips, and a warm drop fell on the hand of Mane Antomette.

"Oh, so much the better!" he maimured, "just as I would have wished I shall die, killed by you"

The queen forgot everything She came back, serzed Chainy in her aims, pressed his head upon her bosom, and placed her icy hand upon the young man's heart Love performed a mnacle, Charny revived He opened his eyes, and the vision disappeared. The woman was

alarmed when she reflected that the had left a tender remembrance where she intented to leave only a last fire well. She sarted for the door in such hate that Charny lad just time to seem the hem of her lass exclusion

Madam , in the name of the rescrence I have for Cod less than that who h I have f r you -

Theu, adieu 1" sail the pucen

M. lame oh pardon me!

I pardo i vou Monsieur de Chirny "

Malame one la tlock!"

Monsieur de Charas sail the queen trend line with tend in said writh if you are not the most must had roll lo of men you will this month or ton orrow, either have hed or lift the project."

A que n'entrats when he e rimands in such t rms as thes. Chirm chapin, his lands in frenzy englon his knees to the for follow hat in the latter hal already opened the door to escape the danger more quickly.

Vilne who eyes vere fixed on that 150 cm the saw Charm's eyes shunn, with hope and pride and those of the queen downer t without expression. Struck to the heart de pairin filled with batte I and scorn she did not bow her heal on a eing the queen return. It r em d'to her that God hall given too mu h'to this woman in hes owing, upen her a threin and beauty. — be thauper fluous since he had given her this half hour with Monsieur de Charmy.

The doctor wholly occupied with the success of the negotiation undertaken by the queen confined himself to sayin. Well Madame?"

The queen paused a moment to collect herself and re cover her voice stifled by the beating of her heart "What will be do?" said the doctor

"He will go away," murmured the queen. And without paying any attention to Andrée, who knitted her brows, or to the doctor, who rubbed his hands, she crossed with a rapid step the corridor of the gallery, drawing about her mechanically her lice mantle, and withdrew to her apartment.

Andree pressed the doctor's hand, who hastened to return to his patient, then, with a step solemn as that of a ghost, she returned to her own room, with her head bowed down, her eyes fixed, and her mind windering. She had not thought of asking the queen's commands. To a nature like hers the queen was nothing, the rival everything

Charny, once more under the care of the doctor, did not seem to be the same man that he had been the evening before. Making an extravagant show of strength and hardshood, he plied the doctor so vigorously with questions about his approaching convalescence, the regimen he was to follow, and the means of going away, that the doctor feared a more dangerous relapse, produced by a mania of another nature

Chainy soon undeceived him, he resembled those redhot irons whose color fades as the intensity of the heat diminishes. The iron is black, and is not hot to the eye, but is yet sufficiently so to consume everything it touches

The doctor saw that the young man was recovering his columness and the reasoning power of his days of health Charny was really so reasonable that he felt obliged to explain to the doctor this sudden change in his determination "The queen," he said, "by making me ashamed has cured me quicker than your science, dear Doctor, could have done with your excellent remedies, to attack my self-love, you see, is to master me as they master a horse with a bit"

' So much the better so much the better, murmured the doctor

Yes, I remember that a Spaniard—they are very boastful—told me one day, in order to prove his power of will, that in a duel in which he had been wounded by merely willing to retain his blood he had been able to provent its flowing to rejoice the heart of his adversary I laughed at this Spaniard, jet I am omewhat like him if my fever if this deminim with which you reproach me, should show any sign of returning I would engage to drive them away by saying Dehrium and fover you shall not return!

We have examples of this will power' said the doc tor, gravely — At any rate allow me to congratulate you. You are now morally cured?

Oh! yes

Well it will not be long before you see the relation between mans moral and physical organization. It is a beautiful theory on which I would publish a book if I had the time. Now that you are sound in mind, you will be sound in body in less than a week."

Dear Doctor I thank you

And you will begin then by going away?"

Immediately if you will

Let us wait until evening Let us proceed moderately To move hastily is always a risk

We will wait until this evening Doctor"

Are you going far?

' To the end of the world if necessary

That is rather too far for a first journey said the doc tor, with his usual coolness We will be satisfied with Versulles to be an with eh!

Versailles it shall be, since you wish it

' It seems to me said the loctor, that there is no

need of expatiating yourself, just because you are cured of your wound "

This coolness put Charny on his guard

"It is true, Doctor I have a house at Versailles"

"Well, that is what we want, you shall be taken there this evening"

"You have not understood me, Dector, I wished to make a journey to my estate!"

'Ah, why did you not say so, then? But your estates are not at the end of the world"

"They are on the frontiers of Picardy, fifteen or eighteen leagues from here"

"As I said, that is not far away"

Charny pressed the doctor's hand as if to thank him for his delicacy

That evening the four valets who had been so rudely treated at their first appearance, carried Charny to his carriage, which awaited him at the gate

The king, having hunted all day, had just taken supper and was sleeping. Charny, rather distuibed at going away without taking leave, was reassured by the doctor, who promised to excuse his departure on the pretext of the need of change.

Charny, before getting into his carriage, allowed himself the painful satisfaction of gazing,—even until the very last moment,—at the windows in the apartment of the queen. No one could see him—One of the lackeys, carrying a torch in his hand, lighted the way, without allowing the glare to fall upon his face—Chainy met upon the steps only a few officers, his friends, who had been forewarned of his departure, so that it might not have the appearance of flight

Escorted to the carriage by these pleasant companions, Charny could allow his eyes to wander over the windows,

those of the queen were brilliantly lighted. Her Maje ty not very well, had received her ladies in her bedeliamber. The of Andric dark and gloomy concealed behind the folds of the curtains a very anxion woman with palpit tating heart who followed un cen the movements of the sick man and his exect.

The carriage finally dispurted, but so slowly that every step of the horses resourced in the hard prement

If he is not mine" murmured Andree at least he belongs to no one else

If the desire to die should return to him " said the doc tor as he entered his own room—at least he will not die on my hands—Confound these malables of the sould one is not the physician of Autochus and Stritonice to cure such maladies.

Charny arrived safe and sound at his own house. The doctor went to see him the same night and found him so well that he histened to announce that this would be his last visit. The six himan had for his support the wing of a chicken and a specified of Orlans preserves.

The next day he received a vist of his uncle Mon seur de Suffren and of Mon seur de I n'iyette he received at o a mess-enger from the long. It was very nearly the same on the following day and after that he was left to himself

At the end of a week he was able to ride an easy horse his strength had returned. His house not being sufficiently secluded he isked of hi uncles physician and of Doctor Louis also, bermis on to deput for his e tates

Doctor Louis replied with confidence that locomotion was the final remely in the curing of wounds that Monsieur de Charny hal a good travelling-carriage and that the road to Picardy was smooth as a mirror and that to remain at Versailles when one could travel so comfortably would be perfect folly Charny had a large baggage-wagon loaded, he went to take leave of the king, who overwhelmed him with kindness, begged Monsieur de Suffren to present his respects to the queen, who was ill that evening and did not receive. Then entering his carriage at the very gate of the royal palace, he set out for the little town of Villers-Cotteiets, from which he would proceed to the Château de Boursonnes, situated at about a league distant from that little town which the first poems of Dumoustier had already rendered illustrious

CHAPTER \V

TWO BLEEDING HEARTS

Ov the day following that on which the queen had been surprised by Andre as she fled from Chriny on his knees before her Mademoiselle de Taverney entered, according to her custom the royal bedchamber at the hour of the morning toilet, before going to Mr 3

The queen had not yet received any visitors She had just read a note from Madame de La Motte, and was in a pleasant mood

Andree paler still than she had been the evening before displayed in her whole demensor that serious and cold reserve which attricts attention and complets those of the highest rank to account to the most humble. Simple, so vere one might say in her toilet Andree had the appear ance of a harbineer of misfortune either for herself or for others

It was one of the queen's days of absent mindedness therefore she paid no attention to this quiet and serious demeanor of Andrie — her red eyes the whiteness of her temples and hands — She turned her head just enough to allow her friendly greeting to be heard, — Good morning little one

Andree writed until the queen should give her an opportunity to speal. She waited very sure that her silence her immobility would finally attrict the eyes of Marie Antoinette. And she was right. Receiving no response but that of a ceremonious revenues the queen turned her

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head and caught a side view of her face, which expressed such sonow and seventy

"My God! what is the matter, Andree?" the said, turning quite round, "has any misfortune happened to you?"

"A great misfortune, yes, Madame," replied the young woman

"What is it, then?"

"I am going to leave your Majesty"

"Leave me ! You are going away?"

"Yes, Madame"

"Where are you going, then? What is the cause of this hasty departure?"

"Madame, I am not happy in my affections "

The queen looked up

"My family affections," added Andréa, blushing.

The queen blushed in her turn, and their glances met with a flash like that made by the clashing of two swords

The queen recovered herself fast "I do not understand," she said, "you were happy yesterday, I thought"

"No, Madame," replied Andrée, firmly, "ye torday was one of the unhappy days of my life."

"Ah!" said the queen, becoming thoughtful "Explain yourself," she added

"It would be necessary to fatigue your Majesty with details quite beneath your notice. I have no satisfaction in my family, I have nothing more to hope for in the world, and I come now to ask leave of your Majesty that I may retire to a convent."

The queen 10se, and although this petition touched her pride, she approached Andrée and took her hand

"What is the meaning of this foolish resolution?" she

said 'hid you not ye terd v, as you have to-day a brother a father? Were they le a troubl some and less hamfal than they are to-day? Do you think me capable of neglecting you when you are in trouble? Am I not a mather who receives into her family the e who have no mother?

Andrea trembled like a guilty person and bowing before the queen she sail. We have your goodness precises my heart but it cannot dissurbe in I have resided to leave the court. I have need of shitch. Do not expose me to unfurthfulness in my luty toward you through the lick of capacity for them which I find in myself.

" Since vesterday 1"

I bg your Muj sty not to ask me to speak on this subject.

Be fee sail the queen, latterly 'only you might have return d the confidence I have so fee ly given you But have fool haven as in one whould be happen your recrets. Widen is II and I hap you will be happen away than you have been him. Only run inher on thing—that my firm hap nover he risk the of I are what ever may be their enginees and that I shall never reaso to regard you as a firm I had no had no you are free

Andree made a revenue and turned to leave the room. When she had not bed the four the queen called her back. Where are you going Andre 1

to the Albey of Sunt Denis Midaire, replied

Milimoi lle le Invernij

To the convent' oh very well Malem iselle. Per hips you have n thin, with which it reproved your self, but hal you only ingrating he and fractfulnes that would be too much! You are very culpible toward ma Go, Mademoralle de laverney, 400

The result was that without offering any explanations, which the queen in her goodness of heart had a pected, without showing any humility, any emotion, Andrée availed herself of the permission of the queen and disappeared. Marie Antoinette could, and actually did, perceive that Mademoiselle de Taverney left the palaco immediately.

In fact, Andrée repaired to ber fither's house, where, as she had expected, she found Philippe in the garden. The brother meditated, the sister acted.

At sight of Andreé, whom her crivice required to be at this how at the palace, Philippe advinced, surprised and almost alaimed. Alaimed especially by that gloomy countenance, since his sister never met him but with a smile of tender affection, he began, as the queen had done, by questioning

Andrée informed him that she had just left the service of the queen, that her resignation had been accepted, and that she was about to enter a convent. Philippe clapped his hands together violently, like a man who has received an unexpected blow.

- "What!" he said, "you too, sister?"
- "What I too? What do you me in?"
- "It is, then, an accursed contact for our family, that of the Bourbons?" he cried, "you feel compelled to take religious vows! you, religious by inclination, religious in soul, you, the least worldly of women, and at the same time the least capable of lasting obedience to the rules of asceticism — Come, tell me, what complaint have you against the queen?"

"I make no complaint against the queen," replied the young girl, coldly "You, who had reckoned so confidently on favor at court, you who, more than any other, had a right to count upon it, why have you not been

able to remain there? Why did you stry there only three days? I have been there three years?

The queen is sometimes expressors Andrec

If that is so I hilippe, you ought to be able to endure it,—you a train I a woman ought not to end in it and I will not. She has her caprices — very well her servants are there?

All the sister said the young man with some construct does not acquire me with the occasion of your misunderstanding with the queen

I have had no misunderstanding with her I assure you. Had you I hilippe when you left her? Oh she is an ungrateful woman!

You must forgive her Andree. Flattery has injured her somewhat but she is good at heart

As is proved perhaps by her conduct toward you Philippe

lo what do you refer?

'You have for other already? Oh! I have a better memory. So in one and the same day with one and the same re olution. I pay your debt and mine Philippe."

Too dearly it seems to me Andree a woman should not renounce the world at your age with you beauty. Take care my dear if you leave the world now you will regret it when you are old and will return to it then only to find all your friends extranged from you

'You did not reason thus — you, a brave officer the soul of honor and fine fiching but came, so little for renown or riches that where others have acquired titles and gold you have only contracted debts and fillen in rank — you did not reason thus when you said. She is capricious Andrice she is a coquette she is perfidious. I prefer not to remain in her ser ice? Therefore practically you have renounced the world, although you may not

have entered a monastery, and of us two, the one who comes nearest to taking inevocable vows is not I who have yet to take them, but you who have already done so "

"You are right, sister, and but for our father

"Our father, ah, Philippe, do not speak thus," replied Andrée, with bitterness "Ought not a father to be the support of his children, or to accept support from them? It is on these conditions only that he is a father And I ask, what is our father to us? Have you ever thought of such a thing as confiding a secret to Monsieur de Taveiney? Do you believe him capable of confiding in you? No," continued Andrée, with an expression of sorrow, "no, Monsieur de Taveiney is a man to live alone"

"I know it, Andiée, but he should not die alone"

These words, spoken with mild severity, reminded Andrée that she was allowing her angry feelings and her hatred of the world to occupy too large a place in her heart

"I do not wish," she answered, "that you should consider me a daughter without affection, you know that I am a tender sister, but every one in this world has conspired to destroy in me every instinct of sympathy. God gave me at birth, as to every human creature, a soul and a body, with this soul and body every human creature can do as he pleases, for his own happiness in this world and in the world to come. One man whom I knew, took my soul, — Balsamo. A man whom I scarcely knew, and who was not a man in my opinion, took my body. Gilbert. I tell you, Philippe, that in order to be a good and prous daughter, I needed but a father. But with regard to you, let us see what benefit the service of the great ones of the earth has conferred upon you who loved them."

Philippo hung his head "Spare me he said the great ones of the earth were in my eyes only creatures similar to myself I loved them God his commanded us to love one another

'Oh Philippel" she said 'it never happens upon this earth that the loving heart re ponds directly to the one who loves it, the e whom we have chosen choose others."

Philippo rused his pale face and contemplated his sister for some time with no expression but that of astonish ment. Why do you say that? what are you driving at? he a ked

Nothing nothing replied Andre generously who shrank from the idea of going into details and from an exchange of confidences. I am stricken brother, I think my min l is wandering, do not pay any attention to my words.

And yet -

Andree came to I halippe and tool his hand 'Enough on this subject my belove I brother. I have come to en treat you to take me to a convent. I have chosen Saint Denis. Do not be alarmed. I do not mean to take the yows that will come later if necessary Instead of seek ing in an asylum what most women wish to find there forgetfulness - I go there to remember It seems to me that I have too long forgotten the Lord He is the only hing the only sovereign, the one consolation as he is the only real afflictor. By drawing near to him now that I understand him I shall have done more for my happiness than if all the power and love in the world had conspired to make my life happy Oh for solitude, brother - soli tude that vestibule of eternal blessedness! In solitude God speaks to the heart of man, in solitude man speaks to the heart of God"

Philippe interrupted Andree, with a gesture "Remem-

ber," he said, "that I oppose, morally, this deperate purpose, you have not allowed me to judge of the reasons for your despur"

"Despan!" she caid, with an expression of supreme scorn, "you said despin! Ah, think God, I do not leave the court in despin! I! is gret it with depin! No, no, a thousand times, no!" and with a movement full of indignant pride she threw over her shoulders a cilk mantle which lay near her on a chair

"This excess of disdain shows a state of mind which cannot last," said Philippe "You do not life the word 'despan,' Andrée, accept instead the word 'spite'"

"Spite!" replied the young woman, vith a simb full of pilde. "You cannot believe, brother, that Mademorselle de Taverney is so weak as to give up her position in the world from a feeling of spite. Spite is the weal most coquettes or fools. The cyclothele is lighted by spite soon overflows with teas, and the first estinguished. I have no spite, Philippe. I wish that you would believe me, and in order to do so, you need only examine your own heart when you have some grievance to state. Answer me, Philippe, if to morrow you should retrie to La Trappe, if you should become a Cirthusian, what would you call the cause which drove you to this resolution?"

"I should call it an incurable sorrow, sister," said Philippe, with the gentle dignity of an unhappy man

"Well, Philippe, that is a word which suits me, and which I adopt. It is therefore an incurable sorrow which impels me to seek solitude"

"Well," said Philippe, "brother and sister will not have been unlike in their lives. Once equally happy, they will have still been unhappy in the same degree."

Andiće thought that Philippe, carried away by his emotion, would question her further, and perhaps his inflexible heart would be broken under the pressure of fraternal affection. But Philippe knew from experience that great souls are sufficient unto themselves, therefore he did not disturb Andrea in the stronghold she had chosen

"On what day and at what hour do you intend to set out? he asked.

' To-morrow, - to-day even, if there were time

"Will you not take a last walk with me in the park?

"No' she said

He understood by the pressure of the hand which accompanied this refusal that the young woman did not wish to give him an opportunity to work upon her feelings

"I will be ready whenever you require me he replied, and he kissed her limid without another word, which might have cau ed the bitterness in their hearts to overflow

Andree, after having made some preparations for her departure retired to her room where she received this note from Philippe —

You can see our father at five o clock this evening Your taking leave of him is indi-pensable. Monsicur de Taverney would complain of being described of being treated unkindly"

She answered, -

At five o clock I will be with Monsieur de Taverney and in my travelling dress. At seven o clock we can be at Saint Denis. Can you give me your evening?

For answer Philippe called out of his window which was so near to Andrees room that she could hear him, "At five o clock let the horses be put to the travelling carriage

CHAPTER XVI.

A MINISTER OF FINANCE.

The queen, before acceiving Andrée, had read a note from Madame de La Motte, at which she had emiled. This note contained these words, with all the proper formularies of respect,

"And your Majesty may rest assured that credit will be granted you, and that the goods will be delivered confidentially"

Therefore the queen had smiled and burned Jeinne's little note. While she was still somewhat gloomy from her interview with Mademorelle de Tiverney, Madame de Misery came to announce that Monsieur de Calonne was writing for the honor of an audience.

Monsieur de Calonne was a man of infinite talent, who, belonging to the generation born in the latter half of the century, little accustomed to tears and very fond of reasoning, had taken his decision with regard to the misfortune which hung over France, joined his interest with the common interest, said, as Louis XV had said, "After us the end of the world," and sought in every direction for flowers wherewith to deck his last moments. He understood affairs, and he was an accomplished counter. Every woman celebrated for her wit, her riches, or her beauty he had addressed with I omage, like that which the bee renders to the plants loaded with aroma and with sweets.

The conversation of seven or eight men and ten to twelve women contained at that time a summary of all

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knowledge. Mon ieur de Calonno coulc calculate with D Alembert, reason with Didrot, seoff with Voltare dream with I ousseau. Indeed, he was strong enough to laugh openly at the populuity of Monsieur Necker,—Monsieur Necker the wise and profound whose system of finance had illumined all Frince. Calonne having observed him from every point of view had finally ren dered him ridiculous even in the eyes of those who feared him most both the king and the queen who shuddered at that name trembled when they heard him mocked in a good natured way by an elegint statesman who satisfied himself with this reply to such an array of figures, "Of what use to prove that we can prove nothing."

In fact, Necker hal proved only one thing — his in ability to direct the finances. Moreover decelone however accept defice management as a burlen too light for his shoulders, and from the very first moment one might say that he bent benefit in the last.

What dil Mon wur Necker wint? Reforms partial ref rms alarmed all mind. Lew people profited by then and those who did profited little on the con true many lost and lost much When Necker tried to establish a more just divi ion of taxes when he under took to levy taxes on the estates of the poblity and the revenues of the clergy he was absuptly attempting an impo sible revolution. He was dividing the nation and wed cmn_ it when he should have directed all his en ergy toward leading it on to a general reformation. He pointed out this goal and by indicating it made its at tainment impossible. To spear of reforming an abuse to those who do not wish the abuse reformed is to in vite opposition Is it well to warn the enemy of your intended assault?

This was fully comprehented by Calonne more truly a

friend of the nation, as far as this was concerned, than the Genevese, Neckei, more a friend, we say, as to accomplished facts, for instead of seeking to prevent an inevitable evil, Calonne accelerated the invasion of the scourge. His plan was bold, gigantic, sure, it was to draw into bankruptcy in two years the king and nobility, who would have delayed it for ten years. Then, the bankruptcy being accomplished, he would say, "Now, you who are nich, pay for the poor, for they are hungry, and will devour those who will not feed them"

How it was that the king did not foresee the consequences of this plan, or even divine the plan itself, how it was that the bandage over his eyes seemed to become thicker, how it was that the queen, generally so clear-sighted, was as blind as her husband as to the conduct of this minister, — on these points our history, or rather our romance, and for this it will be welcome, will give some indispensable details

Monsieur de Calonne entered the queen's apartment He was tall, handsome, and of distinguished manners He was a man to make queens laugh and mistresses weep Well assured that Mane Antoinette had sent for him under the pressure of some uigent need, he entered with a smile on his lips. So many others would have entered with a frowning face, in order to increase the merit of their consent. The queen also was very gracious. She asked the minister to be seated, and said to him a thousand things about nothing. At length she said, "Have we any money, my dear Monsieur de Calonne?"

"Money?" cited Monsieur de Calonne "Why, yes, we always have money"

"This is very wonderful,' replied the queen "I have known no one but you to give that answer to a demand for money. As a financier you are incomparable"

'How much does your Mujesty want? replied Calonne.

'Explain to me in the first place I beg of you, how it is that you find money where Monsieur Neel er said so often that there was none

Monsieur Necker was right Madame, there was no money in the coffus On the day of my accession to the mini try November 5 1783,—one does not forget such things, Madame —on examining the public treasury I found only two bags each containing twelve hundred francs. There was not a furthing less

The queen lau hed. ' Very well? said she

'Well, Madame if Monsieur Necker instead of saying 'There is no money had set himself to work borrowing money, as I have done,—one hundred millions the first year and one hundred and twenty five the second,—if he had been sure, as I am of obtaining for the third year a new loan of eighty millions. Mon ieur Necker would have been a true financier. Any one can say. There is no money in the treasury,' but it is not every one who can say, 'There shall be money there!

'That is what I was saying to you it was for this reson that I congratulated you. But how are these loans to be repaid? There is the difficulty

'Oh, Madame" replied Calonne with a smile of which no human eye could measure the profound, the fright ful significance, I will answer for it — they shall be paid.

Have you any new ideas? If so, let me be the first to share them, I beg of you

I have an idea Madame which will put twenty mil lions into the pockets of the French, and seven or eight millions into your—I beg pardon—into his Majesty's coffers

"Those millions will be welcome in both places, but how are they to be obtained?"

"Your Majesty is awaie that gold coin is not of the same value in all the States of Europe?"

"I know it In Spain gold is of more value than in France"

- "Your Majesty is right, it is a pleasure to converse with you upon finance. Gold has been worth in Spain, for the last five or six years, something like eight per cent more than in France, so that there is a gain of about eight finnes on every ounce of gold exported."
 - "That is considerable," remarked the queen.
- "So much that in a year, if the capitalists knew what I know, there would not remain with us a solitary louis d'or"

"You propose to prevent that result?"

- "Immediately, Madame I am about to increase the price of gold six and two-thirds per cent. Your Majesty will see that not a louis will remain in private coffers when it is known that the Mint will pay that premium on gold. The gold will then be recoined, and every mare will compuse thirty-two louis, instead of thirty as at the present time."
- "A present profit and a future profit!" cried the queen "It is a chaiming idea, which will win you great appliance,"
- "I hope so, Madame, and I am glad that it is so fully approved by you"
- "If you continue to entertain projects like that, I am sure that you will pay all our debts"
- "Permit me, Madame, to come back to the subject of your Majesty's wishes?"
- "Is it possible, Monsieur, for me to have at this moment—"
 - "What amount?"

"Oh a sum much too large perhaps

Calonne smuled in a way to encourage the queen

- "Five hundred thousand france she said
- "Ah, Madame how your Myesty frightened me! I thought you were about to make a gemand for a serious amount
 - ' You can let me have it then?"
 - "Certainly
 - " And without the king --
- "Ah Madame that would be impossible All my ac counts are submitted monthly to the king but he has never been known to read them which I consider an honor to myself"
 - "When may I count on receiving it?
 - "When would your Maje ty lil e to have it!'
 - 'Not until the fifth of next month
- "The accounts will be audited on the second, you will have your money on the third Madame

Monsieur de Calonne I thunk you

My greatest happiness is to plane your Myesty Do not hesitate to have recourse to my strong box. It will be a pleasure to your controller general of finance to be of service to you. He had risen while speaking and bowed in his most graceful manner.

The queen gave him her hand to liss 'One word more she said, I have some remorse in asking for this money

- 'Remorse 1 ' he said
- "Yes, it is to gratify a caprire
- 'So much the better so much the better Of that sum then at least one half will be disbursed to the advan tage of our industry our commerce or our pleasures
- "That is true certainly murmured the queen, "and you have a charming way of consoling me Monsieur

- "God be praised, Madame! may we never have other remorse than such as your Majesty speaks of, and we shall go straight to Paradise"
- "You see, Monsieur de Calonne, it would be too cruel for me to make the poor people pay for my caprices"
- "Oh, well," said the minister, with a sinister smile and emphasizing every word, "have no more scruples, Madame, for I declare to you, that it will never be the poor people who will have it to pay"
 - "How so ?" said the queen, in surprise
- "Because the poor people have nothing left," replied the minister, coolly, "and where there is nothing to be had, the king loses his rights". He bowed and left the room

CHAPTER \VII

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Scancely had Monsieur de Calonne crossed the gallery to return to his own apirtments when a hoht knock was heard at the door of the queen's bouder and Jeanne made her appearance. Madame she said he is there

The cardinal? asked the queen somewhat astonished at the word he which signifies so many things when uttered by a woman She dud not continue Jeanne had already introduced Monsieur de Rohan and had with drawn after pressing stealthily the hand of the protected protector

The prince found himself alone with the queen standing a few steps from her. He respectfully offered the usual salutations

The queen seeing this reserve so full of tact was touched, she held out her hand to the cardinal who had not yet raised his eyes to her

Monsieur she said "I have been informed of an action of yours which effaces many offences

'Allow me said the prince trembling with an emotion which was not affected — allow me Madame to declare to you that the offences of which your Majesty speaks would be much extenuated by a word of explanation

I do not forbid your justifying yourself replied the queen with dignity, but what you would say would you is -9

cast a shadow upon the respect and love I feel for my country and my family. You cannot exculpate your elf without wounding me, Monsicui le Caidinal. Let us not play with a fine not yet wholly extinguished,—it might, perhaps, burn your fingers or mine, to see you in the new light, which has revealed you to me as obliging, respectful, devoted.

"Devoted even to death," interrupted the cardinal.

"That may be But," sud Marie Antoinette, smiling, "at present it is a question only of ruin. You will be devoted even to your own ruin, Monsieur le Cardinal That would be very brave, very noble. Lortunately, I can set things right. You shall live without being ruined, unless, as they say, you are ruining yourself."

" Madame — "

"Oh, that is your own business. However, as a friend, since we are now good friends, let me give you some advice. Be economical, it is a pistoral viitue, the king will like you better than if you were extrivagant."

"I will become even miserly to please your Majesty"

"The king," replied the queen, with a delicate shade of meaning, "does not like misers either"

"I will become whatever your Majesty may wish," interrupted the cardinal, with ill-disguised passion

"I was saying to you," sud the queen, cutting him short, "that you would not be ruined on my account You have become surety for me, and I thank you for it, but I have enough to meet my habilities, therefore do not trouble yourself about this business, which, beginning with the first payment, will concern only myself"

"In order to close the affair, Madame," the cardinal then said, bowing, "it remains for me to present the neck-lace to your Majesty" At the same time he drew from his pocket the case, which he presented to the queen. She

did not look at it which was a proof of her strong desire to see it, and trembling with joy she placed it upon a small table without withdrawing her hand from it

The cardinal attempted some polite remarks, which were very well received their returned to the subject of their reconciliation. But as she had determined not to look at the diamonds in his presence and as she was burning with the desire to see them she listened without giving him her attention. In her preoccupation she allowed the cardinal to take her hand which he kissed with an air of rapture. Then he took leave thinking that he might be in the queen's way — a thought which overwhelmed him with delight. A mere friend is never in the way and an indifferent person still less so

He left the queen's pre ence full of enthusiasm intoxicated with hope and ready to prove to Madame de La Motte his unbounded gratitude for having brought the negotiation to so prosperous a conclusion

Jeanne awaited him in the carriage about a hundred prees outside the gate she received his ardiant protestations of friendship. Well she said after the first explosion of his gratitude are you to be Richelieu or Mazarin? Did the Austrian lips give you any encouragement in ambition or love? Are you fairly launched into politics or intrigue?

Do not laugh, dear Counte's said the prince, I am mad with happiness

Already 1

'Give me your help and in three weeks I can be a minister

Peste / in three weeks what a long time! The first payment falls due in a fortnight"

'Oh all turns out happily The queen has money and will pay I shall have had the merit of intention only It

is too little, Countess! on my honor, it is too little! God is my witness that I would willingly have paid the five hundred thousand francs as the price of this reconciliation."

"Make yourself easy," interrupted the countess, smiling, "you will have that merit in addition to the others. Do you desire it much?"

"I confess that I should prefer it, if the queen were under obligation to me"

"Monseigneur, something tells me that you will have that satisfaction Are you prepared for it?"

"I have sold the last property I possess, and have mort-gaged my income and my livings for the next year"

"You have the five hundred thousand francs, then?"

"I have them, but after this payment, I shall not know what to do"

"This payment," cried Jeanne, "will give us three months of tranquillity. Who knows what may happen in three months?"

"That is true, but the king has charged me to incur no more debts"

"Two months in the ministry will make you square"

"Oh, Countess"

"Do not be so fastidious If you will not do it, your rousins will"

"You are always right Where are you going?"

' Back to the queen to see what an effect your presence has produced "

"Very well I will return to Paris"

"Why? You should attend the card-party to-night That would be good policy, do not abandon the field"

"Unfortunately, it is necessary for me to attend a rendezvous, notice of which I received this morning before leaving home"

"A rendezvous?"

"And of rather a serious nature of I can judge by the contents of this note. See -

'A man's handwriting!' said the countess, and she read -

MONSEIGNEUR, — A person withes to communicate with you in regard to the recovery of an important um of money. This person will wait on you this examine at I aris, to solut the honor of an interview.

Anonymous -some beggar

"No Countess a man would not wantonly expo e humself to being beaten by my servants for having tricked me Besides, I imagine I have seen this handwriting before

Go then Monseigneur there is never any risk to run with people who promine you money. The worst that could happen would be that they never would pay you Adieu Monsei, neur?"

Countess au reroir '

By the way Monsei neur I have two things to say to you.

What are they 1

'If you should unexpectedly receive a large sum of money?

"Well Countess?

Something you thought you had lost -a di covered treasure -

"I understand you you sly creature you mean to clum half"

"Upon my word Monseigneur -"

You bring me good fortune Countess why should I not share with you? It is a reed, and now for the other thing

It is this Do not allow your elf to encroach on those five hundred thou and frances

"Oh, have no fear on that score"

They then separated The cardinal returned to Paris surrounded by an atmosphere of celestial happiness Within two hours the whole aspect of his life was changed To him as a lover the queen had accorded more than he had dared to hope from her, and as a man of ambition he built great hopes on her apparent favor. The king, skilfully guided by his wife, would be to him the instrument of a prosperous career which thereafter nothing could check

Prince Louis found his mind teeming with grand ideas He had more political genius than any of his rivals. He understood the question of reform. He would bring the clergy into harmony with the people, and form one of those solid majorities which hold lasting power by their strength and their justice. To place at the head of this reform movement the queen, whom he adored, and whose unpopularity, always increasing, he would change to an unprecedented popularity, — such was the prelate's dream, and a single tender word from Marie Antoinette might have made this dream a reality

Had that word been spoken, the cardinal would have renounced his easy conquests, the man of the world would
have turned philosopher, the idler would have become an
indefatigable worker. It is an easy task for great characters to exchange the paleness of debauchery for the fatigues
of study. Monsieur de Rohan would have gone far, urged
by love and ambition. On reaching Paris he imagined
himself already immersed in work. He burned a boxful
of love-letters, called his intendant to give orders for reforms in his expenditures, and had several pens got ready
by a secretary, with which to write a paper on England's
policy, which he thoroughly understood. After an hour of
work he began to recover his self-possession, when the

sound of a bell warned him that a visitor had arrived Arusher came to him

Who is there?" asked the prelate

'The person whose letter Monseigneur received this morning

The letter without signature ?

les Monseigneur

But that person has a name Ask him what it is."

The usher went away, and a moment later returned Monsieur le Cointe de Cogliostre said he

The prince started Let him come in he ordered

The count entered and the doors were closed behind him

Good Godi" exclaimed the cardinal — whom do I see ?

Is it not true Monseigneur said Caphostro, with a smile 'that I am not much change !?

Is it possible? murmured Monsieur de I oliun Joseph Bulsamo ulive!— he who was believed to have lost his life in that file — Joseph Bulsamo —

Comte de Fenix living, - yes Monseigneur and more alive than ever

But Monsieur under what name then do you present yourself? Why have you not kept your old name?

Precisely Monseigneur because it is old, and it recalls to myself in the fir t place and to others also, too many remembrances that are either metancholy or annoying For example to speak of yourself Monseigneur—tell me woull you not have refused admission to Joseph Balsamo!

Il why no Monsieur no and the cardinal still stupefied even neglected to offer a seat to Cagliostro "Then," replied the litter, "your I minence has a better memory and greater honesty than all other men taken together"

"Monsieur, you formerly rendered me such a cervice-

"Is it not true, Monseigneur," acked Bulsamo, interrupting, "that I have not changed in respect to apparent age, and that I am a good illustration of the effects of my life drops?"

"I confess it, Monsieur, but you are above the plane of humanity, you who dispense liberally gold and health to all"

"As to health, I have nothing to say, Mon agricur, but gold, no, oh, no"

'You make gold no longer ?"

" No, Monseignem"

"And why not?"

"Because I have lost the list particle of an indisp nsable ingredient, which my matter, the sige Althora, gave me after his deputure from Tgypt,—the only receipt of which I never had in my own possession."

"He has kept it?"

"No, that is to say, yes, kept it and carried it with him to the tomb"

"He is dead?"

"I have lost him"

"How is it that you did not prolong the life of that man, — the indispensable custodian of an indispensable receipt, — you, who, as you say, have kept yourself alive and young through so many centuries?"

"Because, while I have power against disease and wounds, I can do nothing against accident, which destroys before my aid can be invoked"

"And it was an accident which ended the days of Althotas?"

"You should I ave known since you were informed of my death"

'That fire in the Rue Saint Claude, in which you disappeared?

Killed Althotas — or rather the age weary of hie devoted himself to destruction

That is strange

"No it is natural I have thought, myself a hundred times, of ending my life '

Yes but you have continued to live nevertheless"

"Because I had chosen for myself the condition of youth in which vicorous health passion and physical enjoyment can still procure me some entertainment, Al thotas, on the contrary, had chosen the condition of old age

' Althotas should have done as you did

No, he was a man of profound intelligence and superior wisdom of all things in the world he desired only knowledge. Youth with its imperious passions and pleasures, would have turned him aside from his lofty contemplations. Monseigneur, to think deeply, one must be free from fever wrapped in impenetrable quiet. An old man meditates better than a young min, and so when sorrow take hold of him there is no itemedy. Althous died a victim of his devotion to science. As for myself, I lead a worldly life. I waste my time.—I do absolutely nothing. I am a plant. I dare not call myself a flower I do not live. I vegetate

Oh! said the cardinal to him elf "with this man's resurrection all my surprises come back to me I her would. You recall to me Mon ieur, the time when the majic of your words and the marvels that you performed doubled all my faculties and increased in my estimation the value of a human being. You recall to me the two

dreams of my youth. Do you know that it is ten years since I saw you?"

"I know it, and we have both fallen off since then, Monseigneur. I am no longer a sage, I am now only a man of learning. And as for you, you are no longer a handsome young man, you are now a hand one prince. Do you remember, Monseigneur, that my when in my cabinet I promised you the love of a woman whose blond han had been submitted to my as is that for an pertion?"

The cudmid turned pide and then suddenly red Terror and joy, in quick succession, are ted the pulsations of his heart. "I remember," he and, "but only confusedly"

"Let us see," said Caylio tro, emiling, "whether I might still pass for a magician. What a moment, while I direct my search." He seemed to reflect. "That far haired child of your amorous dicame," he is uned, after a silence,—"where is she'd what is she doing! Ah! parbleu! I see her, yes, and you yourself have seen her to day, may, you have just come from her presence."

The cardinal pressed an my hand upon his pulpitating heart "Monsieur," he said, in a tone so low that Caghostro could hardly hear the words, "for mercy's sake—"

"You would prefer that we should talk about something else?" said the magician, politely. "Oh, I am at your orders, Monseignem, dispose of me as you please," and he stretched himself unceremoniously on a sofa, to which, during the whole of this interesting conversation the cardinal had not thought of inviting him.

CHAPTEP XVIII

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR

The cardinal observed his visitor with an ilmost stupefied air

Well said the latter now that we have renewed our acquaintance Vonseigneur let us converse if you please

Yes replied the prelite gradually collecting himself Yes, let us talk about the recovery of that debt which which—

About which I wrote you you mear I our Eminen e

Oh! it was a pretext I imagine

No Mon eigneur not the least n the world it was a reality and a most serious one I assure you. This debt is well worth collecting since it amount to five hundred thousand france that is a considerable sum of money

And a sum which you were I ind enough to lend me cried the cardinal turning pale

Yes Monseigneur which I lent you said Balsimo I like to see in so great a prince is you so good a memory

The circlinal had received the blow he felt the cold perspiration streaming down his free I had thought he said trying to simile that Jos ph Balsuno the super natural man had carried my debt to the tomb as he had thrown my receipt for it into the fire

"Monseignem," gravely replied the count, "the life of Joseph Balsimo is inde truetible, as is the che tof paper which you thought de troyed. Death can eval nothing against the clivic of life, fact powerles with the beto."

"I do not understand," and the cardinal, stupefed

"You will understand, Mon eigneur, I am are," soul Cagliostro

"How so?"

"When you recognize your eigniture," and he offered a folded paper to the prince, who even before opening it, exclaimed,—

"My receipt "

"Yes, Monseignem, your recept," I pixel Carlie tro, with a slight simb, accompanied by a formal bow.

"But I saw you burn it, Mon ic u"

"I threw this paper in the fire, it is time," and the count, "but as I have told you. More ignear, by idendent you had written on a piece of a be to, in tend of virting on ordinary paper, so that the receipt remained uninjured among the cinders"

"Monsieur," said the cardinal, haughtily, for he thought the presentation of this receipt a proof of district, — "Monsieur, believe me, I should not have defined my debt even without this paper, therefore you were wrong to deceive me."

"I deceive you, Monseignem! I did not for a moment think of it, I assure you."

The cardinal nodded his head. "You made me think, Monsieur, that the debt was cancelled."

"To leave you in calm enjoyment and happy possession of five hundred thousand france,' replied Balsamo, with a slight shrug of the shoulders

"But, in short, Monsieur," continued the cardinal, "why have you left such a sum for ten years unclaimed?"

I know Monseigneur that it was safe Exigencies play robbers have successively diminished my weath But knowing that I had this sum in reserve I nave waited patiently until the last moment

"And the last moment has arrived ?"

Alas I ye Monseigneur!

So that you can no longer wait patiently?

It is, indeed, impossible replied Cagliostro

'You want it at once?'

"If it please you to pay it

The cardinal was at fir t silent through despair. Then he said in a hearse voice. Monsieur le Comte we un happy princes of the earth do not improvise fortunes as quickly as you enchanters who can command the spirits of darkness and light.

Oh Monsen, neur believe me I should not have asked you for this money if I had not I nown beforehand that you had it

I have five hundred thousand francs! cried the

'Thirty thousand in gold eleven thousand in silver and the rest in notes, which are in this Boule cabinet

The cardinal turned white "Oh Monsieur you knew that?

Yes Monseigneur and I know that you have made breat sacrifices to procure this sum. I have neard that you bought this money at twice its value

Oh that is very true

'But-

'But - cried the unhappy prince

But Monseigneur continued Caghostro during these ten years I have often been in want und embar rassment yet I have lept this puper back —which represented half a million,—in order not to trouble

you I think, therefore, that we are very nearly quits, Monseigneur"

"Quits, Monsieur!" cired the prince, "oh, do not say that we are quits, since you so generously lent me a sum of such importance, quits! oh, no, no! I shall forever be under obligations to you. Only, Monsieur le Comte, I ask why you, who could at any time during these ten years have demanded this money, have kept silence? During these ten years there have been twenty times when I might have paid you with ease."

"While to-day"

"Oh, to-day, I will not concell it from you," cried the prince, 'this restitution which you exact, for you do exact it, do you not?"

"Alas, Monseigneur!"

"Well, it embarrasses me beyond measure"

Cagliostro made a movement with his head and shoulders which signified, "It cannot be helped, Monseigneur, it is so, and cannot be otherwise"

"But you who know everything," cried the prince, —
"you who read hearts, and see through the doors of calmets, which is sometimes even worse, doubtless know
also the sacred and mysterious purpose for which this
money was destined"

"You are mistaken, Monseigneur," said Cagliostro, in a freezing tone, "no, I do not even suspect it, and my own secrets have brought me so much sorrow, deception, and misery that I no longer seek to penetrate the secrets of others unless they are personally interesting to me. It concerned me to know whether you had this money, because I wished to claim it, but once having ascertained that you had it, I did not trouble my self to think for what purpose it was destined. Besides, if at this moment I knew the cause of your embarrassment, it might seem

so grave a matter a almost to force me to wave my claim which really I cannot afford to do Therefore I prefer to be ignorant

Oh, Monsieur cried the cardinal whose pride and sensibility were aroused by these last words of Cagliostro "do not think that I wish to move you by an account of my personal embarasements. You have your own interests to consider they are guaranteed by this note, which bears my signature that is enough. You shall have your five hundred thousand francs.

Caghostro bowed

I know very well continued the cardinal over whelmed with guef at the thought of losing so much money so painfully acquired — 'I I now, Monsieur, that this paper is mirely an acknowledgement of the debt and fixes no term of payment

Your Eminence will purdon me replied the count but I refer to the receipt itself on which I see written —

I acknowledge having rec well from Monvieur to each Bul same he sum of five hundred thou and franc which I will pay to him on demand

(Signed) Louis Dr Rohan

The cardinal shuddered through his whole frame he had forgotten not only the debt but the terms in which it had been acknowledged

You see Monse, near continued Bil amo "that I do not ast the impossible" You cannot pay it be it so Only I regret that your Eminence in pears to forget that this sum was given voluntarily by Joseph Bilsamo in an hour of great need to Monsieur de Rohan whom he did not know That it seems to me, was conduct worthy a great nobleman while Monsieur de Rohan so great a nobleman in overy way might have imitted by paying it.

promptly on demand But you have thought differently, so let us say no more about it, I withdraw my note Adieu, Monseigneur," and Cagliostro coolly folded the paper and was about to put it in his pocket

The cardinal stopped him. "Monsieur le Comte," he said, "a Rohan allows no one to give him lessons in generosity Besides, this would simply be a lesson in honesty Give me that note, Monsieur, that I may pay it"

It was Cagliostio then who in his turn seemed to hesitate. In fact, the pale face, dilated eyes, the trembling hand of the cardinal seemed to inspire him with a lively compassion.

The cardinal, proud as he was, comprehended this good feeling of Cagliostro, and for a moment hoped that it would be followed by good results. But suddenly the count's expression grew hard, a cloud came over his knitted brows, and he handed the note to the cardinal.

Monsieur de Rohan, struck to the heait, lost not a moment, he went to the cabinet which Cagliostro had spoken of, and drew out a bundle of notes drawn on the treasury of streams and forests, then he pointed with his finger to several bags of money, and opened a drawer which was full of gold "Monsieur le Comte," he said, "here are your five hundred thousand francs, but I still owe you two hundred and fifty thousand francs, as interest, even supposing you to refuse compound interest, which would make the sum much larger. My intendent shall make up the account, and I will give you security for the payment of this amount, only asking that you will give me time"

"Monseigneur," replied Cagliostio, "I lent five hundred thousand francs to Monsieur de Rohan, who owes me five hundred thousand francs and nothing more. If I had wished to receive interest, I should have stipulated for

it in the receipt As representative of Joseph Balsamo or his heir it you please,—for Jo eph Palsamo is rea ly dead — I have no right to anything but the sum specified in the acknowledgment you pay it I receive it and thank you, begging you to accept my it pectful salutations. I will tall e the notes with me Mon unneur, and as I have need of the whole amount this very day I will send for the gold and silver which I be, you to have ready for me. And after uttering these words to which the cardinal was not able to reply (unliested put the bundle of notes in his poel et bow dire pectfully to the prince in whose hands he left the receipt and withdrew.

The misfortune affects me dion—sighed Monsieur de Rohan, after the departure of Cu_chostro—since the queen has the money to pay and no Joseph Balsamo can come and call upon her for an old debt of five hundred thousand france.

CHAPTER XIX.

FAMILY ACCOUNTS

IT was the day before that appointed by the queen for the first payment to Boehmer and Bossange Monsieur de Calonne had not yet fulfilled his promise His accounts had not been signed by the king. The minister had had many things to occupy his time, and had somewhat forgotten the queen. She, on her side, thought it derogatory to her dignity to refresh the memory of the controller of Having received his promise she waited however, began to grow anxious, and to make inquiries, she was trying to devise some plan for speaking to Monsieur de Calonne, without compromising her queenly digmity, when she received a note from the minister evening," he wrote, "the business with which your Majesty has done me the honor to charge me will be settled by the Council, and the money will be delivered to the queen to-morrow morning"

Marie Antoinette recovered all her gayety, and thought no more of the moriow. She was even seen, during her walks, to seek the most retired spots, as if wishing to withdraw her thoughts from every material and mundane subject. She was still walking with Madame de Lamballe and the Comte d'Artois, who had joined her, when the king withdrew to the Council after dinner.

The king was in an initable humor The news from Russia was bad A vessel had been lost in the Gulf of Lyons Certain provinces had refused to pay taxes A fine

map of the world polished and varm hed by the kinhimself had cricked by rea on of the excessive heat and Europe had split into two part at the junction of thirty degrees of latitude with fifty five of lon itude. His Maj ests was out of humor with everybody even Mon ieur do Calonne

In vani the latter produced his fine scented portfolio, in his most pleasant manner. The king be an islent and morose to draw on a piece of white paper irregular figure which signified. Tempest just as the figures of men and hor essignified. I no weather

For it was the fine, of the kin, to make drawings during the meetings of the Council Louis XXI did not like to look people in the fice for he was timid. A pen in his hand give him as urince and support. While he was thus occupied the orator might unfold his arguments the kin, easting a furtive glance would eithe now and then a little of the fire of the sie kers looks—jutenough to prevent in forgetting the man while considering the idea.

If he spoke himself — in the could speak well — his driving to k from his discourt every appearance of pretrasion for there were no gestures to be under the could be deliberate in what he sud, or animated as he pleased the lines upon the paper took the place of oritorical flourilies.

On this occasion then the ling took up a pen according to his custom and the ministers began the reading of their outlines or of diplomatic notes. The king did not breathe a word he allowed the foreign correspondence to be some through with as if he did not understand a word about such matters.

But at last the details of the monthly a counts were reached then the king raised his head. Monsieur do Calonne had just unfolded his plan relative to the loan projected for the following year. The king began to draw furiously. "Always borrowing money," he said, "without knowing how it is to be paid! That is a problem for you, Monsieur de Calonne."

"Sire, a loan is only turning a stream from one direction to cause it to flow more abundantly in another. In deepening the channel you only increase the supply, therefore let us not think of paying, but only of obtaining present funds, for the problem of which your Majesty speaks is not, 'How can we pay?' but, 'Can we find creditors?'"

The king made his crossed lines in the very darkest shade, but he did not say a word, his lines spoke for themselves

Monsieur de Calonne having explained his plan, which was approved by his colleagues, the king took the proposal and signed it, sighing meanwhile

"Now that we have money," said Monsieur de Calonne, "let us spend it"

The king looked at his immster with a wry face, and his crossed lines became one enormous blot

Monsieur de Calonne presented him a statement consisting of a list of pensions, gifts, and payments to be made. The statement was not long, and was very clear, the king looked over the pages, and ian over the sum total

"One million one hundred thousand francs for so little! How can this be?" and he let his pen rest

"Read, Sire, read, and be pleased to remark that of the eleven hundred thousand francs, one single item consists of five hundred thousands francs"

"What item, Monsieur?"

"An advance made to her Majesty the queen, Sire"

'To the queen! cried Louis \\I Five hundred thousand fruncs to the queen! I he Monsieur that is not possible!'

"Purdon, Surc ! but the figures are correct

"Five hundred thousand francs to the queen! repeated the Ling. There must be some error. Last week no, a fortught ago — I pud the queen her quarterly allowance.

'Sire if the queen his need of money —and it is well known whit use she makes of it —it is not extraordinary —"

No, no I cried the king who wi hed his frugility to be publicly known and felt the need of conclinting the people so that they would applied I the queen when sho went to the Opera. The queen loss not wish for this money Monsieur de Calonne. The queen told me that a ship of the line was better than J wels. The queen thinks that if I cance is obliged to borrow money to feed its poor we who are rich should lend to I rune. Therefore if the queen needs this money her ment will be all the greater if she waits for it, and I guarantee that she will wait.

The ministers emplauded this patriotic outburst of the king whom the divine Horice would not have called uxorius at that moment. Monsicur de Calonne alone who knew the queen's embarrassment, insisted on the allowance being granted

Truly" said the king 'you are more interested for us than we are for ourselves. Compose yourself, Monsieur de Calonne

"The queen, Sire will accuse me of having shown very little zeal in her service"

I will plend your cause with her"

The queen never asks for money but when compelled by necessity

"If the queen has needs, they are less importous, I hops, than those of the poor, and she will be the first to acknowledge it"

"Sue

"The matter is settled," and the king, ie olutely, and he begin to draw the cro-cd line:

"You concil too codit, Sire?" and Mon iour de

Calonne, in construction

"I cancel it," replied Louis XVI, may be ally, "and I finey I he is the queen, in her generolity, thanking me for having so well understood her heart."

Monsieur de Calonne bit his hips. I om, content with this personal sucritice, accepted all the other items with blind confidence, and he down a beautiful zebra, sur rounded by zeros, saying, "I have this evening gained five hundred thousand fraces," a portry good day' work for a king, Calonne. You must carry this good news to the queen, you will see, you will rec."

"Ah, my God, Sue!" murmured the minister, "I should be grieved to deprive you of the pleisure of such an avowal. Ivery one according to his deserts."

"So be it," replied the king. "Let us break up. We have accomplished work enough when that which has been done is good. Ah, here comes the queen, let us go to meet her, Calonne."

"Sire, I beg your Majesty's pardon, but I have my signatures to attend to," and he slipped off as quickly as possible through the corridor

The king went courageously, and beaming with delight, to meet Marie Antoinette, who was singing in the vestibule, leaning on the aim of the Comte d'Aitois

"Madame," he said, "you have hed a pleasant walk, I hope"

"Yes, Sire; and have you had a successful meeting?"

You may judge of that I have gained for you five hundred thousand francs

'Calonne has I ept his word thought the queen

Only imagine, Calonic had put you down in his state ment for half a million

Ohl said Marie Antoinette smiling

And I - I struck it out Five hundred thousand france gained by the stroke of a pen 1

How struck out? said the queen growing pale

'Completely What I have done will be of great ad vantage to you Good evening, Madame, good-evening

Sire! Sire!

I am very hungry I am going in Do you not thin!

my suppor has b on well errned?
But Sire listen

But Liuis VVI skipped off deholited with his joke leaving the queen astounded mute and dismayed

Brother find Mon icur de Colonne for me she said finally, to the Comte l'Artus there is some titel under all this Just then the following note was brought to the queen —

Your Maje ty will have learned that the king refus d your grant. It is incompr hensible Madame and I retired from the Council sick and full of grief

Pead she said passin, the note to the Comted Artors

And there are those who say that we squanger the revenue si ter! cried the princ 'It is a proceedin —

Quite husband like murinured the queen

I offer you my condolence dear sister and it is a les son for me I was going to asl for money to morrow

Let Madame de La Motte be immediat ly sent for said the queen to Madame de Misery, after long meditation

CHAPTER XX.

QUEEN AND WOMAN

THE counter who had been sent to Pans in search of Madame de La Motte, found the countess, or rather did not find her, at the house of the Cardinal de Rohan

Jeanne had gone thither to pay a visit to his Eminence. She had dired there, had taken support here, and was conversing with him about that disastrous restitution, when the courier came to inquire if the countess were there. The well-trained guard replied that his Eminence had gone out, and that Madame de La Motte was not there, but that nothing was easier than to give her the message from the queen, since she would probably come to the hôtel in the evening

"She must repair to Versailles as soon as possible," said the courier, and he departed, having left the same message in all the supposed domiciles of the wandering counters

But the messenger had hardly gone before the porter, executing his commission without going far, sent his wife to Madame de La Motte with the message as she sat at supper with the cardinal, philosophizing upon the instability of large sums of money

The countess knew that she must depart immediately The cardinal himself placed her in a light carriage without armorial bearings, and the countess was driven with such rapidity that in less than an hour she had arrived at the palace She was introduced without delay into the queen s bedchamber. The only attendant in the apartment was Madame do Misery who was reading in the small boul dour the queen's toilet for the night having been completed.

Marie Automette was embroidering or pretending to embroider listening engerly for every noise from without when Jeanne hurried into the room

"Ah! cried the queen you have come So much the better I have news Counted,

Good new Madame

"You shall judge of that The king has refused the five hundred thousand franc

To Mon seur le Calonne?"

To everybody The I ms will not sive me any more money Such things hap n only to me

My God ! murmure I the countess.

Incred ble is it not Countess? To r fuse to cancel the order already drawn up! But it is a class to talk about it. You must return quickly to I aris

"Yes Madame

And tell the cardinal that since he is so kind I will accept the five hundred thousand frames until I receive my next quarterly allowance. It is selfa hion my part I I now, Courtess but it is necessary.

Madame murmured Jenne we are lost! Monsieur le Cardinal has no more mone;

The queen started as if she had just been wounded or insulted No more money? she stammered

"Madame an unexpected claim has been made upon Monsieur de Rohan — It was a debt of honor and he has paid it

Five hundred thousand france ?

Yes Madame

"But -"

"The last money he had, he has no further resources"
The queen was silent, as if stunned by this misfortune
"Am I really awake?" she said "It is only to me that such things happen How do you know this, Countess, that Monsieur de Rohan has no more money?"

"He told me of this disaster not an hour and a half ago, Madame This disaster is the more irreparable, since the five hundred thousand francs were what they call 'the bottom of the drawer'"

The queen leaned her head on her hands.

"Something must be done," she said

"What is the queen going to do?" thought Jeanne

"You see, Countess, it is a terrible lesson, which will punish me for having committed, without the knowledge of the king, an action of slight importance, of unworthy ambition, or pitiful vanity. I had no need of this neek-lace, now acknowledge it"

"True, Madame, but if a queen should consult only her needs and her tastes"

"I wish above all to consult my peace of mind, the happiness of my family. It required nothing less than this first check to prove to me to how much annoyance I was about to expose myself, how fruitful in disgrace the road I had chosen I renounce it Let us always proceed frankly and straightforwardly"

"Madame!"

"And as a beginning, let us sacrifice our vanity on the altar of duty, as Monsieui Doiat would say." Then, with a sigh, "Ah, and yet that necklace was very beautiful!" she murmured

"It is so still, Madame, and it is as good as money too, this necklace"

"From this time forth it is for me but a collection of

stones —stones which, after one has played with them as children play with marbles are thrown uside and forgotten

What does the queen mean?

"The queen mean dear Countess that you will talle the necklace brought by Monsieur de Rohan and carry it back to the jewellers Lochmer and Rossange

To return it?

Precisely

But, Madame, your Majesty has given two hundred and fifty thousand france as carnest money

And that will be a gain of two hundred and fifty thousand ian s, my account will then agree with the e of the ling

Madame, Madame cried the countess to lose thu a quarter of a million! I or it may happen that the jow eller will male some difficulty about returning funds of which they may have disposed?

I expect it and intend giving up the earnest money on condition that the bargain shall be broken I see my way out of the affur I feel easier This neck lace brought with it cares prief fears suspicions. These diamonds would never have had fire enough to dry all the tears which I feel hanging like clouds over me Countess bring me that casket immediately. The rewellers make a good thing of it I'wo hundred and fifty thousand france bonus is a handsome profit they would make no greater profit by selling it to me and besides they have the neel lace I think they will not complyin and that no one will know anything about it. The cardinal aimed only to give me pleasure. You will tell him that it is my pleasure not to have this necklace and if he is a man of sense he will understand me if he is a good priest he will encourage and strengthen me in my sacrifice

queen held out to Jeanne the closed casket, the latter gently thrust it back "Madame," said she, "why not try to obtain more time?"

- "Ask for time? no!"
- "I said 'obtain,' Madaine"
- "To ask is to humiliate one's self, Countess, to obtain is to be humiliated. I can understand how one may humiliate himself in behalf of a person he loves, or to benefit a living creature, were it only a dog, but not for the sake of gaining the right to keep these stones, which scorch like burning coals, —no advice could ever persuade me to do that, never! Take away the casket, my dear, take it."
- "But consider, Madame, the noise these jewellers may make,—through politeness, at least, and sympathy with you. Your rejection of the diamonds will compromise you as much as your acceptance of them might have done Every one will know that you have had them in your possession"
- "No one will know about it I no longer owe anything to these jewellers, I will not receive them again For my two hundred and fifty thousand francs they can at least be silent. And my enemies, instead of being able to say that I spend a million and a half for diamonds, can say only that I lose money in speculation, which is less disagreeable. Take them away, Countess, and cordially thank Monsieur de Rohan for his kindness and his good intentions." With a peremptory movement she placed the casket in Jeanne's hands, who took possession of them with a peculiar emotion.
- "You have no time to lose," continued the queen "The less anxiety the jewcllers have to suffer, the more assured we shall be of their silence. Go at once, and let no one see the casket. Go home first, for an immediate

resort to the jewellers might arouse the suspicions of the police who are much interested a whit I do. Then, when you have thu cluded the spie $_{\rm pc}$ to the jewellers and afterward bring me their receipt

Yes Madam , this shall be done, since you so determine

Jeanne put the casl et under her cloak taking cire that its shape should not be perceptible and entered her cir rage with all the zeal which her august eccomplies in this act might have desired. In the first pluce, obeying orders she went home, she then sent back the carriage to Monsiur de Pohan, o that the conclimin should I now nothing of her secret. She changed her co tume for one less elegant and more appropriate for her nocturnal expedition. Her maid while rapidly dressing her noticed that she was thoughtful and procecupied during that operation, to which usually she give close attention.

usually she give close attention. In fact Jeanne was not thinking of her toilet her mind was fixed on a new and strange ider suggested by the occasion. She asked herself whether the circlinal would not make a grave mistake in allowing the queen to return the necklace and whether that error would not imperit the career of which he dreamed and which as sharer in the queen's servets he might hope to enjoy. To cot on the orders of Varie Antomette without consulting him would be to fail in the most obvious duties of their part nership. Though I e was at the end of his recourse might not the cardinal profer to sell himself rather than see the queen deprived of an object she had so much desired?

I cannot do otherwise, Jeanne said to herself, that consult the cardinal Fourteen hundred thousand francs I she added he cannot obtain fourteen hundred thousand francs. Then turning suddenly to her maid, Go Rose she said

The maid went out, and Madame de La Motte is surred her meditations. "What a sum I what a fortune! what a brilliant life! How well is all the happines and plender to be produced by so much money represented by the little serpent of jewels which glitters in the collect."

Jemme opened the pewel case and corcled her eye by contact with those streaming flame. She took up the necklace, wound it round her fingers, and chi ped it in her little hands, saying "I can thus go up fourteen hundred thousand tranes, for this needline is worth fourteen hundred thousand francs, and the pevellers vould pay that price for it even now. Strange de tiny, which safters the little Jeanne do Valor, an objeure meneral, to touch the hand of a queen (the first queen in the world), and to hold in her hands, for a little while at least, fourteen hundred thousand francs, - a sum of money which is never allowed to trivel alone, but got afterded by an aimed escort, or a suied by guin intera not lear than those of a cardinal and a queen. All this within my ten fingers! How heavy it is, and yet how light! In order to transport the equivalent of this necklice in gold - that precious metal. I should need two horses. To carry it in notes - and are notes always pud? Is there not a signature to write, and an account to keep? And then a note is only piper, it may be destroyed by fire, air, or water A bink-note is not current in all countries, and it betrays its origin, it reveals the name of its maker and of its bearer. A bank-note, after a certain lapse of time, loses a part of, or all, its value Diamonds, on the contiary, are of a hard material which can resist everything, and which every one recognizes, appreciates, admires, and is ready to buy, whether in London, Berlin, Madrid, or even in Biazil Every one knows the value of dramonds, especially of diamonds like these. How beautiful they

are! — wonderful either together or til en singly! Each one by itself is probably worth more in proportion than all together are worth. But of whit im I thinking? she said, suddenly. Come quiel! I must male up my mind either to go to the cardinal or to carry the neck lace to the jewellers as the queen directed.

Jeanne rose still holding the shining diamonds in her hands "They will be returned to that cold jeweller ' she said to herself, who will weigh them and polish them with a brush, and they might have shone on the bosom of Marie Antoinette Boehmer will cry out at first but will be quieted by the reflection that he has both the profit of the sale and the merchandise itself Ah I for ot - in what form should that receipt be written? It is an important question, yes the maling of that receipt re quires diplomacy It must be concerned in such terms as not to compromise Boehmer or the queen or the cardinal or myself I car never write it alone, I must have ad The cardinal - Oh no if the cardinal love ! me more or if he were richer and could give me the diamonds --

She st down on the soft turning the diamonds in her hand her head was hot and her mind full of confused thoughts which at times frightened her and which she repelled with feverish energy. Suddenly her eye became more tranquil more fixed on the image of a single persistent idea. She was not conscious of the flight of the moments she was not aware that she was forthing a conclusion that could not afterward be changed. Lill essum mers who have placed their feet on a quick-sand every movement she made to extricate herself only buried her the more deeply. An hour passed while she thus abandoned herself to the silent absorbing, contemplation of a mysterious purpose. She then rose slowly pale as an in

spired priestess, and rang for her maid. It was two o'clock in the morning. "I ind me a currige, or a wheeled chair if no carriage can be had," and she

The servant found a carriage in the old Rue du Lemple Madame de La Motte entered it alone. Ten minute later the carriage stopped at the door of the paraelist Reteau de Villette.

CHAPTER XXI

THE RECEIPT AND THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THE result of that nocturnal visit to Reteau do Villette appeared on the next day At seven o clock in the morn ing Madame de La Motto sent the queen a letter containing the jeweller's receipt in the following words —

We the undersigned acknowledge the receipt of a diamond necklace which had been sold to the queen for sixteen hundred thousand francs the diamonds fulling, to suit her Majesty who has recompensed us for our trouble and outly by leaving, in our hands the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand francs, previou by paid

BOHMER AND BOSSANGE

The queen, at length easy in mind concerning an affair which had given her so much triuble put the receipt in a driver, and dismi sed the subject from her thoughts

But in singular incongruity with this receipt the jew ellers were visited two days later by Circlinal do Rohan who was still anxious concerning the first payment agreed upon between the jewellers and the queen. He found Boehmer at home. Had there been any fulure of payment any delay or refusal the camp of the jewellers should show signs of alarm. On the contrary everything indicated quiet and security and Boehmer received his illustrious patron with effusive demonstrations of pleasure.

Well said the cardinal to day is the day ap pointed for the first payment the queen has paid you then?

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"No, Monseigneur, the queen has not been able to give us any money You know that Monsieur de Calonne was refused by the king Every one is talking of it"

"Yes, every one is talking of it, Bochmer, and it is that refusal which brings me here to day"

"But," continued the jeweller, "her Majesty is very kind, she has guaranteed the debt, and we have no more to ask"

"Ah, so much the better!" cried the cardinal, "guaranteed the debt, you say? Very good but in what manner?"

"In the most simple and delicate manner," replied the jeweller, "a manner altogether royal"

"Through the mediation of that bright counters, perhaps?"

"No, Monseigneur, no Madame de Li Motte does not appear in the matter, and this has seemed to us very flattering"

"The countess does not appear? You may believe, however, that she has had to do with the affair, Monsieur Boehmer Every wise suggestion must have come from her, I do not intend disparagement of her Majesty, you understand"

"Monseigneur can judge whether her Majesty has been considerate toward us. When the rumor reached us that the king had rejected the order for five hundred thousand francs we wrote to Madame de La Motte."

"When was that?"

"Yesterday, Monseigneur."

"What did she reply?"

"Your Enumence knows nothing about it?" asked Boehmer, with a slight degree of respectful familiarity

"No, it is three days since I had the honor of seeing the countess."

"Well, Monseigneur Madame de La Motte responded with a single word, - 'Wait!'"

In writing ?"

"No Monseigneur orally In our letter we begged Madame de La Motte to ask you for an audience and to warn the queen that the payment was nearly due

The word wait was very natural

"We therefore waited Monseigneur, and last evening we received by a mysterious courier a letter from the queen

"A letter 1 - to you Bochmer 1 '

'Or rather an acknowledem nt in the proper form Mons ioneur'

Let me see it " said the cardinal

Oh, I would show it to you if we had not sworn to let no one see it."

And why 1"

' Because this reserve is imposed on us by the queen herself, Monseigneur

Ah that is another matter! You are very fortunate, you jewellers to have letters from the queen

"For thirteen hundred and fifty thousand francs, Monseigneur said the jeweller, with a grin, 'one may have —

"Ten millions, a hundred millions, would not pay for some things Monsieur replied the prelate in a severe tone. 'In short, then, you have a good guarantee?

The best possible Monseigneur"

"The queen acknowledges the debt?"

' In due form

And engages to pay -- '

In three months five hundred thousand france, and the balance in six $\ensuremath{^{\prime\prime}}$

"And - the interest?"

"Oh, Monseigneur, a single word from her Majesty makes that secure. 'Let us settle this matter,' her Majesty graciously adds, 'between ourselves'. Your Excellency will understand the meaning of that request. 'You will have no reason for regret.' This is over her signature. Therefore, you see, Monseigneur, that from this moment the transaction is, to my partner and myself, an affair of honor."

"Then I am entirely out of your debt, Monsieur Boehmer," said the cardinal, much pleased "May we soon have business together again."

"Whenever your Emmence may deign to honor us with your confidence"

"But you must notice still in this affair the hand of that amiable countess?"

"We are very grateful to Madame de La Motte, Monseigneur, and it has been agreed between my partner and myself that we will acknowledge her kindness when the full payment for the necklace shall have put us in possession of ready money"

"Hush, hush!" said the cardinal, "you misunderstand me" He returned to his carriage attended by manifestations of respect from all in the house

We may now lift the mask—The statue is unveiled to all eyes—All our readers understood what plot Jeanne de La Motte was meditating against her benefactress, on seeing her borrow the pen of Reteau de Villette—There was no longer any anxiety in the minds of the jewellers, no more scruples troubled the queen, no uncertainty remained to the cardinal—Three months remained for the perpetration of the theft and the crime, in those three months the ill-omened fruitage would be so far matured that it might be plucked by the felonious hand

Jeanne paid a visit to the cardinal, who asked her how

the queen had contrived to ally so completely the jew ellers' eagerness for their money. She replied that the queen had treated with the jewellers confidentially and had enjoined them to secrecy that if the queen had paid ready money she would even their have had to exercise too much concerlment. Lat till more was necessary to her since she had bought on credit

The cardinal assented to this view of the matter and asked whether the queen was mindful of his good intentions. Thereupon Jeanne drew such a picture of the queen's gratitude that Monsieur de Roban was enthu i astic,—much more as a man of gallantry than as a subject more evalted in his pride than in his devotion.

Jeanne having brought the conversation to a satisfactory conclusion returned home, and proceeded to execute the plan she had formed. She had resolved to negotiate with some deals in precious stones the sale of lumonds to the amount of three hundred thousand francs and then go to linguistic plant of the lumonds where she could his sumptuously on that sum for five or six years, and at the end of that time he could with less danger be, in to sell one by one the remainder of the diamonds. On her first exhibition of diamonds to two experts she was alumed by their surprise and reserve. One of them offered her a conting tible price and the other went into extances over the stones saying he had never seen any equal to them except on Boehmer's neel lace

Jeanne halted Had she gone a step farther she would have betrayed her elf She understood that unprudence in such a mitter meant run and that run meant the pillory and perpetual impronment She put the diamonds under lock and key in the most secret of her hiding places and resolved to provide herself with weapons of

defence so strong, and offensive arms so sharp, that in case of war they who should come to the encounter would be vanquished in advance.

To have to steer between the currosity of the cardinal, who would want to know everything, and the indiscretion of the queen, who would be always ready to boast of having refused the necklace, was to be exposed to a terrible danger. A word exchanged between the queen and the cardinal, and all would be discovered Jeanne comforted herself with the reflection that the cardinal, being in love with the queen, wore a bandage over his eyes, like all other lovers, and consequently would readily fall into any snare which cunning might lay for him, addressed to his love But this snale must be contrived by a skilful hand, and in such a manner as to entrap both the interested parties. It must be so continued that in case the queen should discover the theft she would not dare to complain, and that if the cardinal made the discovery he would see that a single word would destroy him She had to play a masterstroke against two adversaries who would have all the spectators in their favor

Jeanne did not diaw back. Hers was one of those intrepid natures which push evil to heroism, and good to evil. From this time her mind was occupied by a single thought,—how to prevent an interview between the queen and the cardinal. So long as she, Jeanne, was between them all was safe; but if in her absence they should exchange a word, Jeanne's fortune would tumble into ruin.

"They must never meet," she said, "never! But the cardinal will wish to see the queen, he will endeavor to do so Let us not wait for him to make the attempt; let us inspire him with the idea. Let him wish to see her, let him demand to see her, but in such a way

that he will be comp omised. Yes but if he only is compromised? This thought throw her into a painful perplexity. He alone being compromised the queen has her remedy. The queen speal's loud, she knows so well how to tear the mast from the face of an impostor

What is to be done? That the queen may not be able to accuse 1 is necessary that she hall be unable to speak to close that noble and courageous mouth, its prings must be compressed by the initiative of an accusation. For that man dare not before a tribunal accuse his valet of theft who could be convicted by his valet of a crime as dishonorable. Let Monsieur de I ohan be compromised in relation to the queen and it is almost certain that the queen will be compromed too. But those two persons interested to die over the secre must not come together by chance.

Jeanne re oiled at fir t in view of the immensity of the rock suspended over her head. Could she live thus agitated terrified always freeding its fall? How then. could she e caps from the danger? By flight by exile by carrying to a forcian land the diamonds of the queen's necklace? Flight would be easy enough. In ten hours, in a good carriage she would be secure. But what scan dal ! what di grace! She would be no longer a woman of rank but a thief in safety, but proscribed - a fugitive whom justice cannot reach, but whom justice can point out whom the executioners red hot iron cannot brind. but whom public opinion breaks in pieces and devours No she will not flee She will be bold and remain This resolution was confirmed in her mind when she had imagined the possibility of creating between the queen and the cardinal a bond of fear a unst the day when either of them should discover that a theft had been committed

Jeanne had calculated how much money she would be likely to gain in two years from the queen's favor and the cardinal's love. She had estimated the revenue from these two sources at five or six hundred thousand francs; after which weariness, disgrace, abandonment, would come to off-set the favor, the confidence, and the influence she had possessed. "By my plan," she said to heiself, "I shall gain seven or eight hundred thousand francs."

One may see how Jeanne, notwithstanding her profound intelligence, entered upon the tortuous road which would terminate in disgrace for her, in despair for the others

"I will remain in Paris," the countess icsumed will witness calmly all the play of the two actors, and will permit them to play only in iôles favorable to my I can then select the most favorable opportumty for flight, whether it be some commission on the part of the queen, or her actual displeasure, which I may make a pretext for my departure But the cardinal must hold no communication with Marie Antoinette And here hes the great difficulty, for Monsieur de Rohan is in love, he is a prince, he has the privilege of visiting her Majesty several times a year, and the queen, coquettish, eager for homage, and grateful toward the cardinal, will not avoid him if he tries to see her As to the way in which these august personages may be kept apart, events will furnish it, it is for me to aid events

"Nothing could be so much to the purpose as to arouse in the queen that pilde which is the crown of chastity. There can be no doubt that her fine and sensitive spirit would resent an advance a little too eager on the part of the caidinal. Natures like hers are fond of homage, but they suspect and repel attacks. Yes, the method is infallible. If Monsieur de Rohan can be persuaded to

declare himself freely, he will awaken in the mind of the queen a feeling of digust of antipathy which will sepa rate finally not the prince from the princess, but the main from the woman the male from the female. In that way arms will be furnished again the cardinal, which in the great day of buttle will privilyze all his activities. So far good. But now, again in making the cardi-

nal offensive to the queen I shall have acted again t the cardinal only. The queen's virtue will be more con picuous, she will be freed from all suspicion, and she will have gained that free lom of speech which facilitates accurates and leads to them the graphs of publication.

entions and lends to them the weight of authority
What is necessary, then is a proof against Monsieur

do Pohan and against the queen — a two-edged sword which shall cut in both directions, an accusation which will make the queen turn pile and will make the cardinal blush and which being accur lite! will free from all suspicion Jeanne, the confidant of the two guilty principals. What is necessary is a combination behind which when the occasion requires Jennie can intrench herself and say,

the occasion requires Jeinne can intrench herself and say,
Do not accus one, or I will accuss you, do not destroy
me or I will destroy you. Leave me my fortune and I
will leave you your honer. That is worth seeking for
and I will try to discover it. Wy time is paid for from
this time forth

this time forth

Madame de La Motte drew her arm-chair to the window,
and be an her search.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PRISONER.

DURING these meditations of the countess, a scene of a very different kind was taking place in the Rue Saint Claude, in a house opposite that inhabited by Jeanne

It will be remembered that Cagliostro had established in Balsamo's old hôtel the fugitive Oliva, who was pursued by the police of Monsicui de Ciosne—Mademoiselle Oliva, who had been in a state of great anxiety, had accepted with joy this opportunity to escape both the police and Beausire—She therefore lived retired, concealed, and trembling, in this mysterious dwelling which had been the scene of so many terrible diamas,—more terrible, alas, than the tragi-comic adventure of Mademoiselle Nicole Legay

Cagliostro had provided most carefully for her comfort It was very pleasant to her to be under the protection of that grand nobleman, who asked nothing of her, but who seemed to hope for much "But what did he hope for?" she often asked herselt in vain. To Mademoiselle Oliva, Monsieur de Cagliostro, the man who had overawed Beausile and thumphed over the agents of the police, was a benignant God. He was also very much in love, since he respected her. For Oliva's vanity led her to believe that Cagliostro intended some day to make her his mistress. It is a viitue, in the eyes of those women who no longer possess any, to be capable of inspiring a respectful love. That heart is indeed withered, and, altogether dead, which

no longer hopes for love and the respect which goes with it. Therefore Ohva began to build cistles in the air in which we must confiss poor Beau ire very rarely had a place and the two visits a week paid to her by Cagliostro were eagerly anticipated. At these visits Ohva bedecked with the pretty things she found on her toilet tables, assumed grand airs and played the fine lady.

In her fine salon in the midst of real and refined luxury the little creature, intoxicited with delight hell nowledged to herself that everything in her past life had been deception and er or that contrary to the assertion of the moralist. Virtue makes happiness it was happiness that invariably produced virtue. Unfortunately there was larding in the composition of this happiness one element indispensable to its continuance. Oliva was happy but she was lonely. Books pictures, musical instruments were not sufficient to amuse her. The bool's were soon lead torough—such as suited her taste—and pictures and music afforded her no lasting satisfaction.

It must be admitted that very soon Ohva was heartily tired of her happiness and began to regret her mornings passed at the windows of the Rue Dauphine where she used to sit to attract the attention of the passers by And then those pleasant walk in the Saint Germain quarter when her coquettish shoe raised on heels two inches high revealing a foot of voluption shape each step of the lovely walker was a triumph and drew from the admiring spectators little erres either of fear when she shipped or of pleasure when in addition to her foot she showed her ankle

The imprisoned Nicole began to think of these thin, s. It is true that the agents of the police were very formidable personages that the Hospital in which women pass their lives in a vile captivity, could not compare with he

ephemeral and splendid imprisonment of the Rue Saint Claude. But what availed it to be a woman, and to have the right to be capricious, if one could not sometimes rebel against the good and change it into evil, at least in imagination? Nicole, then, regretted her lost liberty, and in regretting her liberty began to long for Beausire

We come now to a day of special grief and mitability, when Oliva, having been deprived of all society for two weeks with nothing to engage her attention, entered upon a very gloomy season of ennul. Having exhausted all means of diversion, not daring to appear at the windows or to go out, she began to lose her appetite,—not, however, the appetite of the imagination, which, on the contrary, increased as the other diminished

While she was in this state of moial agitation she received an unexpected visit from Cagliostro. He entered as usual by the lower door of the hôtel, and crossing the little garden recently laid out in the court-yard, knocked on the shutters of the apartment occupied by Oliva. Four knocks, at intervals agreed upon between them, were the signal for drawing the bolt which the young woman had thought necessary to demand as a safeguard against a visitor armed with keys

On hearing Cagliostro's signal, she drew the bolt with a haste which showed her desire for a conference with him. Lively as a Parisian grisette, she rushed forward to meet her noble jailer, and in harsh, impatient tones cried out, "Monsieur, I wish you to know that I am homesick"

Cagliostro, turning his head slightly, looked at her "You are homesick?" he said, closing the door, "that is a grievous malady"

[&]quot;I am unhappy here. I shall die here"

[&]quot;Really!"

'Yes, I have bid thoughts

There there said the count quieting her as if sla had been a pet sprinel, if you are not comfortable in my house do not blame me for it. Incep your an er for the heutenant of police who persecutes you?

You exasperate me with your coolnes. Monsieur 's said Ohya. I would rather you flew in 1 1 is ion you manage to pacify me and that makes me in a l with race.

Acknowledge Mademot die that you are unreason able? replied Cogliostro sitting down at some distance from her with that affectation of respect or indifference, which succeeded so vill with Oliva

It is all very well for you to talk she said you come and go as you like Y in breathe the fresh are you can choose your own pleasures. I receite in the space to which you have limited me. I do not I reathe. I temble. I tell you Moisieur that your assituice is useless to me if it does not prevent me from dying.

Dying 'you! sail be count smiling. Non on e!"

I tell you that you are believing very bully to me,
you for, that I live some one deeply, passionately

' Monsieur Beau iro?

Yes, Beausire I love him, I tell you I never con cealed it from you, I believe You did not imagine I should forget my Beausire?'

'So little did I think so Mademoiselle, that I bring you news of him"

th! said Ohiva

Monsieur de Beausire, continued Ciglio tro, is a charming fellow i

'Parbleu! said Oliva who did not see what the count was driving at

" Loung and handsome "

'les, is he not?

"Full of imagination."

"Full of fire rather rough toward me, but he who loves well chastises well"

"Your words are golden You have as much heart as mind, and as much mind as beauty, and I who know this, I who am interested in everything loving in the world, it is a mania with me, I have conceived the idea of bringing you and Monsieur Beausire together again"

"You did not have that idea a month ago," said Oliva, with a constrained smile.

"Listen, my dear child, every honest man who sees a pretty woman seeks to please her when he is free, as I am. However, you will acknowledge that if I did pay you some little attention it did not last long, eh?"

"It is true," said Oliva, in the same tone, "a quarter of an hour at the most"

"It was very natural that I should desist, seeing how much you loved Monsieur de Beausire"

"Ah, you are making fun of me!"

"No, upon my honor! You resisted me so vigorously."

"Yes, have I not?" cried Oliva, delighted at being accused of the flagrant crime of resistance "Yes, you must acknowledge that I resisted"

"It was the consequence of your love," said Cagliostro, phlegmatically

"But your love, yours," retorted Oliva, "was not very tenacious, then."

"No, I am neither old enough nor ugly enough, neither poor enough nor foolish enough, to run the risk of a refusal I felt that you would always have preferred Monsieur de Beausile to me, so I made up my mind accordingly"

"Oh, not at all! by no means!" said the coquette.
"That famous partnership you proposed to me. you

know what I mean, — the right to give me your arm to visit me, to pay court to me with all respect and honor, was there not in that some little remains of hope? and while saying the e world the will guil cast upon her visitor such ardent glances from eyes too long idle, that he was hardly able to withstand them.

'I acknowled on it replied Cagliostro 'Your penetration is so great that nothing can escape it and he feigned to turn away his eyes so as not to be dazzled by her glances.

Let us return to Beausire she said piqued at the counts indifference, what is he doing and where is he, the dear fellow?

Cigliost o, looking at her still with some timidity, replied I said that I intended to re-unite you

- o you did no say that she murmured with disdain "but since you say it now I hold you to it. Go on. Why did you not bring him here? — it would have been kind. He is free.—
- "Because,' replied Cigliostro, without showing any surprise at this irony, 'Monsieur de Beutstre who like you, has too much imagination has embroiled limiself with the police
- 'He too! cried Oliva, turning pale, for now she felt that she was listening to the truth
 - "He too, repeated Cagliostro politely
 - "What has he done? stammered the young woman
- "A charming frolic an ingenious piece of jugglery 1 I call it a farce, but morese persons Monsiour de Crosne for instance you know how stupid he is, well he calls it robbers
 - "Robbery 1 cried Ohya terrified My God 1
- "A very pretty robbery indeed, and one which proves what a taste this poor Beausire has for fine things."

- "Monsieur, Monsieur, is he arrested?"
- "No, but he is pursued"
- "Will you swear to me that he is not arrested, that he is in no danger?"
- "I can assure you that he is not arrested, but as to the second point I will not give you my word. You know, my dear child, that Monsieur de Beausire, with his figure, his appearance, with all his well-known qualities, having been described to the police, would, if he should show himself, be seized by these bloodhounds. Only think what a lucky catch it would be for Monsieur de Crosne to take you both!"
- "Oh, yes, yes, he must conceal himself! Poor fellow! I must hide too Let me leave France, Monsieur. Please to do me this service, because, you see, shut up here, stifled, I could not resist committing some imprudence"
 - "What do you call an impiudence, my dear girl ?"
- "Why, showing myself, going out to get some fresh air"
- "Do not be alarmed, my dear, you are already very pale, and you would soon lose your beauty, and then Monsieur de Beausire would not love you any longer No, take as much air as you please, and amuse yourself with looking out of the windows"
- "There, Monsieur," cried Oliva, "you are vexed with me, and you also are about to desert me I offend you perhaps"
- "Me! Are you mad? And how could you have offended me?" he said coldly
- "Because a man who takes a fancy to a woman, a man of your consequence, a handsome nobleman like you, has a right to be vexed, to be disgusted even, when she is so silly as to repulse him. Oh, do not leave me, do not abandon me, do not hate me, Monsieur!" and the young

woman, as frighten d now as she had been coquettish, put her arm round Caghostro's neck

'Poor little one! said the latter imprinting a chaste kies on Oliva's brow 'how fin, litened she is! Do not think so hadly of me low were in din, or and I redered you a service. I had some plans with regard to you, I have given them up, that is all. I have no more hatred to manifest toward you than you have gratitude to offer me. I have acted for myself, you have acted for yourself, therefore we are quits'.

'Oh Monsieur, how good and generous you are!' and Ohya threw both arms, instead of one, round Cagli ostros neck

But the latter looked at her with his accustomed tranquility 'You see, Ohva, that if you should offer me your love I —

'Well 1 said she, with a vivid blush

'Were you to offer me your aderable person I should refu e so much of I wish to inspire pure sentiments free from all feeling of self-shees. You hink yourself pledged to me I should believe your feeling toward me one of gruttude rather than affection of terror rather than love, let us remain as we are I fulfil your wi hes in this, I know, and anticipate your delicate reserve'

Ohra let fall her beautiful arms, and retired to a distance, ashamed humiliated the dupe of Ca, hostros apparent generosity upon which she had not counted

So said the count 'so, my dear Oliva, it is settled you will still consider me as your friend, you will have overy confidence in me, you will male use of my house, my purse, and my credit and—

"And I will say said Oliva "that there are men in the world superior to any I ever knew She spoke these words with a charm and dignity which engraved a line

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upon that soul of bronze whose body was formerly called Balsamo

"Every woman is good when you touch the right chord," thought Cagliostro

"From this evening you shall inhabit the upper story of the hôtel—It is an apartment which consists of three rooms, situated so as to overlook the boulevard and the Rue Saint Claude—The windows look upon Ménilmontant and Belleville—A few persons may see you there, but they are peaceable neighbors, whom you need not fear, worthy persons who attend to their own affairs and who will never suspect you—Let them see you without exposing yourself unnecessarily, but never allow yourself to be seen by those passing in the street, for the Rue Saint Claude is sometimes explored by the agents of Monsieur de Ciosne—At least you will have, up there, air and sunshine"

Ohva elapped her hands joyfully

"Would you like me to take you there?" said Cagliostro.

"This evening?"

"Certainly, this evening Does it inconvenience you?"
Oliva looked fixedly at Cagliostro A vague hope entered her heart, or rather her vain and perverted head

"Let us go," she said

The count took a lantern from the antechamber, opened several doors, and ascending a stancase, followed by Oliva, reached on the third story the apartment of which he had spoken She found her new lodging furnished, decked with flowers, and ready for occupancy.

"I should think I was expected here," she cired

"Not for you but for myself," said the count "I like the view from this pavilion, and often sleep here"

Oliva's eyes assumed the yellow tint and flashing ex-

pression one sometimes sees in the eyes of cits. She begin to speak Cichostro stopped her saying. You shall want for nothing here, your riaid will be with you in a quarter of an hour" in he disappeared, with a low bow accompanied by a gracious smile.

The poor pri oner sat diwn in perfect consternation almost crushel, by the bed which alrealy awaited her in an elegant alcove.

I comprehend absolutely nothing of what is happening to me" she murmured following with her eyes the rean who was really incomprehensible to h r

CHAPTER XXIII

THE OBSERVATORY

OLIVA went to bed as soon as the maid whom Cagliostro had sent to her had withdrawn. She slept but little The thoughts of every nature to which her conversation with the count had given rise, brought only waking dreams or disturbed sleep. We are not happy long when we are too rich or too quiet, after having been too poor or too anxious.

Oliva pitied Beausile, she admired the count, whom she did not in the least understand. She no longer thought him timed, she did not suspect him of insensibility.

She felt very much afraid that her sleep might be disturbed by some sylph, and the slightest noise caused her that agitation known by every herome of romance who sleeps in the North Tower. At the approach of daylight all these terrors which, however, were not without a certain charm fled from her. It can hardly be said that Nicole attained this hour of perfect security without some feeling of coquettish spite, a shade of feeling indescribable by any pencil but that of Watteau, or by any pen but that of Marivaux or Crébillon, junior

In the morning she allowed herself to sleep, enjoying the pleasure of absorbing in her flower-decked room the purple rays of the morning sun, of seeing the little birds running along the terrace of her window, where their wings made a chaiming rustling sound among the rose-trees and the Spanish jasmines

And it was late very late when she falt sufficiently invigorated to seek for motion too much so to remain allo and recumbent. Then she rose and run into every corner of this new apartment in which that incomprehensible sylph—how ignorant he must be!—had not been able to find a trip-door through which he might have glided to clap his wings near her bed, and yet sylphs in those days thanks to the Comte de Gubili, had lost nothing of their innocent reputation.

Ohra enjoyed the sumptuou ness of he apartment the more because it was unexpected. This apartment had been furnished for a man In it was everything that could mal e life pleasant above all, an abundance of light and fre h pure air which would change dungeons into gardens if it were possible for haht and air to penetrate a pri on childish joy she ran out to the terrice, threw herself down on the tiles amon, the flowers and mos es lile a snake emercing from its nest. Lying down thus that she might not be seen from without she looked between the birs of the balcony at the tops of the trees on the boulevards the houses in the Popincourt quarter and the chimneys . - a misty ocean, who e unequal waves rose one above the other on her sight Baskin, in the sun listening to catch the noise of rolling carriages - rather infrequent indeed but there were some rolling along the boulevard, -she re mained thus very happy for two hours She even drank the chocolate which the maid brought her and read a newspaper before she even thought of looking into the street

It was a dangerous pleasure. The bloodhounds of Monseur do Crosne, tho e human hounds who hunt with the nose in the air, might see her. What a frightful awakening after a sleep so sweet!

But this horizontal position could not be maintained for

ever, pleasant as it might be. Nucle raised herself on her elbow, and then she saw the walnut-trees of Memimontant, the great trees of the cemetery, the myriads of houses of all colors which rose one above the other, from the hillside of Charonne to the heights of Chamont, some surrounded by verdant groves, others upon the edges of the chally cliffs which were covered with heaths and thistles. And here and there on the roads—narrow, ribbon like paths, winding round these little mountains—in the vincards, on the white high-roads, could be seen little living beings—peasants upon their asses, children learning over the fields they were weeding, and vinc-dice era trimming the vincs

This rusticity charmed Nicole, who had always sighed for the boutiful country of Taverney ever since she had left that country for this Paris which had been the great object of her desires. At last she was weary of this distant view, and as she had a comfortable and safe position among her flowers, as she could see without danger of being seen, she lowcred her eyes from the mountain to the valley, from the horizon to the houses near her. Isverythat is, in the space occupied by three houses, Oliva found that the windows were closed, or officied but little to attract attention. Here was a house of three stories, inhabited by aged tenants hanging biid-cages on the outside or feeding cats within, there a four-story house, the garret of which, occupied by an Auvergnese porter, was the only one into which she could look, the other tenants appearing to be absent, having gone into the country Finally, a little to the left, in the third house, perhaps could be seen curtains of yellow silk, flowers, and a suitable piece of furniture for this comfortable place arm-chair, which, placed near the window, seemed to await the dreamer who should occupy it. Ohva thought that

she could disting ush in the deep shidow of this room a figure moving to and fro with regular motion. She restrained her impatience conceiled hereif more carefully even than before and calling her maid she sought by entering into conversation with her to vary the pleasurs of solitude by intereourse with a thinking and better a ill a speaking, existing

But the maid contrary to all tradition was reserved. She was very glad to explain to hir mistress all about Bill ville Charonne and the Lere Lachaic. She told her the names of the churches of Saint Ambrois and Saint Laurent, she pointed out how the boul varid indea curve in the direction of the night hand of the Saine, but whin it came to the neighbors she had not a word to say —she I new no more about them than her imitress did. Ohisa learned nothing about the lack yajutiment with its curtains of yellow silk nothing, about the moving figure, nothing about the armschair.

If Ohm hal not the sati faction of learning something about her neighbor beforehand at least she could promise hers if that of malaing her acquaintar convilious the aid of another. Therefore she sent away her too discreet servant, that she might apply herself to her exploration without a witne s.

The opportunity soon presented itself. The neighbors oon begin to open their loors to take their after-dinner siesta, or dress themselves for their walk in the Place Poyale or in the Chemin Vert.

Ohva praced them all in review, with the exception of that restless figure which without showing her face had at last buried it elf in the arm-chair, and seemed to be absorbed in silent revery

It was a woman She had previously been under the hands of her hardresser who had constructed upon her

head one of those Babyloman edifices into the composition of which entered minerals and vegetables, to which animals would have been added if Léonard had ever used them, and if a woman of that period would have consented to make a Noah's ark of her head. Then she had settled herself down in her easy-chair, her back supported by pillows so firm that the equilibrium of the body would be maintained and the monument on her head remain intact even though the house were shaken by an earthquake

Oliva was at length able to remark that this lady with the magnificent head-dress was pretty, that her foot, which she had rested on the window-sill, and which was clad in a rose-colored satin slipper, was delicate and enticing. She admired especially her rounded arms and the contour of her bust, but that which impressed her more than anything was the absorbing nature of her thought, which seemed to render her whole body motionless, and to annihilate her by its power

This woman, whom we have recognized and whom Oliva could not recognize, did not suspect that any one could see her. The windows opposite hers had never been opened. The hôtel of Monsieur de Cagliostio had never betrayed its secrets, and with the exception of the painters employed to restore it, no living being had been seen at its windows.

To explain this apparent contradiction of Cagliostro's assertion that he sometimes occupied the pavilion, a word will suffice. The count had given orders to have the apartment prepared for Oliva the evening previous, as if he were to occupy it himself. He had, so to speak, hed to himself, so well had his orders been executed

The lady with the beautiful head-dress remained buried in thought, Oliva imagined that this beautiful dreamer was musing on some disappointment in love

From the moment she had seen this pensive recluse

Ohva could not withdraw her eyes from her She imag ined that in her she had found her souls sister. She constructed for her a romance similar to her own remance thinking ingenuous girl that one could not be pretty and elegant and shut up in the Rue Saint Claude without having some serious anxiety in her heart.

When she had created her romantic story Ohaa like all exceptional natures allowed herself to be carried away by her fairy story she took on wings to fly to meet her companion, whom in her impatience she wished to see impelled by wings like her own

But the lady with the monument did not stir, she seemed to be sleeping in her chair. For two hours she had not moved. Of va grow desperate. She would not have made to Adoms or poor Beausire one quarter the advances she had made to the unknown.

Weary of the struggle her feelings changing from ten dereness to hatred, she opened and shut her window repeatedly as often she frightened the birds in the foliage and made telegraphic signs so compromising that the most obtuse of the agents of Monsieur de Crosne if he had been passing along the boulevard or the Rue Sunt Chude would not have failed to see them and try to find their meaning.

At length Nicole came to the conclusion that the lady with the beautiful hair must have seen her gestures un derstood her signals but that she scorned them—that she was either vain or an idiot. I diet!—with those fine intelligent eyes such sensitive hands! Impossible

Vain, yes, a woman of the nobility in these days was accustomed to look down on a more citizen. Ohive discerning in the countennee of the youn, woman all the characteristics of anistocracy concluded that she was proud and that it was impossible to move her therefore she gave up the attempt.

Nicole was not awaie that this supposed haughty lady was Jeanne de Valois, Comtesse de La Motte, who, since the evening before, had been in search of an idea, that her purpose was to prevent Marie Antoinette and the Cardinal de Rohan from meeting, that it was still more important that the cardinal, while he did not meet the queen in private life, should firmly believe that he did see her, and should be satisfied with this vision and cease to require the reality

If Nicole had known all this, she would not have taken refuge, anguly, in the midst of her flowers, and she would not have thrown over the balcony, in so doing, a pot of fravinella, which fell into the deserted street below with a frightful crash. Ohva, in alarm, looked quickly to see what damage she had caused

The preoccupied lady was roused by the noise, saw the flower-pot upon the pavement, and ascended from the effect to the cause,—that is, she raised her eyes from the pavement of the street to the balcony of the hôtel, and she saw Oliva—On seeing her she uttered a loud cry, a cry of terior, a cry which was followed by a rapid movement of her whole body, lately so motionless and almost rigid

Oliva's eyes and those of this lady met at last, questioned each other, penetrating each other

Jeanne cried out in the first place, "The queen!" Then suddenly clasping her hands and knitting her brows without daring to move, lest she should cause the strange vision to flee, "Oh!" she muimured, "I sought for a way, and I have found it"

At this moment Oliva heard a noise behind her and curned quickly found. The count was in her room, he had noticed the exchange of glances

"They have seen each other!" he said to himself. Oliva left the balcony abruptly.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE TWO SEIGHBORS

From the very moment when the two women had seen each other Ohiva already fascinated by the grace of her neighbor no longer affected disdrin for her and moving cautiously among her flowers she returned the smiles which were sent her

Caghostro, when visiting her, had no fuled to recommend to her the greatest cultion and especially to have nothing, to do with her neighbors. This direction had fallen like a thun let loft upon Olivis head, who was already lool in, forward to pleasant intercourse with her neighbor. She however promised to obey him. But he was no scooner gone than she arranged herself on the ball cony in such a way as to attrict her neighbors, attention the latter one may well believe asked nothing better and to Olivis first advances she replied by salutations and by throwing issees

Ohva responded cordrilly to these amiable advances she noticed that the unknown no longer left the window without budding ler farewell when she went out or nod ding to her when she returned she scenned to have concentrated all her powers of pleasing upon Ohva bulcony Such a state of things would naturally be followed by some attempt at a more intimate intercourse. And this is what happened Cigliostro coming to see Ohva two days after complained of a visit which had been made at the hotel by an unknown person.

- "Indeed?" said Oliva, blushing a little
- "Yes," replied the count, "a lady, very pretty, young, elegant, presented herself, and spoke to a valet who had responded to her persistent ringing. She asked this man who the young person was who lived in the pavilion on the third story, your apartment, my dear. This woman certainly meant you, she wished to see you. She must know you, you are discovered then. Take care, the police has female spies as well as men in its service, and I warn you that I could not refuse to give you up, if Monsieur de Crosne should demand it."

Oliva, instead of being frightened, recognized immediately this description of her friend, and although determined to thank her by all the means in her power, she dissembled with the count

- "You do not tremble?" said Cagliostro.
- "No one has seen me," replied Nicola
- "Then it was not you she wished to see?"
- "I do not think so"
- "Yet how could she divine that there was a voman in this pavilion? Ali take care, take care!"
- "Ah, Monsieur le Comte," said Oliva, "why should I fear? If I have been seen, which I do not believe, it will not happen again, and if any one should see me, it would only be at a distance, for the house is impenetrable, is it not?"
- "Impenetrable, that is the word," replied the count; "for unless the walls are scaled, which is not easy, or the small entrance-door is opened with a key like mine, which is not very easy either, since I never leave it." and he showed the key which he used to open the lower door "Now," he continued, "as I have no desire to lose you, I will lend the key to no one, and as it would be of no advantage to you to fall into the hands of Monsieur de

Crosne you will not allow your wall to be scaled So dear child you are forewarned, manage your own affairs as you please

Ohva made protestations of every sort and tried to get rid of the count who did not insist too much on staying

The next morning at six o clock. Oliva was out on her balcom, breathing the pure air of the neighboring hill and daiting a curious gluice at the closed windows of her courteous friend. The latter scarcely ever awal e before eleven o clock, showed herself as soon as Oliva appeared. It would seem that she had been watching be hind the currums for an opportunity to see her

The two women bowed and Jeanne putting her head out of the window, looked around to see if any one could har her. No one appeared. Not only the street but the windows of the houses were deserted. She then put both hands to her mouth so as to form a sort of speaking trumpet, and with that vibrating and sustained intonation which is not a cry but which carries sound farther than the simple voice she said to Ohia. It wished to pay you a visit Madaine.

'Hush! said Oliva starting back with terror And she put her finger to her lips

Jeanne in her turn darted behind her curtains think ing some indiscreet person might be in Oliva's room but she almost immediately appeared again reassured by Nicolas smile

You cannot then be seen?" she said

'Alas!' said Oliva, with a gesture

'Can you receive letters?

Oh no! cried Oliva terrified

Jenne reflected some moments

Ohva to thank her for her attentions sent her a kiss,

which Jeanne returned with interest, after which, closing her window, she went out

Oliva felt sure that her friend had thought of some new resource Jeanne returned in about two hours. The sun was at its height, and the pavement of the street was as hot as the sands of the desert

Ohva saw her neighbor appear at the window with a cross-bow. Jeanne, laughing, made a sign to Ohva to move away. The latter obeyed, laughing also, and sheltered heiself behind her window-blind. Jeanne, aiming with care, discharged a small leaden bill, which, unfortunately, instead of cleaning the bilcony, struck one of the bars of iron and fell into the street.

Oliva uttered a cry of disappointment, Jeanne, with an angry shrug of the shoulder, looked a moment down into the street to see if she could see her projectile, then disappeared for some minutes. Oliva, also leaning over her balcony, looked down into the street, a rag picker came along hunting on the right and on the left, did he or did he not see that ball in the gutter? Oliva could not tell, she concealed herself so that she might not be seen

Jeanne's second effort was more successful. Her bow sent faithfully beyond the balcony into the chamber of Nicole a second ball, around which was wound the following note.—

You interest me, most beautiful lady I find you charming, and love you on merely seeing you. Are you indeed a prisoner? Do you know that I attempted in vain to visit you? Will the enchanter who thus watches over you ever let me approach you to let me tell you how I sympathize with a poorietim of man's tyranny?

I have, as you see, imagination at the service of my friends Do you wish to be my friend? It appears that you cannot go out but you can write doubtless and as I go out when I please throw your answer down to me when I pass under your balcony

If the shooting of the cross bow should be dangerou or if it should be discovered we will adopt ome other means of cor respondence Suspend from the top of your balcon; in the dusk a ball of cord and attach your note to it. I will fasten mine to it and you can draw it up without being seen

If your eyes tell the fruth I can rely on you for a return of that friendship with which you have in pired me and together we can conquer the universe

Your Friend

P S Did you see any one pick up my first note?

Jeanne did not sign sho had even disguised her hand writing

Oliva leaped with joy on receiving the note She replied to it by the following lines -

I love you as you goe me I am indeed a victim of man s wickedness. But he who keeps me here is a protector and not a tyrant. He comes secretly to vict me once a day. I will explain all this to you later. I prefer to receive your letters drawn up by a thread rather than by means of the cross-bow.

Als no I cannot go out! I am locked in but it is for my good Oh I shall have so much to say to you if ever I have the good fortune to speak with you! There are so many things that cannot be written

Your first note was not picked up by any one unless ly a rag picker who was passing by but such persons cannot read and to them lead is lead

I our friend

OLIVA LEGAL

Oliva signed her name without reserve She made the countess a signal by pretending to unwind a thread and when evening came on she dropped the ball into the

Ŧ.

street Jeanne was under the balcony, caught the thread and took off the note, all her movements being communicated to her correspondent by the conducting thread, and then went home to read what was written. Half an hour later she attached to the fortunate thread a letter containing these words.

"One can do what he is resolved to do You are not kept in sight, for I see you always alone. You are, therefore, able to receive visitors, and even to go out vourself. How is your house secured?—with a key? Who has that key? It is he who visits you, is it not? Does he keep that key so carefully that you cannot steal it from him, or take an impression from it? There is no question of any wrong-doing, we are considering only how to procure for you some hours of freedom, and pleasant walks arm-in-arm with a friend who will console you for all your mistortunes, and restore to you more than you have lost. We will plan even, if you wish it, for your entire freedom. We will discuss this subject in all its details at our first interview."

Oliva eagerly devoured the contents of this letter felt rising to her cheek the fever of independence, and to her heart the joy of eating forbidden fruit. She had noticed that the count, whenever he visited her to bring her a book or some article of jewelly, deposited his darklantern on a side-table, and laid his key on the lantern She therefore got ready a bit of soft wax, and on the next visit of Cagliostro took an impression of the key she was performing this operation the count did not once turn his head, he was looking at the newly opened flowers on the balcony Oliva therefore could execute her little project without uneasiness, and as soon as the count had taken his departure she lowered the impression of the key, enclosed in a box, which Jeanne received together with a note

The next day at about noon the cross bow—an in strument extraordinary and expeditions an instrument of communication which in comparison with the thread was like the telegraph in comparison with a courier on horseback—discharged a note to Oliva, conceived as follows.—

MY DEAREST TRIEND — This evening at eleven o clock when your jealous keeper shall have left you you will descend, you will draw the bolts, and you will find yourself in the arms of her who calls herself

YOUR LOVING I RIEND

Oliva trembled with joy — even more than when she had received Gilbert's tender letters in the springtime of her early laves and sceret meetings. At eleven o clock she went downstairs without having noticed any sign of suspicion on the part of the count. She found Jeanne at the door who embraced her tenderly and took her into a carriage drawn up on the boulevard. Stinned pulpitating intexicated, Oliva rode with her friend about two hours, during which the two companions exchanged secrets kisses and plans for the future.

Icanne was the first to suggest that Oliva should return home to prevent suspicion on the part of her protector, she had just learned that that protector was Caghostro She feared the genius of this man, and saw no safety for her plens but in the most profound mystery

Ohva had confided in Jeanne without reserve Beau sire the police,—she had told everything Jeanne had represented herself as a girl of rink living with a lover without the knowledge of her family

One knew all the other was 15 morant of all such was the friendship declared between these two women From this day forth they had no need of cros bow nor even of vol. II - 13 the ball of thread, for Jeanne had her key Oliva could come down to her whenever she pleased A delicate supper, a secret promenade, were baits always sufficient to lure Oliva

"Does not Monsieur de Cagliostro suspect anything?"
Jeanne sometimes asked anxiously

"He! indeed, if I should tell him everything he would not believe me," replied Oliva

A week's enjoyment of these nocturnal escapades had made them necessary to Oliva's happiness. At the end of a week Jeanne's name was more frequently heard from Oliva's hips than had ever been either Gilbert's or Beausire's

12.40 4.12

CHAPTER XXV

THE RENDEZIOUS

MONSIEUR DE CHARNY had scarcely armived at his country seat and received a few visits when the doctor ordered him to receive no one and to keep his room —an order which was executed with such rigor that not an inhabitant of the canton could see the hero of that ravial combat which had made so much noise through all France and whom all the young girls wanted to see because he was notoriously brave and was said to be handsome

Charny however was not so such in body as was supposed. His malady was confined to his heart and head but what a malady!—an acute puin incessant and pitiless the pain of a memory which consumed as if with fire, the pain of a regret which tore his heart.

Love after all, is but a delusion. The absent one la ments an ideal paradise instead of regretting a notional country and yet one must admit—however poetical he may be—that the woman truly loved is a paradise rather more material than that of angels

Monsieur de Charny did not endure this three days Furnous at finding all his dreams dispelled by impossibil ity annihilated by space he caused the order of the physician to be spread through the canton—then intrusting the care of his doors to a faithful servant Olivier set out in the night from his manor house riding a gentle but swift horse—In eight hours he was in Versailles hiring through his valet a small house situated behind the royal park

This house, which had been unoccupied since the tragic death of one of the gentlemen of the wolf-hunting train who had cut his throat there, suited Charny admirably; he could be even more completely hidden there than in his own manor-house. It was decently furnished, had two doors, — one opening on a deserted street, the other upon an avenue running round the park, — and from the windows on the south, Charny could easily gain the avenue of elms, for the windows, when the shutters covered with vines and my were open, were but doors, only slightly elevated above the ground, through which one could easily jump into the royal park

This close vicinity to the royal park, although so rarely permitted in those days, was a privilege granted an inspector of the hunt so that he could be conveniently situated for watching over the deer and pheasants of his Majesty

This solitude was more pleasant to Charny than any other would have been. Was it on account of the country view? We shall soon see

When he was completely immused in his new abode, when his valet had quieted the respectful curiosity of the neighborhood, Charny, forgetting as he was forgot, began a life the very thought of which would make any one tremble who during his existence in this world has loved or has even heard of love

In less than fifteen days he knew all the habits of every one connected with the palace, even those of the guards He knew the hours when the birds came to drink in the marshes, when the frightened deer ran along by He knew the hours when all was silent, those when the queen walked with her ladies, and when the officers were mak-

ing their rounds, in a word he lived, although apart from them, with those who inhabited that Trianon the temple of his insane adorations.

As the weather was fine as the mild and perfumed mights allowed his eyes to range at greater liberty he passed a portion of them under the premines climbing above his window listening to the distant noises which came from the pulace, watching through the interstices of the foliage the lights which were continually moving up to the hour of retiring. In a short time the window was not sufficient. He was too distant from that noise and the elights. He langed from his window to the turf below, sure of meeting at that hour neither dogs nor guards and he indulged in the delicious perilous pleasure of going even to the calce of the thicket, to the point which separated the deep shadow from the bright moonlight there to observe those outlines of light and shadow which were formed on the white curtains of the queen apartment

In this way he saw her frequently without her suspecting his pre ence. He could recomize her a quarter of a league away when walking with her ladies or with gentlemen of her acquaintance, playing with her Chinese parasol which she held over her large flower trimmed hat. He never mistock her step nor her attitude for that of another He knew all the diesses of the queen, and could distinguish through the leaves the long green freel with bands of black more, which undulated with her chastely seductive movements.

And when the vision had disappeared when the might had permitted him to go as fir as the statues of the perstyle to watch the last movements of that beloved shadow Charny woull return to his window and through an opening in the foliage he had contrived to make gaze at a distance upon the light shining in the queen's windows, until it disappeared, then he subsisted through the night on memory and hope, as he had fed through the day on observation and administion

One night when Chainy had returned home, and two hours had passed since he had bidden adieu to the absent shadow, just as he was leaving his window to retire to bed, he heard the noise of a key turning gently in the lock, he returned to his observatory and listened. It was late, it was striking midnight from all the clocks around Versailles. Charny was surprised at hearing this unaccustomed sound.

This refractory lock was that of a little door opening into the park, situated about twenty-five piecs from Ohvier's house. This gate was never opened, except during the days of the grand hunt when it was thrown open to admit the baskets of game. Chairy noticed that those who opened this gate did not speak, they locked the door after them, and entered the avenue which run along under his windows, conceiled from any one walking in the avenue by the shrubbery and hanging vinc-leaves. Besides, those who were walking held down their heads and moved with haste. Chairy could hardly distinguish them in the darkness, but by the rustling of their garments against the bushes he perceived that they were two women.

These women, on turning into the wide avenue opposite Charny's window, came suddenly into the full moonlight, and Olivier could with difficulty restrain from uttering a cry of joyful surprise at recognizing the form and head-dress of Marie Antoinette, and also the lower part of her face notwithstanding the shadow cast upon it by her hat She held a rose in her hand

With a palpitating heart, Charny glided from his win-

dow into the park. He ran along upon the grass to avoid being heard hiding behind the largest trees and I coping in sight the two women whose pace was gradually becoming slower.

What ought he to do? The queen had a companion, therefore she was in no danger. Oh! I if she were only alone, he would have braved any torture to approach her and say to her on his knees. I love you! 'Oh, if she were only threatened with some great pen! he would have thrown away his life to save that precious life! As he was thinking all this, dreaming a thousand tender follies, the two women stopped uddenly one of them—of less stature than the other—spoke a few words in a low voice to her companion and left her.

The queen remained alone the other lady hastened toward some object which Charny could not yet discern The queen beating the ground with her little foot was leaning against a tree, enveloped in a mantle in such a manner as to cover her head with the hood

When Charny saw her alone and so pensive he leaped forward as it to throw himself on his knees before her But he reflected that he was at least thirty steps away from her and that before he could run that distance she would see him and take fright that she would ery out or flee that her cries would in the first place attract her companion and later some of the guards that they would search the park and perhaps discover his retreat and there would be an end forever to secrecy, happiness, and love

Scarcely had he restrained his almost irresistible impulse when the queen's companion returned,—and not alone. About two steps behind her walked a man of noble stature enveloped in a large cloak, and wraning on his head a capacious hat This man, at sight of whom Monsieur de Charny trembled with hatred and jealousy, did not walk with the gait of a conqueror—Staggering, dragging his feet with hesitation, he seemed like a man feeling his way in the dark, although he had the queen's companion as a guide, and the queen herself was standing before him, white and creet, under the tree—When he saw Marie Antoinette, the trembling which Charny had noticed appeared to increase. The unknown took off his hat and swept the ground with it, so to speak—He came nearer—Charny saw him enter the deep shadow of the tree, he bowed profoundly many times

The surprise of Charny meanwhile had changed to stupefaction. From stupefaction he was soon to pass to another emotion, punful in a very different way. Why should the queen come into the pulk at so late an hour? Why had that man come there? Why was he waiting in concealment? Why did the queen send her companion to him instead of going herself? Charny was almost beside himself. He remembered, however, that the queen was interested in mysterious politics, that she sometimes engaged in intrigues with the German courts, relations of which the king was jealous, and which he severely forbade.

Perhaps this mysterious cavalier was a courier from Schoenbium of Berlin, some bearer of a secret message, one of those German emissaries whom Louis XVI had become so reluctant to receive at Versailles. This idea, like the bandage of ice which the doctor applies to a burning and feverish blow, refreshed this poor Olivier, restored to him his senses, and quieted the delinium of his first anger. Besides, the queen retained an attitude full of dignity

The companion, standing about three paces away, anxious, attentive, watchful, as are the duennas in the

pictures of Watteau disturbed somewhat by her cheerful analyty Monsieur do Charny's opinion as to the chasto purpose of this meeting. But it is as dangerous to be surprised at a political rundezious as it is disgriceful to be surprised at a rendezious of love and a lover and a conspirator look very much alike—both have the same cloakthe same quickness of hearing, and the same unsteadiness of limb

Charny had not much time to give to these reflections. The companion suddenly int rrupted the conversation. The cavalier made a movement as if to prostrate himself at the queen's feet he was receiving doubtless his dismissal after the audience

Charny hid behind a great tree Assuredly the group in separating must pass one by one before him. To hold his breath to pray the gnomes and sylphs to extinguish every echo whether of earth or sky was the only thing left for him to do

At that moment he thought he saw a light colored ob ject slipping down from the royal mantle the gentleman stooped quickly even to the ground then he arese with a respectful bow and fled — for it vould be impossible to express in any other terms the rapidity of his departure. But he was arrested in his course by the queen a companion who called him had with a little cry, and when he had stopped said to him in a low voice. Stay He was a very obedient cavalier for he stopped instantly and waited

Charny then saw the two women pass holding each others arm two steps from his hidin, place, the air dis placed by the queen's gown stirred the blades of grass almost under Charny's hand. He even recognized the perfume he had been accustomed to admire when near the queen vervain and mignonette mingled together,

intoricating to his senses and awakening pleasing remembrances

The women passed on and disappeared

Then, some moments after, came the unknown, of whom the young man had no longer thought while he was watching the queen in her walk to the gate, he kissed passionately, madly, a fresh and perfumed rose, which certainly was that whose beauty Charny had remarked when the queen had entered the park, and which just now he had seen fall from her hand

A rose, and a kiss upon that rose! What had this to do with an embissy and secrets of State?

Charny was almost beside himself. He was about to rush on this man and snatch the flower from his grasp, when the queen's companion reappeared and called out, "Come, Monseignem"

Charny believed himself in the presence of some prince of the blood, and to keep himself from falling half-dead on the ground, he supported himself against the tree behind which he had been concealed

The unknown hastened to the spot whence the voice had issued, and in company with the lady immediately disappeared

CHAPTER XXVI

THE QUILNS HAND

Wife. Charmy returned to his houle, quite broken down by this terrible blow he found that he no longer had the strength to conteil against this new calamity by which he was streken

So Providence had brought him back to Versailles, and had granted him this precious hiding place only to put him on the triel of a crime committed by the queen in contempt of conjugal filchty of royal dignity and loves obligations.

Beyond any doubt the man received in the park was a new lover. Charmy in the fover of the meht in the delirium of his despair in vain sought to persuade him self that the man who had received the rose was an am bassador, and that the rose was simply the pledge of a secret agreement and was designed to serve as a substitute for a letter which might be too compromising. Nothing, however was of any avail again it his suspicions. It remained for him only to examine his own conduct and to ask himself why in the presence of such an early he had remained so mactive. The instinct which had enjoined that mactivity was upon reflection easily understood.

In the most violent erries of experience, action springs at the moment from the deep recesses of the heart and mind, and the instinct by which it is prompted is in men well trained a union of habit and reflection acting in the emergency with very great reputity. If Charny had not acted it was because the secret affairs of his sovereign did not concern him, because in showing interest he would reveal his love, because in compromising the queen he would have betrayed himself, and because it would have been a tactical error to afford to traitors. whom he wished to convict, in example of similar treason committed by himself. If he had not acted it was because in accosting a man honored by the royal confidence he would have incurred the risk of falling into an odious quarrel, through a cort of ambuscule, which the queen never would have forgiven. In fine, the word "Monseigneni," uttered at last by the complaisint companion, was a salutary warning, coming somewhat late, to be sure, which had saved Chuny by opening his eyes when he was at the height of his fury. What would have become of him if, while assailing that man, sword in hand, he had suddenly heard him called "Monseignour"

Such were the thoughts which occupied Charny's mind through all the night and the first part of the following day. After twelve o'clock the events of the night before were no longer of any moment to him. There remained to him only the feverish, consuming suspense in which he awaited the coming of another night, with its possible revelations.

At last the night came, bringing to our ardent watcher gloomy desires and wild thoughts. The noises and movements to which he had been accustomed had for him now new meanings. He saw in the distance the queen walking on the terrace, with lights borne before her. She appeared to him to be thoughtful, uncertain, still agitated by the incident of the previous night.

Gradually all the lights in and about the palace were extinguished, and silence brooded over the park. Charny remembered well the hour of the queen's rendezvous

Midnight came at length and his heart was swellen al most to bursting. Now he said, "I shall here the grating of the bolts and the gate will op n. But nothing occurred to breal the alone. Charms then reflected—with some surprior that he had not thought of it be fore—that the same exents are not hidly to occur on two days in succession. That there was nothing obligatory in this love beyond the love it if and that these persons would be very imprudent were they to acquire the habit of meeting every day. Notit was very certain that the queen would not repeat so soon the imprudence he had witnessed.

Suddenly there was a granding of bolts and the gite was opened. A mortal palene's covered Charm's fare when he saw again the two women. How much she must love him 1. he murmired.

The women proceeded preci elv as they did in the first instance and passed by Charmy's window with lurried steps. He as he had done before Laped from his window when they laid gone so fir that they could not hear him end followed them cautiously. As he went he swore to himself that he would be prudent firm impravive. He determined to keep in mind that he was a subject she a que in that he was a man and as such was bound to show respect that she was a woman and as such was entitled to consideration. As he could not trust much to his fiery and explosive temper he flue, his sword behind a tuft of millows at the foot of a chestinut tree.

Meantime the two ladies Ind received the same place where they had plused on their former expedition. Charmy again recognized the queen and saw her again conceal her face under her hood while her serviceable friend went to seek, in his liding place the unknown person whom she had called. Monseigneur

Where was that hiding-place? Chainy asked himself There was, indeed, in the direction token by the queen's companion, the pavilion known as Apollo's Baths, surrounded by tall hedges, but how could the stranger hide himself there? How had he gained access to the place? Charny remembered, then, that on that side of the park there was a small gate like that by which the two ladies had entered. The unknown, doubtless, had a key to that gate. From there he could glide to shelter in Apollo's Baths, where he could he in waiting until he should be summoned. Yes, that explained everything. By way of the same little gate "Monseigneur" took his departure after his interview with the queen.

A few moments later Charny perceived the cloak and hat which he had observed on the previous occasion. This time the unknown did not show the same respectful reserve in his approach to the queen. He came up with rapid steps and almost running.

The queen, leaning against a tree, seated herself upon the cloak which this new Raleigh spread for her, and while the vigilant friend kept watch, as on the night before, the amorous nobleman knelt on the moss and began talking with the fluency of passion. The queen, with her head drooping, seemed as if yielding to love's sweet melancholy. Chainy could not hear what was said, but the manner of the cavalier bore the stamp of poesy and love. His every intonation was equivalent to an ardent protestation.

The queen made no response, and nevertheless the unknown seemed to be speaking with increasing tenderness. It appeared sometimes to the unfortunate Charny that the words spoken were about to become intelligible to him, and he thought that on hearing them he should die of rage and jealousy. But he heard nothing noth-

ing. Whenever the voice of the speaker was slightly raised, a significant gesture from the watchful companion compelled the impassioned orator to lower the tone of his address.

The queen preserved an obstinate silence. The other, adding entreaty to entreaty, as Charny inferred from the vibrating melody of his tones, obtained from her only the sweet consent of silence, — an inadequate satisfaction for burning lips which had begun to taste of love

Suddenly, however the queen seemed to let fall a few murmured words which the unknown alone could hear and as soon as he had heard them he cried out, so loud that the words reached Charny ears 'flink you' oh, I thank my gracious queen! I arewell then, — till to-morrow

The queen completely hid her face already so well concealed

Charny felt a cold sweat trackling down his temples in large drops

The unknown saw both hands of the queen extended toward him. He seized them in his own and I issed them so fervently that Charmy looking on experienced all the tortures which savige humanity has stolen from the infernal regions. The queen then rose suddenly, and seized the arm of her companion. The two then field together passing once more very near to Charny in his concentient. The unknown also fled and Charny who had not risen from the ground on which he was prostated by indescribable suffering thought that he heard the sound of the two gates closing at the same time.

We shall not attempt to depict the situation in which Charmy found himself after that hornible discovery. Ho spent the night coursing furiously through the park in the alleys which he repreached, in his despair, for their criminal complicity Quite beside himself for several hours, he recovered his reason only when he stumbled over the sword which he had thrown aside lest he should be tempted to use it. This sword, which obstructed his course and threw him to the ground, recalled him at once to a consciousness of his power and of his dignity. He discontinued his mad running about, during which he had bruised himself against the trees, and walked directly and quietly along the avenue still impressed by the footsteps of the two ladies and of the unknown

He went to the place where the queen had been sitting The mosses still beaten down recalled to him his own misery and the happiness of another But instead of lamenting, or indulging again in anger, Oliviel set himself to reflecting on the nature of this love and the rank of the person by whom it was inspired He examined the footsteps of that nobleman with the same cool attention which he would have given to those of a wild animal He went to the gate behind Apollo's Baths By climbing up and looking over the wall he could see the tracks of a hoise, and the grass badly trodden down "He comes from that direction! He comes not from Versailles, but from Pais," Olivier said to himself "He comes alone, and tomorrow he intends coming again, for he said, 'Till tomorrow' Till to-morrow, then, let me wait To-morrow will be the last day of my life, or else I am a coward and have never loved Come, come," he continued, striking gently on his breast, as a horseman strokes the neck of his horse, "be calm, be strong, for the trial is not yet over"

He then looked around him once more, turning his eyes away from the palace lest he should see the queen's window lighted, for that light would have been still another lie, another stain. The lighted window would mean that the queen's chamber was occupied. But why should one

he in that manner after attaining to the rights of shame lessness and di honor, when so little di tance remains between hidden shame and public scandd?

At length, however Charny could no long r refrant from looking at the window of the queen's chamber. It was halted t

To make a pretence of being in her chamber, said Charny, with bitter iron, when she is running about the pirk with a lover! Truly that is chastity gone to waste! She is really too kind, this queen, in assuming this pretence toward us. It is true however, that she may fear giving annoyance to her husbraid. And Charny burying his mals in his flesh advanced with measured steps along, the path kading to his lodge

"They sail 'Till to more w he added after entering Its till to more w — for every one. For to morrow, Madame, there will be four of us at the rendezions"

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CHAPTER XXVII.

WOMAN AND QUEEN

THE next night the scene was repeated The door opened just at midnight, and the two women appeared

Charny had determined to discover this evening who was the happy personage whom the queen thus favored He therefore followed the two women, concealing himself behind the shrubbery, but when he arrived at the place where for two nights the meeting of the lovers had taken place, he found no one there. The queen's companion was dragging her Majesty toward Apollo's Baths. A horrible anxiety, a suffering of a new nature overwhelmed him. In his innocent uprightness, he had not supposed that the crime could be carried so far as that

The queen, smiling and whispering, walked toward the gloomy retreat at the gate of which the unknown gentleman awaited her with extended arms. She entered, also with outstretched arms, and the non gate closed behind her. Her accomplice remained outside, leaning upon a broken column cushioned by a luxurious growth of foliage.

Charny was mistaken as to his power of endurance, which proved itself unable to iesist such a shock. Just as he was about to rush upon the queen's companion to unmask her, to discover who she was, to reproach her, to strangle her perhaps, the blood rushed like a conquering torrent to his temples and his throat, and suffocated him. He fell upon the ground, breathing a feeble sigh, which for

a moment tritled from her tranquillity that sentinel at the gate of Apollo 4 Lith. An internal hemorrhage caused by the re-opening of his wound had stifled him.

Charny was at length recalled to life by the coldness of the down by the dampness of the ground and by a strong sense of his grief. He sta_pgered as he areas recognized the locality became conscious of his own condition and remembered what he I happened. The sentinel had disappeared, not a sound could be heard. A clock in Ver stiller soon after stilking, two he realized that his swoon had been one of long duration.

The frightful vision and disappeared queen lover companion and but time to flee. Charmy was enabled to consince largeff of this by observing on the other side of the wall the recent footprints of a horse. These tracks and some brollen branches in the variety of the gate of Apollo's Baths confirmed his conviction.

The night was one long delirium and the morning found him still agitated. Pale as death boking ten years older than the day before he called his valet to dress him in a black volvet suit such as was worn by rich persons of the thirl estate. Gloomy mute absorbed in his grief he took his way to the Francon at the moment when the guard had just been relieved—that i at about ten o clock. The queen was coming from the chapel where she had gone to attend Mass. As she passed by all heads were respectfully howed, and the officers lowered their sword.

Charny say some women red with vertion at seeing the queen look so beautiful Beautiful indeed she was with her fine hair carried back from her temples with her delicate features, her smiling month her eyes showing weariness but spiril luig with a soft light. Suddenly sho caught sight of Charny, she blushed, and uttered a cry of surprise

Charny did not bow He continued giving at the queen, who perceived from his look that some new misfortune must have occurred. She approached him "I thought you had gone to your country scat, Monsieur de Charny," she sud severely

"I have come back, Madame," he said in a tone sharp and almost impolite

She paused, stupefied,—sle, who could always distinguish the least shade of expression

After this exchange of looks and words which were almost hostile, she turned toward the ladies "Goodmorning, Counters," she said in a friendly way to Madame de La Motte, giving her a familian glance

Charny started, and watched more attentively. Jeanne, uneasy under this scritting, turned away her head Charny looked after her as if he were a madman, until she once more turned her face to him. Then he walked round her studying her movements.

The queen, bowing to the right and to the left, was at the same time watching the conduct of those two mutual observers "Can he have lost his mind?" she thought "Poor fellow!" and she again approached him "How is your health, Monsieur de Charny?" she said pleasantly

"I am very well, Madame, but — thank God ! not so well as your Majesty," and he bowed in such a manner as to frighten the queen more than he had before surprised her

- "There is something in all this," said Jeanne, still watchful
 - "Where are you living now?" continued the queen.
 - "At Versailles, Madame," said Olivier

"How long have you been here?

For three nights replied the young man, giving expression to his words by look and gesture

The queen displayed no emotion Jeanne gave a start

'Have you not something to say to me? the queen asked Charny with an_oche sweetness

Oh Madame replied the latter I could say too

Oh Madame replied the latter I could say too many things to your Vijesty

Come then, she said abruptly

I must be watchful thought Jeanne

The queen with rapid steps wilked on to her apartment. What appeared providential to Madame do La Motte wa that Marie Antoinette, to avoid the appearance of seeking, a tete a tete, invited some persons to follow her Janne shipped in among these persons. The queen, on reaching her apartment dismissed Madame de Misery and all her attendants.

The weather was mild the sun's heat and light, half veiled by clouds were subdued to a gentle softness. The queen opened the window lool ing on a little balcomy—she sat down before her desk louded with letters—he waited. By degrees the persons who had followed her perceived her desine to be alone and retired—Charny impatient, consumed with rage was crushing his hat in his hand

Speak speak and the queen you seem to be

very much agitated Monsieur

How shall I begin? said Charny thinking aloud how can I dare accuse at once honor fidelity and Majesty?

"What do you say ? cried Marie Antoinette turning quickly round with flaming eyes

And still I shall speak only of what I have seen 1" continued Charny

The queen rose "Monsieur," she said coldly, "it is early in the morning for me to believe that you can be intoxicated, and yet you assume an attitude which is not becoming to young gentlemen before breakfast." She expected to see him overwhelmed by this scornful reproach, but he, motionless as if he had not heard it, said,

- "Atter all, what is a queen? A woman And I, what am I? A man, as well as a subject"
 - " Monsieur '"
- "Madame, let us not confuse what I have to say to you by an anger which would end in madness. I think I have proved to you that I have respect for royal dignity, I fear that I have also proved that I have an insane passion for the person of the queen. So make your choice, at which of the two, the queen or the woman, do you prefer that this adorer should cast an accusation of opprobrium and disloyalty?"
- "Monsieur de Chainy," cited the queen, tuining pale and walking up to the young man, "if you do not instantly leave this 100m, I will have you driven out by the guards"
- "I will tell you, then, before being driven out, why you are an unworthy queen, and a woman without honor!" cited Charny, wild with tage. "For the last three nights I have followed you in your park!"

Instead of seeing her give a start of horror at this terrible blow, as he had hoped she would, Chainy was surprised to see her raise her head and approach him.

"Monsieur de Charny," she said, taking his hand, "you are in a state which excites my pity. Take care, your eyes flash, your hand trembles, your cheeks are pale, the blood is all rushing to your heart. You are suffering, shall I call for assistance?"

"I saw you," he continued coldly, "saw you with

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that man when you gave him the rose when he kissed your hands — saw you when you entered Apollo's Baths with him"

The queen passed her hand over her brow as if to assure herself that she was not asleep

Come she said sit down for you will fall if I do not support you — sit down. I tell you

Charry fell in fact into an easy chair and the queen scatch herself upon a stool by hi side. Then taking both his hands and looking at him as it she would scarch his very soil. Le calm' she said quiet this agitation of heart and head and repeat what you have just said."

Oh do you wish to I ill me? murmured the unhappy

Be still and let me question you When did you return from your country-seat?

Fifteen days ago

Where are you lodging?

In the house of the huntsman, which I have hired

Ah yes the house of the suicide at the edge of the park

Charny nodded affirmatively

You speak of a person whom you saw with me?

I speak in the first place of you whom I saw

Where did you see me?

In the park

At what hour? -- on what day?

At midnight on Tuesday - the first time

You saw me?

As plainly as I see you now and I also saw the lady who accompanied you

Some one accompanied me? Could you recognize this person

I thought I saw her just now but I should not dare

to affirm it The figure only was the same, as to the face, one always conceals that when one has crimes to commit"

"Very well," said the queen, calmly, "you did not recognize my companion, but me"

"Oh, you, Madame, I saw you as surely as I see you now!"

The queen stamped her foot with annoyance

"And this companion," she said, — "the one to whom I gave a rose? Did you not say you saw me give a rose?"

"Yes, but I could not approach that cavalier"

"But you know him?"

"They called him 'Monseigneur,' that is all I know"
The queen struck her forehead in concentrated anger
"Continue," she said, "Tuesday I gave a rose, and
Wednesday?"

"On Wednesday you gave him your two hands to kiss"

"Oh!" she murmued, biting her hands "And then on Thursday, yesterday?"

"Yesterday you passed an hour and a half in Apollo's Baths with that man, where your companion left you alone."

The queen rose impetuously.

"And — you saw me?" she said, jerking out every syllable

Charny lifted his hand as if to swear

"Oh," groaned the queen, in her tuin transported with rage, "he swears it!"

Charny solemnly repeated his accusing gesture.

"Me, me?" said the queen, striking her bosom "You saw me?"

"Yes, you. On Tuesday you wore your green dress

with watered stripes on Wednesday your dinner dress with large blue and red flow reace terlay, we terday, the brown silk gown which you were when I kield your hand for the first time. It was you, it was really you! I do with greef and shame in saying to accu. I pon my life! upon my hoor! by my God! it was you Madaine, it was you!

The queen walked back and forth in the balcony with hurned steps cann, but little whither or not her strugge agitation were observed by the spectators in the court yard below, who were decounting her with their eyes.

If I should take an oa h she sail — if I win to swear by my son, by my God — I have a Cod, as you have I ho he does not believe met. He will no believe met.

Charny held down his head

Madman I ad led the queen shaking him by the arm with energy and she let get him from the bale ny into the room. There must be rise pleasure in this accusing an innocent an irreproachable woman, it is a brilliant di tinction thus to di honor a queen. Do you believe me when I tell you that it was not I whom you saw? Do you believe me who is swar on this crucifix that during the past three days I have not left the place after four o clock in the evening? Do you wish me to prove by my women by the king who saw me here that I could not be dewlice? No no, he does not believe me I he does not believe ine!"

I saw out Charny coldly replied

'Oh cred the queen suddenly I know I know I Has not this attronous calumny already been thrown in my tace? Was I not seen at the Op reball making scandal for the whole court? Did they not see me at Mesmers, in a crisis, making scandal for the curious and for the women of the town? You know it well, you who fought for me!"

"Madame, at that time I fought because I did not believe it. Now, I would fight because I do believe it."

The queen raised to heaven her arms, rigid with despair, two burning tears rolled down her cheeks "My God!" she said, "send me an idea with which to save myself! I do not wish to be despised by this man, O my God!"

Charny was stured to the very depths of his heart by this simple and carnest prayer. He hid his face in his hands.

The queen, after a moment's reflection, said, "Monsieur, you owe me reparation. This is the one I shall exact of Three successive nights you have seen me at night in my park in company with a man. You knew, however, that advantage had already been taken of my resemblance to a woman (I know not who she is) who has in her face and carriage something in common with me, with me, unfortunate queen! But since you would rather believe that it is I who am running about thus at night; since you insist that it is I, leturn to the park at the same hour Go there with me If it is I whom you saw yesterday you will, of course, not see me to-might, since I shall be with you; if it is another, why should we not see her together? And if we do see her Ah, Monsieur. will you regiet what you have made me suffer?"

Chainy, placing both hands upon his heart, murmured, "You are doing too much for me, Madame I deserve death, do not crush me with your goodness"

"Oh, I will crush you with proofs!" said the queen "Not a word to any one This evening at ten o'clock, wait alone at the door of the huntsman's lodge for that which I have determined to do in order to convince you. Go, Monsieur, and let nothing be suspected outside"

Charny knelt without a word and then with frew. At the end of the secont salon he pased within view of Jeanne who looked at him fixedly, and who with all the others, was waiting to return to the queen's room when ever her Maje ty should send for them.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WOMAN AND DEMON.

Jeanne had noticed Chainy's agitation, the queen's anxiety, and the eager desire of both to engage in conversation. To a woman of Jeanne's insight this was more than enough to enable her to divine many things.

After the meeting contrived by Cagliostro between Madame de La Motte and Oliva, the comedy of the last three nights needs no comments

Jeanne, having ictuined to the queen's room, listened attentively, and watched every movement of the queen to discover, if possible, any confirmation of her suspicions. But the queen had been for some time distrustful of everybody. She showed no emotion of any kind, Jeanne was therefore reduced to her own conjecture. Already she had ordered one of her lackeys to follow Monsieur de Charny. The lackey returned, and informed her that the count had disappeared in a house at the end of the park near the avenue of elms. "Doubtless," thought Jeanne, "this man is a lover who has seen all."

She heard the queen say to Madame de Misery, "I do not feel well, my dear Misery, and I shall retire to-night at eight o'clock"

As the lady of honor questioned her, "I shall not receive," said the queen

"It is clear enough," said Jeanne to herself, "he would be stupid indeed who could not understand that"

The queen, still a prey to the emotions caused by her interview with Charny soon dismi ed all her suite—1 or the first time since her admi sion at court Jeanne congratulated herself on permission to withdraw

Matters are becoming embroiled here she said. I must go to Paris! It is time to undo what I have done? And she set out for Pari immediately.

When she reached her own hou e in the Rue Saint Claude she found there a superb present of silver plute which the cardinul had sent that very morning. After glancing carelessly at this present, although it was valuable she looked up from behind her curtains to Oliva's windows which were not yet opened. Oliva was still asleep being doubtless much fatigued.

Jeanne then drove to the hotel of the cardinal, whom she found radiant and citted with joy and pride seated before his desk a master piere of Boule he was tearing up and re writing unweariedly a letter which he was always beginning and could never finish

As the valet announced Madame de La Motte Mon seigneur le Caidinal exclaimed Dear Countess! and he advanced to meet her

Jeanne received the kisse with which the prelite covered her hands and arms and placed herself where she could most comfortably sustain her part in the conversation. Monseigneur began with protestations of grititude which were not deficient in eloquent suncerity.

Jeanne interrupted him Do you know? she said that you are a delicate lover, Monseigneur and that I thank you?

For what?"

It is not for the tasteful gift which you sent me this mornin, it is for the precaution you took in not sendin, it to the pleasure house. That was delicate indeed Your heart does not prostitute itself, it gives itself"

- "With whom should one act with delicacy if not with you?" replied the cardinal
 - "You are not a happy man only, but a triumphant god"
- "I confess it, and the happiness flightens me, it troubles me, it renders the sight of other men insupportable to me. I recall that Pagan fable of Jupiter weary of his own light."

Jeanne smiled.

- "Have you just come from Versailles?" the cardinal asked eagerly.
 - "Yes"
 - "You have seen her?"
 - "I have just left her"
 - "Did she say anything?"
 - "Eh, what would you have her say?"
 - "Paidon me, it is no longer euriosity, it is madness"
 - "Do not ask me anything"
 - "Oh, Countess"
 - "No, I tell you"
- "How you say that! One would think to see you that you bring bad news"
 - "Monseigneui, do not compel me to speak"
 - "Countess! Countess!" and the cardinal turned pale
- "A too great happiness," he said, "is like the culminating point of Fortune's wheel, when you are at its summit, you are at the beginning of its decline. But do not spare me if there is any misfortune, there is none is there?"
- "I will call it on the contrary, Monseigneur, a great good fortune," replied Jeanne
- "It' what do you mean by 'it,' what do you call a good fortune?"

' Not to have been discovered, said Jeanne dryly

Oh! and he be an to smile With the precautions of two hearts and one mind —

One mind and two hearts, Monseigneur cannot prevent eyes from looking through the branches '

"Has any one seen ? cried Monsieur de Rohan, in terror

I have every reason to believe so

'Then if we were seen, we were recognized ?"

Oh as to that Mouseigneur you cannot believe it it we were recognized if this secret were in any one s pos session, Jeanne de Valois would already be at the world's end and you, — you would be dead

That is true All the e reservations Countess burn me by slow fire Suppose that we were seen But persons are often seen walling in the park. Is it not allowed?

Ask the king

'The king knows !"

Once more I say if the king I new you would be in the Bastille I in the Hospital But as one misfortune avoided is better than two happy events I have come to tell you not to tempt Providence a second time

What do you say? cried the cardinal what is the meaning of your words dear Countes?

'Do you not unders and ?

"I am afraid

I should be afrud if you did not reassure me

And how can I do that?

By not going to Versailles"

The cardinal sprang up In the daytime? he said, smiling

In the daytime certainly but also in the night!

Monsieur de Rohan shuddered and dropped the countess's hand 'Impossible!" he said

It is my turn to be frank with you she replied

"You said, I think, 'impossible' Why impossible, if you please?"

"Because my heart is filled with a love which will end

only with my life"

- "I see that," she interrupted, speaking nonically, "and it is to reach the end more quickly that you persist in returning to the park. Yes, if you go there again, your love will end only with your life, and both would be cut down by the same blow."
- "How many terrors, Countess! and you were so courageous yesterday!"
- "I have the courage of animals I am not afraid while there is no danger"
- "I have the courage of my race, I am not happy except in the presence of danger"
 - "Very well, but you will then allow me to tell you
- "Nothing, Countess, nothing," cried the amorous prelate, "the sacrifice is made, the die is cast, give me death if it must come, but give me love! I shall go again to Versailles"
 - "Alone?" said the countess
- "Would you desert me?" said Monsieur de Rohan, in a reproachful tone
 - "I most certainly would!"
 - "She certainly will come"
 - "You are mistaken, she will not come"
- "Is it possible that you came from her to tell me that?" said the cardinal, trembling
- "It is the blow I have been trying to soften for the last half hour"
 - "She will not see me?"
- "Never, and it is I who advised her to make this decision"
 - "Madame," said the prelate, in a thrilling voice, "it is

wrong for you to plunge the knife into a heart which you know to be so tender

"It would be much more so Monseigneur, to allow two mad creatures to be ruined for want of good advice. I give it let those who will profit by it

Countes., Countess I would rather die! '

That is jour concern and it is easily accomplished

Death for death said the cardinal gloomily I prefer the end of a reprobate bleded be hell where I shall meet my accomplied

Holy prelate you are blus heming! said the countess—as subject you are dethroning your queen! as man you are ruining a woman!"

The cardinal seized the countess by the hand and speak in, wildly Acknowledge that she did not tell you that! 'cried he, and that she will not renounce me thus,

I speal to you in he name

She merely asks for delay 1

Take it as you please but observe her order

'The park is not the only place where we can see each other — there are a thousand safer places. The queen has even come to your house!

Monseigneur not a word more I carry a heavy bur den that of your secret I feel that I have not the strength to bear it a long time What your indiscretions chance or an enemy s malevolence will not effect remore will ac complish I believe her capable you see of confessing everything to the king in a moment of despair

Good God ' is it possible ? cried Monsieur de Rohan, 'would she do that ?

If you should see her, you would pity her

The cardinal rose precipitately What shall I do?

"Give her the consolation of silence"

- "She would think that I had forgotten her." Jeanne shrugged her shoulders
- "She would accuse me of being a coward"
- "When your purpose is to save her? never!"
- "Does a woman paidon a man who deprives her of his presence?"
 - "Do not judge her as you would judge me"
- "I believe her great and strong I love her for her courage and her noble heart. Therefore she can rely on me as I rely on her. I will see her once more for the last time, she shall know all my thoughts, and what she shall determine upon after having heard me, I will fulfil as if it were a sacred yow."

Jeanne arose

- "As you please," she said "Go, only you will go alone I threw the key of the park gate into the Scine as I returned this morning. You will therefore go when you please to Versailles, while I shall set out for Switzerland or Holland. The faither I shall be from the bomb, the less I shall fear when it buists."
- "Countess! you would desert me, you would abandon me! Oh, my God! with whom can I talk about her?"
- "Have you not the park and the echoes?" said Jeanne; "you can soon teach them the name of Amayllis"
- "Countess, have pity! I am in despair," said the prelate
- "Well," replied Jeanne with the biutal energy of a surgeon who decides upon the amputation of a limb, "if you are in despair, Monsieur de Rohan, do not indulge in follies more dangerous than powder, than the plague, than death! If you care so much for this woman, preserve her instead of running her, and if you are not altogether deficient in heart and memory, do not hisk engulfing in your

own ruin those friends who have been devo ed to you. But I myself will not play with fire Will you swear to me that you will not try to see the queen? Not even to see her you hear — I do not say speak to her — for the next fifteen days? If you will swear this I will remain and may still be of service to you. Are you determined to brave everything to disregard my prohibition and hers? I shall know it and ten minutes later I shall set out? You will have to extreate yourself without my aid."

'It is terrible murmured the cardinal the fall from so high a degree of happiness is crushing. Oh it will lill med.

Come, now whispered Jeanne in his ear, 'your love is only self love

To-day it is true love replied the cardinal

'Then you must suffer to day said Jeanne 'it is one of the conditions of true love Come Monseigneur decide, shall I stay here, or must I start for Lausanne?

Remain, Countess but find me a soothing balm The wound is too painful

Do you swear to obey me? '

On the honor of a Polian !

Good! your soothing balm is found I forbid interviews but I do not forbid letters

Peally!" cried the madman, reanimated by this hope I may write?

Try it

"And - she will answer me ?"

'I will endeavor to prevail upon her

The cardinal cover d Jeanne's hand with kisses. He called her his tutelary angel. The demon inhabiting the heart of the countess must have laughed

CHAPTER XXIX

THE NIGHT

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day when a man on horse-back stopped on the outskirts of the park, behind Apollo's Baths. The cavalier was riding at a leisurely pace, as if for his own pleasure, he was thoughtful as Hippolytus, and as handsome, and allowed the reins to hang loosely over the neck of his hoise

He stopped at the very same place where for the last three days Monsieur de Rohan had fastened his horse. The ground in this place was trampled by horses' feet, and the bushes which grew around the oak-tree to which the budle was tied, were broken

The cavalier alighted "This place seems to have been well-trampled," he said, and he approached the wall "Somebody has been climbing the wall, here is a gate that has been recently opened. It is just as I thought

"No man can have been engaged in wars with the Indians of the savannas without having learned how to distinguish the tracks of horses and men. Now it is fifteen days since Monsieur de Charny returned, for fifteen days Monsieur de Charny has not allowed himself to be seen. This is the gate which Monsieur de Charny has chosen, through which to make his entrance into Versailles." Saying these words the cavalier sighed as if his soul were being drawn from his body.

"Let us leave our neighbor his happiness," he murmured, looking at one of those eloquent tracks left upon

the grass and walls. That which Cod gives to some he refuses to others. It is not without some do in that God makes some men happy to bers in cruble blested be his will?

let I must have a proof the what price by what means can it be guiled?

Oh nothing more simple. In the buthes in the night a man would not be discovered, and from his hiding place he could see those who would come here. Form, but I will be in the bushes."

The cavalter took up his horses rains slowly reguined his said lie and without historing the piece of his horse disappeared around a corner of the wall

is to Charmy obedient to the orders of the queen he had shut himself up in his own house awaiting a message from her Night came, but nobody appears ! Charms instead of watching at the window of the long which Loke I on the park was watching in the same room but at another window which looked on the narrow str. t. The queen hal said at the door of the huntsman's lod, . but on the ground floor win low and door were the same thing. The main thing was to see all that might happen. He looked out into the dark makt hoping every minute to hear the gilloping of a horse or the hur ried step of a courier. He heard a clock striking half past ten. Nothing happened The queen then had deceived him. She had made a concession at the first moment of surprise. In her shame she had promised what it had been impossible to fulfil and, horrible to think she had promised knowing that she could not perform.

Charmy with that readiness to suspect which character izes men who are violently in love began to reproach himself with having been too credulous. How could

I," he cried, "I who had seen, believe such false-hoods, and yield my conviction, my certainty, to a stupid hope?"

He was enlarging with rage upon this fatal idea when the noise made by a handful of sind thrown upon the panes of the other window attracted his attention, and made him rush to look out upon the side toward the park. He saw then in the avenue of elms, enveloped in a large black cloak, the figure of a woman who raised toward him a pale and agitated face. He could not restrain a cry of joy mingled with regiet. The woman who was waiting for him, who called him, was the queen! With one bound he reached the place where the queen was standing, and fell at her feet.

"Ah, you are here, Monsiem? it is fortunate," said the queen, in a low and agitated tone, "what were you doing?"

"You 'you, Madame! — you yourself! is it possible?" replied Chainy, prostrating himself

"Is this the way you were waiting for me?"

"I was looking for you on the street side, Madame."

"Was I likely to come by the street, when it is so easy to come by the park?"

"I hardly dared hope to see you, Madame," said Charny, with an accent of passionate gratitude.

She interiupted him "Let us not stay here," she said, "it is too light Have you your sword?"

"Yes, Madame"

"'Tis well Where did those persons enter whom you saw?"

"By this gate"

"And at what hour ?"

"At midnight, on each occasion"

"There is no reason why they should not come again to-night You have spoken to no one?"

"To no one

'Let us go into the shrubbery and wait

'Oh your Majesty -

The queen went first 'You must know she said suddenly as if anticipating Charny's thoughts that I have not amused myself with telling this story to the heutenant of police Since I have made a complaint Monsieur de Crosne should have done me justice If the creature who usurps my name after having usurped my likeness has not yet been arrested if all this mystery is not cleared up you will see that there may be two reasons either the incapacity of Monsieur de Crosne. which is of no importance - or his collusion with my enemies Now it seems to me difficult to believe that here in my own park any persons should dare to play the ignoble comedy which you have described to me unless they were sure of direct aid or tacit complicity. That is my reason for think in, that those who are guilty are so dungerous that I ought myself to assume the task of unmasking them What do you think about it?

I ask your Majesty permission to say no more on this subject. I am in despair. I have still fears but I have no longer any suspicions."

At least you are an honest man" said the queen eagerly—you can speak frankly—It is a ment which may wound the innocent if one makes a mistake with regard to them—but the wound that it inflicts is one that can be healed

Oh Madame it is striking eleven. I tremble

Assure yourself that there is no one here said the queen

Charny obeyed He went through all the shrubbery even as far as the walls There is no one he said when he returned

- "Where did the scene take place which you described to me?"
- "Madame, just now, as I returned from my exploration, my heart received a terrible blow. I perceived you in the same place where, for the last three nights, I saw the false queen of France."
- "Here!" circd the queen, moving away with disgust from the place where she was standing
 - "Under this chestnut-tice, yes, Madame"
- "Why, then, Monsieur," said Marie Antoinctte, "let us not stay here, for if they came to this spot, they will probably return here"

Charny followed the queen into another avenue. His heart beat so violently that he was afraid he should not hear the noise of the gate in opening. She, silent and proud, waited until the living proof of her innocence should appear

The clocks announced the hour of midnight. The gate did not open. A half-hour passed, during which Marie Antoinette asked Charny more than ten times if the impostors had been very punctual to their time of meeting.

Three-quarters past midnight struck from the belfry of Saint Louis at Versailles. The queen stamped her foot with impatience "You see that they will not come tonight," she said. "Such misfortunes happen only to me!" and saying these words, she looked at Charny as if she would quariel with him had she surprised in his eyes the slightest sign of triumph or irony. But he, growing pale in proportion as his suspicious returned, maintained an attitude so grave and so melancholy that certainly his face reflected at that moment a patience serene as that of martyrs and angels

The queen took his arm and led him to the chestnut-

tree under which they had stood at first "You said she murmured that it was here that you saw them?

' In this very place, Madame '

It was here that the woman gave him a rose?"

Yes, your Majesty

The queen was so weak so weary with her long stay in this damp park that she leaned against the trunk of a tree and let her head fill on her breast. Insensibly her limbs give way, Charny did not offer her his arm and to save herself from failing she scated herself hastily upon the grassy turf. Charny stood as before motionless and gloomy

The queen put both her hands to her face and Charny could not see the tear which was rolling down between her long white fingers Suddenly raising her head 'Mon sieur she said, you are not, it am condemne! I had promi ed to proviote mucht that you had caluministed ine God does not wish it — I how to his will?"

Madame - murmure I Charny

I have done what no other worman would have done. I do not speak of queens Oh, Monsieur what is a queen who cannot robtain even the esteen of an honest man? Come Monsieur help me to rise that I may go away do not scorn me to the extent of refusing the assistance of your hand

Charny threw himself like a madman on his knees Madame he said striking his head upon the ground "if I were not a miserable man who loves you you would pardon me would you not?

You! cried the queen with a bitter smile — you!
you love me and yet you think me an infamous woman!"
Oh. Madame!

'You, you who ought to have a memory, you accuse me of giving a flower here, there a kiss, and yonder my love to another man! Monsieur, no falsehood, you do not love me!"

"Madame, that phantom was there, that phantom of an amorous queen. Here where I am was the phantom of the lover. Tear out my heart, since those two infernal images live in my heart and devour it!"

She took his hand and diew him toward her with a gesture of excitement "You saw! you he ird! It was certainly I, was it not?" she said in a choking voice. "Oh, it was I! do not try to think otherwise. Well, then, if in this very place, under this very chestnut-tree, seated as I was, you at my feet as was that other, if I press your hands, if I draw you to me, if I take you in my arms, if I say to you, I, who you say did all this to another, I, who said the same thing to another, did I not? It I say to you, 'Monsieur de Charny, I have loved, I do love, I shall love but one being in the world,

and you are that one '' my God! my God! would not that be sufficient to convince you that a woman is not infamous who has within her heart, together with the blood of empresses, the divine fire of a love like that?"

Charny uttered a grean like that of a man about to expire The queen's impassioned words had intoxicated him, he had felt her burning hand upon his shoulder, her warm breast upon his heart, her breath upon his lips. "Let me thank God!" he murmured "Oh, if I did not think of God, I should think too much of you!"

She arose slowly, she fixed upon him her eyes swimming in tears

"Will you have my life?" he said, beside himself.

She looked at him silently for a moment "Give me your arm," she said, "and take me to every place where

the others went In the first place, h re, — here a rose was given —

She drew from her dress a rose still warm from the fire which had burned in her breast 'Take it! she said

He inhaled the sweet odor of the flower, and pressed it to his heart

"Here that other one gave her hand to be kissed?

'Both her hands! said Charny He shook with excitement on finding his face enclosed in the queen's burning hands

Thus is this place purified—aid the queen with an adorable simle—Now did they not go to Apollo's Baths?"

Charny prused stupefied, half-dead as if the heavens had fallen

'It is a place the queen said gayly, which I enter only in the daytime. I et us oo together to see the gate through which this lover fled from the queen

Joyous tripping leaning on the arm of a man the hap picst God had ever blessed she crossed, almost running the grass plots which separated the shrubbery from the wall around the pirk. In this way they reached the gate behind which were tracks of horses feet

"It was here on the other side

"I have all the keys replied the queen "Open the gate Morsieur de Charny let us investigate"

They went outside and looked about them the moon just then came out from a cloud as it to aid them in their investigations. Its white light seemed to cling tenderly to the beautiful face of the queen who was leaning on Charny's arm while she listened and examined the bushes which surrounded tiem. When she had satisfied herself that no one was there she withdrew within the gate drawing Charny toward her with a gentle pressure. The

gate closed behind them just as the clocks were striking two "Adieu," she said. "Return home. Till to-morrow" She pressed his hand, and without another word disappeared under the elms in the direction of the palace.

On the other side of that gate they had just closed, a man rose from among the bushes, and vanished in the wood on the side of the road. This man carried with him the secret of the queen.

CHAPTEP NYX.

THE PAREWELL.

IHF queen next morning lookin, bright and beautiful lift hir apartment to go to Mass Her puards had received orders to almit every one

It was Sunday and her Majesty on waking had aid What a beautiful day! hving is a pleasure to-day. She seemed to enjoy more than usual the p riume of her favor ite flowers, the gifts she bestowed were more magnineent than usual she seemed more eager for her daily communion with God. She hi tened to the services with intense devotion, she had never bowed so humbly her majestic head.

While she was fervently priying the crowd was gather ing alon, the passage from the upriments to the chapel—as was usual on Sunday—ind even the steps of the staircase were filled with gentlemen and ladies. Among these last shone Madame de La Motte modestly but elegintly dressed

In the double line of gentlemen on the right, Monskur de Charny was seen who was receiving many congratulations on his restoration to health on his return and especially on his radiant looks

Favor is a subtle perfume, it is diffused with such facility through the air that real connoisseurs can distinguish its aroma even before the bottle is opened. Olivier had been the queen friend for only six hours and every one already called houself the friend of Olivier.

While he was accepting all these felicitations with the gracious manner of a really happy man, and while, as a mark of respect and friendship, all those in the left line passed over to the right, Olivier, compelled to cast his eyes here and there over the group which hovered around him, observed in front of him a face whose gloomy paleness impressed him in the midst of his evaluation. He recognized Philippe de Taverney, in his uniform closed to his chin, and with his hand upon the hilt of his sword.

Since the visits of politeness paid by the latter in his adversary's antechamber after the duel, and since the seclusion of Charny by Doctor Louis, there had been no intercourse between the rivals

Charny, on seeing Philippe, who was looking at him quietly, without any expression either of kindness or menace, was the first to bow, and his salutation was returned by Philippe in a distant manner. Then, clearing a way through the group around him, "Paidon, gentlemen, 'said Olivier, "but allow me to perform a polite obligation," and crossing the space between the right and left lines, he came straight to Philippe, who did not stir

"Monsieur de Taverney," said Chainy, bowing even more politely than before, "I should have thanked you for your kind interest in regard to my health, but I arrived only yesterday"

Philippe colored, and looked at him, then cast down his eyes

"I shall have the honor, Monsieui," continued Charny, "of paying you a visit soon, and I hope that you bear me no ill-will"

"None, Monsieur," replied Philippe

Charny was just about to extend his hand to Philippe, when the drum announced the queen's approach.

"The queen is coming, Monsieur," said Philippe, slowly,

without making any return to Charny's friendly gesture and he accompanied his words with a reverence which expressed melancholy rather than coldness

Charny rather surprised hastened to rejoin his friends in the line on the right Philippe remained on the left is if he were a sentinel

The queen drew near She was seen to smile upon several persons and to receive through her attendants the petitions which were presented to her for she had perceived Charmy in the distance, and fixing her eyes upon him with that fearless courage which she always displayed in her friendships and which her enemies called immodesty she said quite loud. Ast to day gentlemen, ask, I annot refuse anything to day.

Charny was moved to the very depths of his heart by ooth the tone and the meaning of these magic words. Ho trembled with pleasure which was his only expression of thanks to the queen

Suddenly the latter was aroused from her pleasant but dangerous contemplation by the sound of a step by the tones of a strange voice. The step resounded on the pracment at her right the voice agrirted but grave said

Madame !

The queen perceived Philippe she could not repres at first a movement of surprise at finding herself thus placed between these two men of whom she reproached herself perhips with loving one too little and the other too much

You Monsieur de Taverney she cried recovering her self — you! you have something to ask of me? Oh speak!

An audience of ten minutes at your Mijesty's lei sure" said Philippe without relaying the seventy of his countenance

"This very moment Monsieur replied the queen cust-

ing a furtive glance at Charny, whom she involuntarily dreaded to see in so close proximity with his old adversary; "follow me," and she went on more rapidly when she heard Philippe's step closely following her own, and had left Charny standing with the rest. She continued, however, gathering in her haivest of letters and petitions, issued some orders, and entered her apartment. A quarter of an hour later, Philippe was admitted to the library, where her Majesty was accustomed to receive on Sunday.

"Ah, Monsieur de Taverney, come in," and the queen, playfully, "come in and assume for me a more smiling countenance. I must confess I am anxious every time a Taverney desires to speak to me. Your family is one of ill-omen. Reassure me quickly, Monsieur de Taverney, by telling me that you have not come to announce some misfortune."

Philippe, more palled after this introduction than he had been during the scene with Chainy, seeing how little feeling the queen manifested in what she sud, confined himself to replying, "Madame, I have the honor to declare to your Majesty that this time I bring only good news"

"Ah, you have news for me!" said the queen

"Alas, yes, your Majesty"

"Ah!" she replied, resuming that gay demeanor which made Philippe so miserable, "there, you have said, 'alas!' 'Unhappy that I am!' a Spaniard would say Monsieur de Taverney has said, 'Alas!'"

"Madame," replied Philippe, gravely, "a few words will fully assure your Majesty that your noble brow will not be clouded this day at the approach of a Taverney, and also that you will never again be troubled by the fault of a Taverney-Maison-Rouge From this very day, Madame,

the list of this family to whom your Myesty had deigned to accord some favor, is about to disappear nover again to actum to the court of I rance

The queen casting aside the playful air which she had assumed as a resource against the emotions which would probably be excited during this interview, exclaimed You are roing away!

les, your Maiesty"

les, your virgesty"

Philippo bowed 'My sister Madame has already left your Mijesty with regret," he said is for myself, I was always uscless to the queen therefore I am going'

The queen scated herself nuch agitated by reflecting that Andrée had asked that final leave of absence on the day following the queen interview with Charny in Louis a partment when he had received the first indication of her feeling toward him. Strange! she murmured thoughtfully and did not add another word

Philippe remained standing like a marble statue,

awniting his dismissal

The queen rousing all at once from her lethargy said. Where are you going !

I intend r joining Monsiour de Lapeyrouse" said Philippe

Monsieur de Lapey rouse is at Newfoundland observed the queen

I have prepared everything to join him

You know that a frightful death has been predicted for him?

Fightful? I did not know that but I was aware that it was to be sudden

And you will go ?

'It is for that reason that I wish to rejoin Lapeyrouse," he said with a sweet and dignified smile

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The queen once more relapsed into her agitated silence

Philippe still waited respectfully

The brave and noble nature of Marie Antomette was aroused, more fearless than ever. She arose, approached the young man, and said to him, folding her arms upon her breast, "Why do you go away?"

"Because I have a great desire to travel," he replied gently

"But you have already made a tour of the world," replied the queen, deceived for a moment by his heroic calmness

"Of the New World, yes, Madame," continued Philippe, "but not of the Old and New together"

The queen made a gesture of impatience, and repeated what she had said to Andiće "These Taverneys are a race of iron, and have hearts of steel Your sister and you, you are two terrible persons,—friends whom one must finally hate You are going away, not for the sake of travelling, you are really weary of that,—but to leave me Your sister was, she said, sammoned by religion, she hides a heart of fire beneath the ashes But she wished to go, and she has gone May God make her happy! You, you who might be happy,—you, you are going too! I told you just now that the Taverneys brought me misfortune!"

"Spare us, Madame! If your Majesty would deign to search our hearts, you would find there the most unbounded devotion"

"Listen!" cried the queen, anguly "You are a Quaker, she a philosopher, creatures whom it is impossible to move She imagines the world a Paradise in which one enters only on the condition of being saints, you, you take this world for the infernal regions in which

there can be only demons and both of you have fled from the worl!—the one, because you do not find in it what you seek the other because you find in it what you do not seek. Am I right? I he my dear Monsieur do Taiserney allow human beins to be imperfect, ask of reyal families to be only the least imperfect of the human rice, be tolerant or rither do not be egoti tied.

She spoke with too much passion. It gave Philippe an advantage. Madame sail he e offism is a virtue when one makes use of it to increase his adoration."

The queen blushed I only know she said that I loved Andree and that she left me, that I valued you and you are going to leave me It is humiliating to me to see two persons so perfect—I do not jest, Monsieur—abundon my house

Nothing can humilists so august a personge as you" said Taverney coldly shame cannot reach a head so exalted as your own

I am trying to think what can have wounded your feelings

Nothing his wounded my feelings Midame, replied Philippe enerly

Your rink has been confirmed you are on the high road to fortune. I have distinguished you —"

I repeat to your Majesty that nothing at court displeases me

And if I should tell you to remain - if I should command you to do so?

I should have the sorrow of replying to your Majesty by a refusal

The queen again had recourse to a moment of silent reserve which was to her like a break in the combat to the weary fencer And as a home thrust always followed this moment of repose, she suddenly evaluated There is

perhaps some one here who displeases you? You are easily offended, you know"

"There is no one who displeases me"

"I thought you had quarielled—with a gentleman-Monsieur de Chainy—whom you wounded in a duel," said the queen, gradually becoming more animated, "and as it is very natural to avoid those we do not like, as soon as you saw that Monsieur de Chainy had returned you immediately wished to leave the court."

Philippe made no reply

The queen, mistaken in her opinion of this man, so loyal and so brave, thought that this was only a case of ordinary jealousy. She followed him up unsparingly "You knew only to-day," she continued, "that Monsieur had returned. I say to-day! and it is to day that you ask for permission to retue."

Philippe turned hird rather than pile. Thus attacked, thus trampled underfoot, he avenged himself cruelly "Madame," he said, "it is true that it is only to-day that I became aware of Monsieur de Charny's return; only I have known it longer than your Majesty thinks, for I met Monsieur de Charny at about two o'clock in the morning at the gate of the park near Apollo's Baths."

The queen became pale in her turn, and after having observed, with admiration mingled with terror, the perfect courtesy of the gentleman, even in his anger, "Well," she murmured, in a faint voice, "go, Monsieur, I will not detain you longer"

Philippe bowed for the last time, and with slow steps retired

The queen fell overwhelmed upon her chair, saying, "France, country of noble hearts!"

CHAPTEP XXXI

THE CARDINAL'S JEALOUSY

The cardinal had passed three successive nights very different from those which were constantly recurring to his imagination. No news from any one no hope of a visit f This death like silence after the agitation of passion was like the darl ness of a collar after the joyous light of the sun

The cardinal had at first deluded himself with the hope that I is lover—a woman as well as a queen — would wish to know the nature of the passion she had inspired and whether she would still continue to please. This was a feeling quite miseuline—speakin, miterially a two edged weapon which wounded the cardinal grievou ly when it was turned a surst himself.

In fact receiving nothing and hearing only silence as Monsieur Delille says he ferred—unhappy man—that test had re ulted unfavorably to himself. From this thought irose an anguish, a terror an anxiety of which no one could form an idea who has not suffered from that pervasive neuralga which turns every nerva connected with the bruin into a serpent of fire writhing or distending itself at its own free will

This anxiety became insupportable to the cardinal he sent ten times in one half day to Madame de La Motte s house and as often to Versailles

The tenth couner at last brought back Jeanne, who at Versailles was watching Charny and the queen and se cretly congratulating herself on this impatience of the cardinal, to which she would soon owe the success of her enterprise

The cardinal, on seeing her, shouted, "How can you live in such tranquillity? What! you know how I am tortured, and you, who call yourself my friend, allow this torture to kill me!"

"Eh, Monseigneur," replied Jeanne, "patience, if you please. What I have been doing at Versailles is much more useful than what you have been doing here wishing for me."

"It is impossible that any one should be so cruel!" said his Excellency, somewhat appeared by the hope of obtaining news "Come, what are they saying, what are they doing down yonder?"

"Absence is a girevous evil, whether one suffers from it at Paris, or has to bear it at Versailles"

"What you say delights me, and I thank you for it, but"

"But?'

"The proofs !"

"Ah, good God!" cited Jeanne, "what is that you are saying, Monseigneur, proofs! What is that word? Proofs! Would you be in your right senses, Monseigneur, to go and ask a woman for proofs of her fault?"

"I do not ask a formal document, Countess, I ask a pledge of love"

"It seems to me," she said, looking at his Excellency in a very significant manner, "that you are becoming very exacting, if not very forgetful"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say, I know that I ought to be very well satisfied, very much honored, but judge of my heart by your own, Countess How would you like to be thus cast aside after having obtained some appearance of favor?"

ζ

'I think you said 'appearance,' replied Jeanne, in the same meeling tone

'Oh you can certainly taunt me with impunity Countess, it is certain that I have no reason to complain, but I do complain..."

Then, Monseigneur I cannot be responsible for your discontent if you have only frivolous reasons for it or no rea on at all

Counte , you treat me hadly

Mon eigneur I repeat your own words. I follow your own statements

Take some inspiration from yourself instead of reproaching me with my foolishness help me instead of termenting me

I cannot help you where I see nothing to be done"

'You see rothing to be done? said the cardinal, dwelling on each word

' Nothing

Well Ma 'ame' said Monsieur de Polian with vehe mence every one perhap, does not think as you do

Ala Monseigni ur wo are gettin, an_ory and no longer understand each other—Your Excellency will pardon me for saying—o

Anory! yes - Your unkindness drives me to it, Countess.

And you do not consider whether or not this is injustice?

Oh, yes I admit that if you do not serve me any longer, it is because you cannot I see that clearly '

You judge me nahtly why then, do you accuse me?

Because you ought to tell me the whole truth, Madame

The truth ! I have told you what I know

"You do not tell me that the queen is perfidious, that she is a coquette, that she leads men on to adore her, and then drives them to despan"

Jeanne looked at him in surprise "Explain yourself," she said, tiembling not with fear, but with joy. In fact, she had just discovered in the jealousy of the cardinal a method of escape which chance might not have given her from a very difficult position

- "Acknowledge," continued the cardinal, who could no longer control his passion, "acknowledge, I beg, that the queen refuses to see me"
 - "I do not say that, Monseigneur."
- "Acknowledge that if she does not repel me of her own free will, she thrusts me aside, to avoid giving annoyance to some other lover, in whom my attentions have aloused suspicion"
- "Ah, Monseignem!" cried Jeanne, in a tone so sympathetic that she allowed even more to be suspected than she seemed desirous to conceal.
- "Listen," said Monsieur de Rohan, "the last time I was with her Majesty I thought I heard some one moving in the thicket"
 - "Nonsense !"
 - "I will tell you what I suspect"
- "Do not say another word, Monseigneur; you are insulting the queen Besides, even if she were so unhappy as to fear the vigilance of a lover, —which I do not believe, would you be so unjust as to impute to her as a crime a past relation which she sacrifices to you?"
- "'Past!' that is a good word, but it means nothing, Countess, if that past is still present, and is to run on into the future"
- "For shame, Monseigneur! You speak as if you would accuse me of having led you into an unfortunate enter-

prise Your suspicions, Mon cioncur are injurious to the queen and also to me

Then, Countess prove to me -- '

Ah, Mon eigneur if you repeat that word I shall think you mean to insult me"

In short -- do you think she loves me -- even a little?

'Why Monseigneur you can easily find out, Jeanne replied pointing to the table on which were writing materials. 'Sit down there and ask her yourself

The cardinal seized Jennie's hand in a transport of joy

You will take to her the letter? he asked

If I did not give it to h r who would?

And - you undertake that I shall have an answer?"

If you had no an wer how would you know what
course to take?

Oh now you are as I lil e to see you Countess.

Am I not? she replie! with her subtle smile.

The cardinal sat down and began to write. He had an cloquent pen, and was a ready writer incretheless, he destroyed ten sheets of paper before satisfying himself.

If you go on in that way, said Jennie 'you will never come to an end

You see Countess I am di trustful of my tender ness - it overflows o freely it may wear, the queen

Ab replied Jennie monically, write to her like a politician and she will reply with a diplomatic note but it is your own affair

You are not — you are a true woman in heart and mind. Stry, Countess why should we keep a secret from you who are acquainted with the whole affair?

She smiled You have, indeed "she said 'but little to conceal from me

"Read over my shoulder, read as fast as I write, if you can, for my heart is on fire, and my pen will devour the paper"

The cardinal proceeded to write a letter so ardent, so wild, so full of amorous reproaches and compromising protestations, that Jeanne, who followed his pen, said to heiself, "He has written what I should not have dared to dictate to him"

The cardinal read over the letter, and said to Jeanne, "Will that do?"

"If she loves you," replied the traitiess, "you will have proof of it to-morrow. Meanwhile, you can wait with a tranquil mind"

"Until to-morrow, yes"

Jeanne took the letter, sealed, allowed the cardinal to Liss her eyes, and toward evening returned home There, after a refreshing change of costume, she sat down to think The situation was piecisely that which she had aimed to bring about Two steps more and she would reach her goal Who would be to her the better shield, - the queen, or the cardinal? That letter of the cardinal would render it impossible for him to accuse Madame de La Motte when the time should come for her to compel him to pay the money due for the necklace Even if the cardinal and the queen should come to an understanding, how would they date to destroy Madame de La Motte, the custodian of a secret so scandalous? The discussion would take place within closed doors, and Madame de La Motte, on being suspected, would make that fact a pretext for her departure, and would carry abroad the handsome fortune of a million and a half The cardiral, indeed, would know that Jeanne had the diamonds, and the queen would suspect it, but they would not be eager to noise abroad a matter so closely connected with that of

the park and of Apollo Baths. A single letter indeed was not sufficient foundation for that entire system of defines. However, the cardinal had good pens, he would write seven o eight more. As to the quern, it was quite possible that in company with Monsieur de Charny, she was preparing weapons for the use of Jeanne de La Motte.

All this trouble and all these turnings would lead, at the worst to flight and Jeanne in her meditations an ticipated the probable course of the affair I irst would come the default of payment then the denunciations of the alarmed jewellers. The queen would have recourse immediately to Monsieur de I ohan But how? Accessarily through Jeanne's intermediation. Jeanne would warn the cardinal and summon him to pay refused she would threaten to publish his letters would pay The payment made there would be no longer any danger In the eyes of the public there would be an intrigue to be explained but this gave her no anxiety A million and a half to save the honor of a queen and of a prince of the Church was a sum fir too small Jeanne thou ht she might secure three millions if she shoul I male the effort.

Why was Jemme so are of herself upon the question of introduct Because the cardinal was certain that on three successive montes he had been with the queen in the shadowy groves of Versailles and nothing in the world could prove to him that he had been deceived Only one proof of the deception was in existence and that proof Jemme mu t proceed to remove

Hiv no reached this point in her meditations Jeanne approached the window and saw Ohio looking anxiously and inquiringly from her balcony. Now for us two she thought saluting her accomplice affectionately. She

made to Oliva the signal agreed upon that in the evening she was to come down to the street.

Overjoyed at the receipt of this communication, Oliva returned to her chamber Jeanne resumed her meditations

To destroy the instrument when it has served its purpose is the custom of those who engage in intrigue. But most commonly they fail, either by destroying that instrument in such a manner as to elicit from it a groan which betrays the secret, or by destroying it so incompletely that it may still serve the purposes of others. Jeanne thought that Oliva, devoted as she was to the pleasure of living, would not allow herself to be destroyed without uttering some complaint. It was necessary to invent some story which would induce her to flee of her own free will

Difficulties arose at every step, but there are minds which take delight in overcoming difficulties

Oliva, delighted as she was with the society of her new friend, was delighted only relatively, that is to say, in sontemplating that companionship through the windows of her prison she found it charming. But the sincere Nicole did not conceal from her friend that she would much prefer the open day, walks in the sunlight, in short all the realities of life, to these nocturnal expeditions and this fictitious royalty. Jeanne, with her caresses, was an approach to life, the realities of life were. money and Beausire

Jeanne thoroughly understood this attitude of Oliva, and determined to draw her advantage from it—In short, the object of her approaching interview with Nicole must be to effect the complete disappearance of the only proof of the criminal deception practised in the park of Versailles

When night came Ohva descended to the street and Jeanne was waiting for her at the door. They went up the Rue Saint Claude to the deserted boulevard, and there took a carriage.

Oliva began by covering Jeanne with kisses, which Jeanne returned with interest

- 'Oh, how tired I am! cried Ohia, I have longed for you, watched for you'
- "Impossible my friend for me to come to you, it would have been too hizardous for us both
 - 'How so ? asked Nicole, in astonishment
- "A terrible danger my dear at which I shudder still
 - "Oh, tell me about it quickly!
 - "You know that you were weary of your confinement?"
 - "Alas yes!"
- 'And that for the sake of diversion, you wished to go out?

Yes, and in this you kindly aided me"

You know I told you about that fool of an officer in love with the queen to whom you bear some resemblance'

Yes I know that."

"I was so foolish as to propose to you that we should play a trick on that poor fellow by making him believe that the queen returned his love

- 'Alas I " sighed Oliva
- ' I will not recall to you the first two walks we took at night in the garden of Versailles, in company with that poor fellow"

Oliva sighed again

- "Those two nights in which you played your part so well that our poor lover took the matter senously
 - ' It was wrong perhaps" said Oliva, in a low voice,

"for we deceived him, and he did not deserve it, he is a charming man"

"He is, indeed, is he not?"

"Oh. ves."

"But wait, we come now to the danger To have given him a rose, to have allowed him to say, 'your Majesty, to have given him your hands to kiss, these But, my little Oliva, it seems things might pass as jokes there was something more"

Oliva blushed so deeply that but for the darkness Jeanne must have perceived it It is true that, intelligent woman as she was, she looked out of the window.

- "What do you mean?" stammered Nicole
- "There was a third interview," said Jeanne
 "Yes," said Oliva, hesitating, "you must know that, since you were there"
- "Your pardon, dear friend, I was, as usual, at a distance, watching, or pretending to watch, to support the parts we were acting, so that I did not see or hear what took place in the pavilion. I know only what you told me. You told me, as we returned, that you had walked about, that you had conversed, that you had continued the play of the roses and the kissing of hands. I believe everything you told me, my dear."

but "said Oliva, trembling.

- "Well, my dear, it seems that our madman claims to have received more than the pretended queen has granted him "
 - "What do you mean?"
- "It seems that, intoxicated with delight, he has boasted of obtaining from the queen an indisputable proof of iecip rocal passion The poor devil is mad, decidedly."
 - "My God! my God!" murmured Oliva
 - "He is mad, in the first place, because he lies"

"Certainly, stammered Oliva,

"You would not have exposed yourself to so terrible a danger without telling me of it?

Ohya shuddered from head to foot,

How was it likely "continued the terrible friend—that you, who love Monsieur Benusire and livice me for your friend, that you, solicited by Mon icur le Comte de Cagliestre and rijecting his a tentions—that you have wantonly given the madment the right—to—say—Oh no he has lost his head, there can be no que tion about it."

'Tell mo, cried Nicole, what is the danger? Let us

'It is this We have to do with a madman —that is to say a man who fars nothing an I is uncontrollable. If it were a matter of coung a role of of I issing hand, there would be nothing to say. A queen has roses in her park and hands to offer to any of her subjects but if it were true that at that third interview — Ah my dear child I can no longer laugh since that i has entered my head.'

Oliva felt her teeth grinding with terror What would be the consequence my dear friend? she asked

'In the first place you are not the queen, — to my knowledge at least'

No "

"And having usurped the rink of her Majesty to commit an -- indiscretion of that kind -- '

" Well 3

Well that is called high treason, and that means a great deal

Oliva hid her face in her hands

After all' continued Jeanne since you have no done that of which he boasts you will be acquitted on the

trial The preceding indiscretions will be punished by an imprisonment of from two to four years, and by banishment"

"Prison ! banishment!" cried Oliva, terrified

"It is not an irreparable evil, but for my own part, I shall take precautions and hide myself"

"You also are anxious?"

"Of course Will not that madman accuse me at once? Oh, my poor Oliva! it is a joke that will prove very costly to us both"

Oliva burst into tears "And I," she said, "who can never remain quiet for a moment! Oh, restless spirit! Oh, demon! I am possessed, you see After this misfortune I shall still rush into another"

"Do not despair, try only to avoid all public scandal"

"Oh, I will shut myself up with my protector. What if I should confess everything to him?"

"A pretty idea! a man who is keeping you for himself, though now he hides his love, a man who, on a word from you, will adoie you, you will acknowledge to him that you have committed this imprudence with another! I say 'imprudence,' but there is no knowing what he will suspect"

"My God! you are night"

"Furthermore, the report of this matter will get abroad, and the researches of the magistrates will suggest scruples to your protector Perhaps to make himself acceptable to the court he will deliver you to the officers"

"Oh!

"Suppose that he should only drive you from his house.
— what would become of you?"

"I see that I am lost"

"And Monsieur de Beausire, when he shall be informed

of the affair-' said Teanne slowly, watching for the effect of this last blow

Ohva junped up and striking with her head the roof of the carriage demolished her head dress by the contact "He will kill me! Oh no she murmured I will kill myself! Then turning toward Jenne 'You cannot save me, she said desparingly since you also are in danger!

I have, Jeanno replied, in the interior of Picardy a bit of land — a farm. If one could grin that rating secretly before the matter comes to light, perhaps there would be a chance —

But that madman — he knows you and would man age somehow to find you

"Oh, if you were once out of the way hidden, un discoverable I should no longer fear the madman! I should say to him boldly. You are a fool to affirm such things! Proce them! That would be impossible to him. Then I should say to him quictly. You are a coward!"

' I will set out when and whither you please said Ohva

I think it would be prudent replied Jeanne.

Is it best to start immediately?

No wait till I have arranged everything Do not show yourself even to me Disguise yourself even to your mirror

'Yes yes you may depend on me, dear friend'

'And for a beginning let us return we have nothing more to say

Yes, let us return How much time will you need for your preparations?

I do not know — but listen from now till the day of your departure I shall not show myself at the window vol. 11 — 12

When you see me there, understand that the day has arrived, and be ready."

"I will. Thank you, my dear friend !"

They returned slowly toward the Rue Saint Claude,—Oliva not daring to speak another word, and Jeanne meditating too deeply to speak to Oliva. On arriving they embraced each other, and Oliva asked her friend's pardon for all the trouble she had caused by her foolishness

"I am a woman," replied Madame de La Motte, parodying the Latin poet, "and am familiar with all woman's weakness!"

CHAPTEP XXXII.

THE FLIGHT

What Jeanne and Ohia had promised they respectively performed. From the next morning Arcofe had completely concealed her existence from all the world no one could suspect that she inhabited that house in the Puo Saint Claude. She remained hidden behind a curtain or behind a screen and kept her windows closed notwithst inding the heat of the weather.

Jernne who was making her preparations — knowing that on the next day the default of the first payment of five hundred thousand frines would occur, — arringed everything in such a manner as to leave no point exposed to danger from the explosion which would ensue. That terribe moment she kept in view in all her observations. She had considered the alternative of flight but flight would be strong evidence against her. She had determined to remain motionless as a duellist after receiving his adversary a blow — to remain with the chance of falling but also with the chance of I illing the enemy. With this purpose in view on the day after her interview with Oliva she showed herself at the window at about two clock to announce to the pretended queen that she must be ready to start that evening.

It would be impossible to describe Olivas condition of mingled joy and terror The necessity of flight signified danger the possibility of flight signified safety. She threw an eloquent kiss to Jeanne and then made her final preparations, putting into her little bundle some of the costly things belonging to her protector

Jeanne, after her signal, went out to procure a carriage to which she should commit the valuable destiny of Mademoiselle Nicole

At eleven o'clock on the following night Jeanne entered the Rue Saint Louis in a post-chaise drawn by three strong horses. Upon the box was a man wrapped in a cloak, who showed the postilion which way to go. At the corner of the Rue du Roi-Doré, Jeanne pulled the man's cloak, and the carriage was stopped. The man got down to speak to the mistress.

- "Let the carriage remain here, my dear Monsieur Reteau," said Jeanne "A half-hour will be enough. I will bring here some one who will get into the carriage, and whom you will convey, paying double fees to the postilions, to my little house near Amiens."
 - "Yes, Madame la Comtesse"
- "There you will commit this person to the care of my farmer, Fontaine, who will know what is to be done."
 - "Yes, Madame"
 - "I forgot You are armed, my dear Reteau?"
 - "Yes, Madame"
- "This lady is threatened by a madman Perhaps an attempt will be made to stop her"
 - "What shall I do?"
- "You will shoot down any one who may attempt to obstruct your course"
 - "Yes, Madame."
- "You asked me for a payment of twenty louis for the affair you know about I will give you a hundred, and will pay the expenses of your journey to London, where you may see me within three months"
 - "Yes, Madame"

' Hero are the hundred louis I probably shall not see you here again, for it will be prudent for you to go to Saint Valery and embark immediately for Lingland

You may rely on me."

It is for your sake.

It is for us said Monsieur Reteau, kissing the coun tess's hand I am to wait here than?

"Les and I will go to bring the lady

Reteau got into the chaise which Jeanne had vacated while she with rapid steps hurried to the Pue Saint Clude, and entered her apartment. All was quiet in the neighborhood. Jeanne lighted the candle which rai ed above the balcony was to be the signal for Oliva to descend

She is a prudent girl, sail the countess to hers if on seeing that Oliva's window remained darliened

Jeanne rused and lowered her could three times. There was no response. But she seemed to hear something like a sigh, or a Nesthin win almost in audibly upon the air from under the foliage that surrounded the window.

She will go down without showing a light thought Jeanne — "not a bad idea, and she herself went down into the street

The door did not open Oliva had doubtless encum beted herself with some heavy and troublesome puchages.

The fool sail the countess grumbling how much time she is wasting over her rubbish!

No one came — Jeanne went over to the opposite door and listened with her car close to the lange-headed from nails which studded the door — Still no sound — A quirter of an hour passed in this way — the clocks chimed half past cleven

Jeanne walked to the boulevard to see from a distance if the windows were holted. She thought that she could

perceive through the interstices in the foliage a glimmer of light which seemed to come from under the double curtains

"What is she doing? My God, what can the wretched little thing be about! She did not see the signal, perhaps. Come, we must take courage, let us go up again," and in fact, she again ascended to her own apartment in order to try once more her telegraph of candles. But there was no answer to her signal

"It must be," said Jenne, crumpling her ruffles with rage, "it must be that the hussy is ill and cannot move. Oh, but what does that matter? Living or dead, she must be off to night"

She again descended her staircise with the swiftness of a hunted honess. She held in her hand the key which had procured for Oliva so many times the liberty of taking her nocturnal ramble.

Just as she was slipping this ley into the lock, she paused "What if there should be any one up there with her?" thought the countess "Impossible! I should hear voices, and there would be time to go bick. What if I should meet any one upon the stancase oh!" and she was upon the point of retreating at thought of this danger. The sound of her horses' feet pawing the pavement decided her "Nothing great is accomplished without danger," she said, "with boldness, danger is avoided". She turned the key in the enormous lock, and the door opened.

Jeanne was acquainted with the localities, her intelligence would have revealed them to her, even if she had not already learned them while waiting for Oliva in the evenings. Jeanne rushed up the sturs which were on the left. There was no noise, no light, no person about.

When she reached the landing-place of Nicole's apart-

ment she saw under the door a lummous ray, behind the door could be heard the sound of an agitated step

Jeanne, holdin, her breath, listened There was no conversation Oliva wa therefore alone walking about preparing for her departure probably She was not ill certainly and the only misfortune that had arisen was a slight delay

Jeanne gently scratched on the door Ohva! Ohva!
she said my dear little friend! The step was ap
proaching Open! open!" said Jeanne hurriedly

The door was thrown open a deluge of h, ht mundated Jeanne who found herself standing before a man carrying in his hand a three branched candlestick. She uttered a fearful scream and hid her face in her muntle

Oliva! said thi man 'is it not you? and he gently removed the mantle of the countess Madame la Contes e de La Motte! he exclaimed, in a tone of sur prise wonderfully natural

Monsieur de Ca_liostro 'murmured Jemme stagger ing and almost fainting

Among all the dangers Jenne had imigined she had not thought of this. And this did not seem at first to be very terrible, but on reflecting a moment and observing, the gloomy appearance of that strange man, and his air of profound dis initiation the danger began to seem frightful to her. She was almost beside hers if with fear. She recoiled in I felt in impulse to throw herself down the sturease. Cigliostro politely extended his hand and in vited her to a sent. To what am I indebted for the honor of your visit Madume? The asked in a firm voice

Monsieur stammered the intriguing woman who could not withdraw her eves f om those of the count, I came — I was seel ing —

Allow me to ring Madame that I may have those of

my servants punished who had the awkwardness, the indeness, to allow a woman of your rank to present herself thus alone"

Jeanne, trembling, arrested the count's movement

"It must be," he continued calmly, "that you happened on that rogue of a German who is sometimes intoxicated. He probably did not know you, but opened the door in a stupoi and immediately went to sleep again."

"Do not scold him, I beg of you, Monsieur," said Jeanne, speaking more ficely, and without suspicion of the snaie laid for her.

"It was he, in fact, who opened the door to you, was it not, Madame?"

"I think it was But you promise me not to scold him?"

"Yes, and I will keep my word," said the count, with a smile "Now, Madame, will you have the goodness to explain —"

Jeanne, now that she thought she was not suspected of opening the door horself, could be with confidence concerning the object of her visit

"I came," she said quickly, "to confer with you, Monsieur le Comte, in regard to certain lumors that are going about"

"What rumors, Madame?"

"Do not urge me, I entreat," she said, with affectation, the course I am taking is delicate.

"Search! search!" thought Cagliostio, "as for myself, I have already found"

"You are a friend of his Eminence Monseigneur le Cardinal de Rohan?" said Jeanne.

"Ah! ah!" thought Cagliostro, "go to the end of the thread I hold, but you shall go no farther" Then aloud, "I am in fact on quite good terms with his Eminence"

"And I came,' said Jeanne to seek information from you about --

About? said Cagliestro, with a slight tone of irony "I have told you that may position is delicate Monseur do not take advantage of it. You must know that Mon sieur de Pohan has hown me one affection, and I wished to know how far I may count — In hort Monseur it is said that you can read the most hidden thoughts and sentiments."

I need a little more light, Counters, to read what is hidden in your mind

"Monsieur it is said that his Eminine loves another, that he is in love with a woman or evilted rank. It is even said—

Here Cagliostro fixed his eyes flashing with an angry light on Jeanne who almot sank beneath his gize

Madame, I do indeed read your mind but to read thore clearly I need some assistance Will you please answer a few questions?

How do you happen to come here to consult with me? I do not live here"

Jeanne shuddered

How did you get into the house? For there is neither drunken German nor servant of any kind in this part of the hotel

And if it was not myself whom you came to see whom, then, did you expect to find?

You do not answer? Well I will assist you You entered the hou e by means of a key which you have now in your pocket. You came to seek a young woman whom I, out of sheer kindness was sheltening in my house?

Jeanne was completely unbalanced, line a tree torn up by the roots And if that be so, she said in a low voice, "what crime have I committed? Is not a woman permitted to visit a woman? Call her, she will tell you whether our friendship is one that may not be acknowledged"

"Madame,' interrupted Caglioctio, "you say that because you know she is not here"

"Not here!" cried Jeanne, alarmed "Oliva no longer here!"

"Oh," said Cagliostro, "you are perhaps ignorant of her departure, — you, who inded in her abduction!"

"Her abduction! I! I!" cried Jeanne, with some renewal of confidence. "She has been curied away, and you accuse me?"

"I do more, I convict you," said Crgliostro

"What is your proof?" asked the counters, with assumee.

Cagliostro took a paper from the table and showed it to her. It was a note addressed to Cagliostro, and read as follows

"Monsilur and generals Protector, — Poigive me for leaving you But before all things I love Monsieur de Beausile. He has come for me, — he takes me away I follow him Adieu. Receive the expression of my gratitude."

"Beausire!" said Jennie, petrified "Beausire!—who did not know Oliva's address!"

"Oh, yes, Madame," replied Cagliostro, showing her a second paper, which he drew from his pocket. "See, I picked this up on the stancese when I came to make my daily visit. It must have fallen from Monsieur de Beausire's pocket."

The countess read, trembling,

"Monsieur de Beausiie will find Mademoiselle Oliva in the Rue Saint Claude, at the coiner of the boulevard He will find her and tale her away immediately. It is a very sincere friend who gives him this advice. There is no time to be lost

- "Oh!' said the countess, crushing the paper in her hands
- ' And he has carried her off said Cagliostro coldly
 - But who wrote him that letter? asked Jeanne.
 - ' You apparently you, Ohvas sincere friend'

But how could be enter here? cried Jeanne locking augrily at her impas ive interlocutor

Cannot one enter by using your key?"

But since I have a Monsieur de Beaus re cannot have

If a person has one key he may perhaps have two replied Caphostro, looking at her intently

You have there convincing documents answered the countess, spealing slowly while I have only suspicions

Oh I have suspicions too, said Cagliostro, as serious as yours. As he said these words he dismissed her by a gesture almost imperceptible

The countess begun to descend the stair. The entire length of the stairway which when she arrived was dark and described was now illuminated by the light of twenty candles, held by twenty lackeys before whom Cagliostro called aloud, and with muny repetitions the name of Madame 1a Comtesse de La Motte.

Jeanne departed breathing fury and vengeance as the basilish breathes fire and poison.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE LETTER AND THE RECEIPT.

THE next day was the day appointed in the queen's letter to the jewellers for the first payment on account of the necklace, and since in that letter her Majesty had enjoined encumspection, they waited in quiet expectation of their five hundred thousand francs, and had a receipt for it written out in the most elegant handwriting that the house could command

The receipt was not called for. That might the jewellers spent in cruel anxiety and suspense. They reflected that the queen had extraordinary ideas, and she had need of secrecy,—so that perhaps her messenger would not arrive until after midnight.

The coming of the dawn destroyed their chimerical hopes. They took a carriage and drove to Versailles While Bossange remained in the carriage Boehmer sought to gain admission to the queen. He was informed that, not having a letter of audience, he could not enter. Dismayed and anxious, he insisted and since he had on several occasions prudently placed here and there among the officers of the antechambers several small articles of value, they contrived to place him where the queen would see him on returning from her walk.

Marie Antoinette, quivering yet with emotion as she recalled that interview with Charny in which she had confessed her love without becoming his mistress, was returning with her heart full of gladness, when she per-

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ceived the anxious face of Boehmer who stood respectfully awaiting her approach

She gave him a simle which he interpreted in the most favorable manner and he ventured to as, for a moment's audience, which the queen promised to give him at two oclock—that is, after her dinner. He took the good nows to Bo sange, who was waiting in the carriage and who, suffering from a swelled free did not hi e to present himself before the queen.

"There is no doubt they said while commenting on every word and every gosture of Marie Antonette that her Mijesty has in her drawer the sim which she could not obtain yesterday, she has appointed two oclock be cause at that hour she will be alone. And they asked each other, as do the companions in the fable if they should take he amount in notes, in gold, or in silver

At two o clock the jeweller was at his post, and was admitted to her Myesty's boudoir

"What is it now Loehmer" said the queen, is soon as she per cived him do you want to talk of jewels? You are unfortunate in that way you know

Boehmer thou, ht that there must be some one concealed in the room and that the queen was afraid of being heard He assumed therefore an air of intelligence and looking all uound he r piled Yes Madame

What are you lool ing about in that way for?' said the queen in surprise You have some secret have you?

He did not answer being rather shocked by this dissimulation

The same secret as before —a jewel to sell con tinued the queen somethin, incomparable? Oh, do not be alarmed —there is no one to hear u.

'Then - murmured Boehmer

- "Well, what?"
- "Then I may say to your Majesty "
- "Say it quickly, my good Bochmer."

The jeweller drew near with a propitating smile "I may say to your Majesty that the queen forgot us yesterday," he said

"Forgot you! in what way?" said the queen, in

surprise

- "Why, yesterday was the date "
- "The date! what date?"
- "Oh, I beg pudon, your Majesty, if I allow myself I know very well that there is some indicretion. Perhaps the queen is not prepared. That would be a great misfortune, but, in short."
- "Really, Boehmer," cried the queen, "I do not understand a word of what you say to me. Explain yourself, my good friend"
- "Your Majesty has, then, lost all recollection of the matter, which is very natural in the midst of so many preoccupations"
 - "Recollection of what? I ask once more"
- "Yesterday was the day for the first payment on the necklace," said Boehmer, timidly
 - "You have sold your necklice, then?" and the queen.
- "Why," said Boehmer, looking at her in astonishment, "it seems to me we have"
- "And those to whom you sold it have not paid you, my poor Boehmer? So much the worse. They must do as I have done, not being able to pay for the necklace, they must return it to you, leaving you the amount paid on account"
- "What does your Majesty say?" stammered the jeweller, who staggered like an imprudent traveller who receives a sunstroke.

'I say, my poor Boehmer that if ten successive pur chasers should return your necklace as I returned it each leaving you a bonus of two hundred thousand france that would give you two milhons in audition to the necklice

Your Majesty, cried Boehmer, says that you really returned the necklace?

Why yes I say so replied the queen, calmly 'What is the trouble?

'What' continued the jeweller your Majesty lever bought the necklace?

Now what farce is this we are playing?' and the queen severely. Is this miserable necklare destined always to deprive people of the reeners?

Why said Bochmer treathing from head to foot, it seemed to me that I heard from your Vagesty's own hip that you had return d—your Majesty said RETURNED—the diamond necklace

The queen gazed at Bochmer with astomshment and folded her arm — Pottuntiely—she sul, —I have some thing here with which to refresh your memory—for you are a very forgetful man Monsieur Poelmer—not to say disagreeable—and she went strught to her desk tool from it a paper—which she opined and rad over and then slowly held it out to the unhappy Bochmer—The style is sufficiently clear I imagine—he said. And she sat down the better to ob cree the jeweller while he read it. The face of the latter expressed at first complete in credulity, then by degrees the most terrible alarm.

'Well," said the queen, you recognize that receipt which attests in due form that you have tall en back the necklace and unless you have forgotter also that your name is Boehmer —

But Midame criel Boehmer trembling with

mingled rage and terror, "it is not I who signed this receipt'

The queen started back, almost annihilating this man with her flashing eyes. "You deny it?" she said

"Absolutely! Even were I to leave here my liberty and my life, I would say that I never received the necklace, that I never signed that receipt. Were the block here, and the executioner by its side, I would still repeat, 'No, your Majesty, this receipt is not mine.'"

"Then, Monsieur," said the queen, turning pale, "I have robbed you? I, then, have your necklace?"

Boehmer searched his pocket-book, and diev from it a letter which he handed to the queen. "I do not think, Madame," he said in a tone respectful, but trembling with emotion,—"I do not think that it your Majesty had wished to return the necklace, you would have written this acknowledgment I now present to you."

"But," sud the queen, "what is this scrap of paper? I never wrote that! Is that my hand-writing?"

"It is signed," said Boehmer, aghast

"'Marie Antoinette de France' you ere mad! Am I of France, I? Am I not Archduchess of Austria? Is it not absurd to say that I wrote that? Come, then, Monsieur Boehmer, the trap is too crude, go and tell your forgers so"

"My forgers" stammered the jeweller, who came near fainting on hearing these words "Your Majesty suspects me, Boehmer?"

"But you have suspected me, Marie Antoinette!" said the queen, haughtily

"But this letter?" he objected, pointing to the paper which she still held

"And that receipt?" she replied, pointing to the paper he had not given up Bochmer was obliged to lean upon a chur, the floor was whiring round beneath him Ifo breithed spismodi cally, and the purple of apoplery had replaced his livid paleness

Give me badd my receipt said the queen "I hell it is good and take back your letter signed 'Marie Antoi nette de France'. The first lavyer you neet will tell you what it is worth," and throwing down the note after tearing from his hands the receipt, she turned her back and withdrew to a neighboring room abindouing to him self the unhappy man who was no longer able to form an idea and who in violation of all efiquette allowed him self to sink into an easy-chur

A few minutes, however served to restore him, he rushed from the apartment and went to join Bossange to whom he related his adventure in such a manner as to exeite his partners suspicions with regard to himself But he repeated his story so many time and so clearly that Bossange began to tear his wig while Boelmer toro his hair —a spectacle which to the passers by who hap pened to get a glimpse into the carriage was prinful and connecil at the same time.

As it is not possible however, to piss a whole dry in a carringe and as after having form hair and wig one comes to the crimium and as under the crimium there are or should be ideas—the two jewellers concerted that of forcing if possible, the queens door to obtain some sort of an explanation. They were making their way therefore toward the palace in a pitable state, when they were included by one of the queen's officers who requested that one of them should go to her Vajesty. Their joy and their eagerness to obey may be readily imagined. They were admitted without delay.

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"It is signed," said Boehmer, aghast

"'Marie Antoinette de Fiance' you are mad! Am I of Fiance, I? Am I not Archduchess of Austria? Is it not absurd to say that I wrote that? Come, then, Monsieur Boehmer, the trap is too crude, go and tell your forgers so"

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CARDINAL IS SURPRISED

THE queen seemed to be waiting impatiently, and as soon as she saw the jewellers she exclaimed, eagerly, "Ah, there is Monsieur Bossange, you have reinforced yourself, Boehmer. So much the better"

Boehmer had nothing to say, he was meditating The best thing a man can do in such a case is to express himself by gesture, Boehmer threw himself at Marie Antoinette's feet. It was an expressive gesture which Bossange, as he was his partner, felt obliged to imitate

- "Gentlemen," said the queen, "I am calm at present, and I will not again become angry Besides, an idea has presented itself to me which modifies my feelings with regard to you Doubtless, we are all misled by some little mystery, which is no longer a mystery to me"
- "Ah, Madame," cuted Boehmer, delighted with these words of the queen, "you suspect me, then, no longer of having committed oh, what an ugly word to speak forgery!"
- "I beg you to believe that it is as hard for me to hear, as for you to pronounce," said the queen "No, I do not suspect you longer'
 - "Does your Majesty, then, suspect any one?"
- "Answer my questions You say that you are no longer in possession of the diamonds?"
- "We have them no longer," answered both jewellers together

"It is of little importance to you to know by whom I returned them, — that is my affur Have you not seen Madame la Comtesse de La Notte?

"Your pardon, Madame we have seen her -"

And she give you nothing - from me?

No, Madame Madame la Comtesse only said, 'Wait!

But that I tter which professes to be written by me — who sent it?"

"That letter' replied Boehmer — that which your Majesty had in your hand was brought to us by an un known messenger during the most, and he showed the falso letter

Ah ah! said the queen "you see then, that it did not come directly from me She ring and a footman appeared

Let Madame la Comtesse do La Wotto be sent for," sud the queen, quiety And she continued in the same calm manner you have seen no one, you have not seen Monsieur de Rohan 1"

Yes Madame Monsieur de Kohan came to pay us a visit and inquiro -

Very well replied the queen we will cel no fir ther If the Cridinal do I olinin is still connected with this affair you would be wrong in giving jourself up to despure Let mo see Madame do La Motte in saying that word. Wait may have wished.— No, I understand nothing about it. But go to Monsieur lo Cardin I and relate to him what you have just told me lose to time, and say to him that I know everything.

The jewellers, revived by this little ray of hope looked at each other with somewhat less alarm expressed in their face. Bossange alone who wanted to put in a word ventured to say in a low voice. Accertheless the queen

has in her hand a forged receipt, and forgery is a crime"

Marie Antoinette knitted her blows "It is true," she said, "that if you have not received the necklace, this writing is a forgery. But in older to prove the forgery it is indispensable that I should confiont you with the person to whom I intrusted the diamonds"

"Whenever your Majesty may wish," cried Bossange "We do not fear the light, we are honest tradesmen"

"Then, go seek the light from Monsieur le Cardinal, he alone can clear up this affair"

"And will your Majesty permit us to bring you his reply?" asked Boehmer .

"I shall obtain information before you do," said the queen, "I shall be the one to free you from embarrassment in this matter. Go." She dismissed them, and when they had gone, yielding to her anxiety, she sent courier after courier to Madame de La Motte.

The cardinal was at home reading with a rage impossible to describe a short letter which Madame de La Motte had just sent him, as she pretended, from the queen. The letter was severe, it deprived the cardinal of all hope. It commanded him to think no more of what had taken place, and forbade him to appear familiarly at Versailles; it appealed to his loyalty not to attempt to renew relations that had become impossible

In reading these words a second time, the prince jumped up with rage. He spelled out the letters one by one, he seemed to call the paper to account for the cruelties with which ar unkind hard had burdened it. "Coquette, capricious, perfidious woman!" he cried out in his despair, "oh, I will have my revenge." He then tried to think of all the foolish pretexts which solace weak hearts in the sorrows of love, but which do not cure the love

itself "Here are four letters" he and which she has written me — all mot unjust, one just as tyrannical as another. She received me then only through caprice It is a humiliation I would brailly pardon, even if she did not seenfee me to a new caprice. And the unhappy man read again with the firvor of hope all these letters so pittless in the right of their morthly.

The last was a master piece of cru lty, the poor cardinals heart was pierced through and through by it, never theless I o loved to such a degree that from a mere spirit of contradiction, he delighted in realing over and over again those hirsh words sent from Versailles according to Madame do La Viotte

It was at this moment that the jewellers presented themselves at the cardinal school. He was very much surprist of at their persit times in asking to be admitted, three times he drove away his valct, who returned a fourth time to the charge, saying that Boehmer and Bossange had announced their determination to remain unless they were cast out by force

What does that mean? said the cardinal 'Allow them to come in

They entered their agitated faces bere witness to the fierce struggle, mend and physical through which they had passed. If they had been conquerors in one of these struggles the unfortunate men had been vanquished in the other. Aever had more distracted brains been sum moned to perform their functions in the presence of a prince of the Church.

In the first place cried the cardinal 'what is the meaning of this outrige, gentlemen? Do we owe you anything?'

This tone chilled with terror the two partners

' Are we to have a repetition of the scenes at Ver-

sailles?" said Boehmer, gluncing at his partner out of the corner of his eye

"Oh, no, no,' replied the latter, adjusting he wig with a very warlike movement. "As for me, I am prepared for all kinds of issuits,' and he took a step forward in an almost threatening attitude, while Bochmer, more prudent, remained behind

The cardinal believed them mad, and told them so plainly

"Monseigneur," and the desperite Boehmer, cutting short each syllable with a sigh, "give us justice, mercy! Spare this rage, and do not force us to fail in respect to the greatest, most illustrious of princes."

"Gentlemen, either you are not mid and will be thrown out of the windows," said the cardinal, "or you are mid and will be simply put out of the door. The your choice"

"Monseigneur, we are not mid, we have been robbed"

"What is that to me?" replied Monsieur de Rohan, "I am not lieutenant of police"

"But you have had the necklice in your postession, Monseigneur," stid Boehmer, sobbing, "you will have to go before a magistrate, Monseigneur; you will go."

"I have had the necklace?" said the prince "It is the necklace, then, which has been stolen?"

"Yes, Monseignem"

"Well, what does the queen say?" cried the endind, beginning to take an interest

"The queen has sent us to you, Monseigneur."

"It is very kind in her Majesty. But what can I do about it, my poor men?"

"You can do everything, Monseigneur, you can tell us what has become of it"

"I?"

"Doubtless '

"My dear Monsieur Boehmer you might address me in such language if I belonged to a band of robbers who had taken the queen's necklace

It is not the queen from whom the necklace was taken"

"From whom then, good God ?

The queen denies having had it in her possession

What I she denies it I said the cardinal with hesitation, have you not a receipt from her?

The queen says that the receipt is a forcery

Come cried the cardinal 'you are losing your senses gentlemen

Is it not true?' said Boehmer to Bossange, who replied by three nods of assent

The queen ha denied it said the cardinal 'because there wa some one with her when you spoke to her

No one Monseigneur but that is not all

What else then?'

Not only has the queen denied it not only has she maintained that the nel nowledgment is a forgery but she has shown us a receipt proving that we have taken back the neel lace

A receipt from you! said the cardinal "And this eccipt?

Is a forgery like the other Monsieur le Cardinal as you know very well

A forgery Two forgeries And you say that I know it ?

"Assuredly, since you came to us to confirm what Madame de La Motte had told us for you yourself knew very well that we had sold the necklace and that it was in the hands of the queen

"Let us see said the cardinal passing his hand over

his brow, "these are very grave matters, it seems to me. Let us understind each other. I not, my operations with you"

"Yes, Monseigneur"

"In the first place, a purchase on her May-ty's account of a necklace upon which I plud you two hundred and fifty thou and trans."

"That is true, Monseigneur"

"Then a sale to the queen, you told me, on terms fixed by herself over her signature"

" Over her signature "

"Show it to me"

The jewellers drew the letter from the portfolio and handed it to the codinal

"Eh! what!" he cited, on glancing at it, "you are children! 'Marie Antoinette de France!! Is not the queen a daughter of the house of Austria? You have been jobbed! The writing and the signature are false."

"But then," cried the jeweller, exasperited, "Madame de La Motte must know the thirt and the forger"

The truth of that assertion was obvious to the cardinal. "Let us send for Madame de La Motte," said he, with anxiety

Servants were sent in pursuit of Joinne, whose carriage could not yet be fit off. Meantime the jewellers waited in a corner of the room, exclaiming from time to time, "The necklace, — where is the necklace?"

"You will make me deaf," said the cardinal, losing patience. "Do I know where your necklace is? I delivered it myself to the queen, and that is all I know about it"

"The necklace, or the money!" repeated the two tradesmen

"Gentlemen, it is no affair of mine," said the cardinal,

angrily, and much inclined to have the two jewellers turned out of the house

Madame de la Motte! Madame la Comtesse! they cried 'it is she who has ruined us

Madame de La Motte is a person of unimpeachable integrity. You will suspect her at your peril

Some one must be guilty said Loehmer delefully These two forceries have been committed by some one

By me? asled Monsieur de Rohan, hau_htily

Of course Monseigneur we would not say that

"Well, then?

In short, Monseigneur in Herven's name give us some explanation $% \left(1\right) =\left\{ 1\right\} =\left\{ 1\right\}$

Wait till I have one myself

But Monseigneur what are we to answer to the queen? She too crie out rannet us

What does she say?

She says it is either you or Madame de La Motte who has the necklace

Well, 's and the cardinal pale with shame and anger 50 and tell the queen — Ao tell her nothin. Enough of scar dal But to morrow I am to officiate in the chapel at Versailles You may there see me approach the queen and ask her if she has not the necklace in her possession and you may hear her answer If then she should deny having it — then gentlemen, I am Rohan, I will pay

On saying these words with an indescribable loftiness of tone the prince dismissed the partners who close together backed out of the room

Till to morrow then, stammered Bochmer, "is it not Monseigneur?

Till to-morrow at eleven o clock in the morning at the chapel of Versailles replied the cardinal

CHAPTER XXXV.

FENCING AND DIPLOMACY

On the following morning, at about ten o'clock, a carriage bearing the arms of Monsieui de Breteuil entered the courtyard at Versailles

Those readers of this book who recall the history of Balsamo and of Gilbert will remember that Monsieur de Breteuil, the rival and personal enemy of Monsieur de Rohan, had long been watching for an opportunity to give his enemy a mortal blow

Diplomacy has this advantage over fencing, that it may wait fifteen years, or longer, planning where to strike and how to make its blow effective

Monsieur had previously sent to request an audience, and found his Majesty dressing to go to Mass

- "Magnificent weather!" said Louis XVI, gayly, on the entrance of his visitor "See, there is not a cloud in the sky"
- "I am much grieved, Sire, to bring with me a cloud to your tranquillity," replied the minister
- "Come, then," cried the king, losing his lively manner, "the day begins badly What is the matter?"
- "I am much embarrassed, Sire, in speaking to you of the matter, and the more so because it does not pertain to the duties of my office, but rather to those of the lieutenant of police—It is about a robbery"
 - "A robbery!" cned the king, "you are keeper of the

seals and thieves come within the functions of your office W hat 1 at?

Well, Sire the affair is this Your Wajesty has heard of the diamond need lace?

Monsieur Boehmer's ?

' Yes Sire"

The one which the queen refu ed?

'Precisely

A refusal through which I obtained a splendid man of var, the 'Suffren said the king, rubbing his hands.

Well Sire's and the Biron de Bretein! that necklace has been stolen

'Ah, that is bad,' sail the ling "It was very valuable. But the dramonds can be recognized. To have them cut again would reduce the profit of the theft. They will be left as they are and the police will find them.

Sire" interrupted the baron—this is no common then. There are certain rumors associated with it"

Pumors! What do you mean?

Sire it is asserted that the queen has kept the necklace

"How could she have kept it? In my very presence she refused it, and was unwilling even to look at it Nonsense Biron the queen his not kept the necklace

Sire I have not used the right word. Calumny is always so blind toward sovereigns that it has used a more offensive term. The word kept.—'

Why Monsieur de Breteuil, said the king smiling 'I suppose no one imagines that the queen has stolen the necklars?"

Sire replied the minister ergerly it is said that the queen renewed in secret the birgin refused in your presence It is said that the jewellers have a receipt, signed by her Majesty, which shows that the necklace is in her possession"

The king turned pale "They say that?" he exclaimed "What, then, will they not say? But it astonishes me, after all If the queen bought the necklace secretly I should by no means blame her. The queen is a woman, and the necklace is a rare ornament of marvellous beauty. Thank God, the queen can spend a million and a half on her toilet if she is so inclined. I shall approve it; she has been wrong in one respect only, in concealing from me her wishes. But it is not for the king to deal with that, it concerns the husband. I recognize no right on the part of any one to interfere, even with an ill-natured remark."

The baron bowed before these words of the king, so noble and so strong. But the king had only the appearance of firmness. A moment later he became restless and uneasy. "But," said he, "you spoke of robbery. If there had been a robbery the necklace would not be in the queen's possession. Let us be logical."

"Your Majesty has chilled me by your anger," said the baron, "I cannot continue"

"Oh, my anger! I, angry! As to that, Baron" and the good king broke out into hearty laughter "Come, go on, and tell me everything Tell me even that the queen has sold the necklace to the Jews Poor woman, she often needs money, and I do not always give it to her"

"I was about to speak of that to your Majesty. The queen, two months ago, asked through Monsieur de Calonne for five hundred thousand francs, and your Majesty refused to sign"

"That is true"

"Well, Sire, that money it is said, was to serve for the

first payment on account of the necklace The queen not having the money refused to pay

Well and the king becoming gradually more

"Well, Sire hero begins the story which my zeal obliges me to relate to your Majesty

What! you say your story beams here Good Gol! what have you then to tell?

Sire, it is said that the queen had recourse to a certain person to obtain mone;

To whom? To a Jew, was it not?

' No, Sire, not to a Jew

My God! you say that with a singular expression Bretouil Come then I know what it is — some foreign integue The queen has asked for money from her brother — her family Austria is at the bottom of this

Far better if it were so, replied Monsieur de Breteuil

What! Far better? Of whom, then did the queen ask money?

'Sire I dare not -- "

"You surprise me Monsieur" said the king raising his head and assuming the royal tone Speak out immediately, if you please, and give me the name of this money lender"

' Monsieur de Rohan, Sire

Indeed! Are you not ashamed to speak to me of Monsieur de Rohan, the most ruined man in the kingdom?

Sire - ' said Monsieur de Breteuil, lowering his eyes

'Your manner displea es me Explain yourself at once

"No, Sire, nothing in the world can compel me to

utter a word delogatory to the honor of my king and that of my queen "

The king frowned "We are descending very low, Monsieur de Breteurl," said he "This police report is impregnated with the odors of the place from which it comes"

"All calumny, Sire, exhales a deadly miasma, and for that reason kings purify them by heroic remedies, unless they are willing to see those poisons destroy their honor and their throne"

"Monsieur de Rohan!" muimuied the king "Why, what likelihood Does the cardinal allow it to be said—"

"It will be proved to your Majesty that Monsieur de Rohan had negotiations with the jewellers, that the sale was airanged by him, and that with him were fixed the terms of payment"

"Is that really true?' ened the king, disturbed by jealousy and anger

"It is a fact that must come out on the most superficial examination. I pledge myself to its truth."

"You say you pledge yourself to that?"

"Without reservation, - on my responsibility, Sire"

The king began walking up and down his cabinet "These are terrible things," he said, "but in all this I fail to see that theft of which you spoke"

"Sire, the jewellers have a receipt, signed, they say, by the queen, and the queen should have the necklace"

"Ah," cried the king, with a sudden renewal of hope, "she denies it! — you see that she denies it, Breteuil."

"Eh, Sire, have I permitted your Majesty to think that I was not aware of the queen's innocence?"

"Then you accuse Monsieur de Rohan only

"But, Sine, the appearances indicate"

'A grave accusation Baron

Which perhaps will ful on an examination But an examination is indispensable. Consider Sire that the queen affirms that she has not the necklace, that the jewellers maintain that they sold it to the queen that the necklace is not to be found and that the word thef is uttered by the people in connection with the name of Monsieur de Rohan and with the sacred name of the queen

It is true it is true, said the king in great any nety you are right, Breteuil, the whole affair must be brought to light!

Absolutely necessary, Sire

"Who is passing below there? Do I not see Monsieur de Rohan on his way to the chapel?

'Not yet, Sire, Monsieur de Rolini cannot yet be going to the chapel It is not yet cleven o clock, your Majesty has still half an hour"

"What shall we do then? - speak to him summon him?

"No Sire, permit me to counsel your Wajesty to make no noise over the matter before con ulting the queen '

Yes she will tell me the truth

That is not for a moment to be doubted Sire

Come Baron give mo all the details of the matter in their order without reserve

'I have it all set forth in my portfolio, with the evidence

'Let us to work then Want till I have the door closed I was to give two audiences this morning but shall put them off

The king gave his orders and r suming his sent threw a last look from the window ' This time said he, it is the cardinal Look

Breteuil drew near to the window, and from behind the cuitain perceived Monsieur de Rohan, who, in the full diess of a caidinal and archbishop, was directing his steps toward the apartment appointed for his use on his official visits to Versailles

"Here he is at last," said the king, rising

"So much the better," said Monsieur de Breteuil, "the explanation will not be delayed." He then set himself to exposing the affair to the king with all the zeal or a man bent on the destruction of another. With an infernal art he had brought together everything that would injure the cardinal. The king saw proofs of Monsieur de Rohan's guilt accumulate, but was in despuir at not seeing at the same time proofs of the queen's innocence. Thus he suffered for a quarter of an hour, when suddenly cries were heard in the neighboring corridor. The king listened. Breteuil discontinued his reading. An officer knocked at the door of the cabinet.

"What can it be?" asked the king, rendered nervous by the revelations of Monsieur de Breteurl

An officer entered "Sire," he said, "her Majesty the queen begs your Majesty to join her in her apartment"

- "There is something new," said the king, turning pale
- "Possibly," replied Breteuil
- "I am going to the queen, wait for us here, Monsieur de Bieteuil'
- "Well, we are nearing the end," murmured the keeper of the seals

CHAPIEP XXXVI

CENTLEMAN CARDINAL, AND QUEEN

At the time when Monsie it de Breteuil had entered the king a cabinet Monsieur de Charny pale and a itited, had sent to request an audience of the queen

The latter was dressing Through her window which opened on the terrace she saw Charny insisting on admission. She gave orders that he should be admitted. She yielded to the demand of her heart saying to herself with a noble pride that a love like his pure and spiritual had the right to enter at any hour even the pulsees of queens.

Charny entered tremblingly touched the queen's hand, and said with a stifled voice Ah, Madame, what a mistortune!

- 'What, then, is the matter? cried the queen, turning pale
- 'Madame do you know what I have just learned? Do you know what is said? Do you know of what the king has been informed or will learn to-morrow?'

The queen shuddered thinking of that might of chaste delights when perhaps a hostile or a jealous eye had seen her with Charny in the park. Tell me all, I am strong she said puttin, her hand to her heart

' It is said, Madame that you have purchased a necklace of Boehmer and Bossange

I returned it she replied eagerly

"Listen It is said that you pretended to return it that you expected to be able to pay for it, that the ling you is -19

prevented that by withholding his signature from a draft by Monsieur de Calonne, that thereupon you had recourse to some one to obtain the money, and that this person is your lover"

"You!" cired the queen, with an impulse of sublime confidence "You, Monsieur? Well, let them say that who will They cannot take so much pleasure in the word 'lover,' launched as an insult, as there is to us in the word 'friend,' sacred to us henceforth"

Charny for an instant did not reply He was astonished at the strong and copious eloquence issuing from pure love,

the heart's perfume of every generous woman But the pause made by him increased the queen's anxiety. She cited out, "Of what are you speaking, Monsieur de Chainy? Calumny has a strange language which I do not comprehend. Is it a language that you understand?"

"Madame, please give me your attention, the situation is serious. Yesterday I went with my uncle, Monsieur de Suffren, who had business with the jewellers, Bochmer and Bossange. They related to him a frightful story, invented by your Majesty's enemies. Madame, I am in despair. If you have bought the necklace, tell me so, if you have not paid for it, tell me, but do not suffer me to believe that Monsieur de Rohan paid for it in your stead."

"Monsieur de Rohan!" cried the queen.

"Yes, Monsieur de Rohan, he who is regarded as the queen's lover, he from whom the queen borrows money, he whom an unhappy man called Charny saw in the park of Versailles smiling at the queen, kneeling to the queen, kissing the queen's hands, he

"Monsieur," ciied Maiie Antoinette, "if you believe such things it is because you do not love me"

"Oh!" replied the young man, "the danger is urgent

I mave come to ask of you neither frankne s nor daring , I come to be you to render me a service

In the first place what is the danger?

"The danger Madume? The cardinal answering for the queen paying for the queen ruins the queen I do not speak of the suffering crused to Monsieur de Chainy by this confidential relation with Monsieur de I ohin No Of such sufferings one dies but does not complain

You are mad! said the queen angrily

'I am not mad Madame but you are unfortunate you are lost I saw you in the park. I was not deceived I tell you To day the hormble the deadly truth breaks out, Monsieur de Pohan boasts perhaps —

The queen seized Charny's arm 'Mad' mad' she ovclaimed with indescribable gire! In Heaven's name after what! I have told you do not b heve me guilty Oh, Monsieur de Churny if you do not wish me to despair to day and to be dead to morrow do not say that you suspect me or rather flee so far that you may not hear my full a the moment of my death

Ohvier wrung his hands in an agony of grief 'Listen to me, he said if you wish me to render you effective service

A service from you! cried the queen — 'from you, more cruel than my enemies! — a service from a man who despises me! Never Monsieur never!

Olivier drew near the queen and took her hands in his You will set, he said, that I am not a man who mean and weeps. The moments are precious this evening it will be too late to do what remains to be done. Will you save me from despair by saving yourself from shame?

' Monsieur !

"Oh, I shall not be particular as to my words in the presence of death—If you do not listen to me, I tell you, this evening we shall both be dead,—you, from shame, I, from having to see you die—Let us go straight for the enemy, Madame, as in our battles! Let us face the danger! Let us meet death! Let us go together,—I as the obscure soldier in the ranks, but brave, as you shall see, you with Majesty, with strength, in the thickest of the fight—If you succumb,—well, you will not be alone. Look on me as a brother, Madame—You are in need of money—to pay for this necklace?"

" T 2 33

"Do not deny it"

"I tell you

"Do not tell me you have not the necklace."

"I swear to you

"Do not swear, if you wish me to love you still"

"Olivier!"

"There is one way left to save your honor and my love The necklace is worth sixteen hundred thousand francs, of which you have already paid two hundred and fifty thousand Here is a million and a halt, take it"

"What is that for?"

"Do not stop to consider, take it and pay

"Your property sold! your lands taken by me and paid away! you despoil yourself for me! You are a good and noble man, and I will no longer palter with a love like that Olivier, I love you!"

"Accept this money"

"No, but I love you!"

"Monsieur de Rohan, then, is to pay it? Think of it, Madame, it is no longer generosity on your part, it is an overwhelming cruelty You accept from the cardinal—"

Come now Monsieur de Charny, I am the queen, and if I give my subjects either love or fortune, I accept neither from them

What then are you going to do ? ?

It is you who shall tell me what to do What do you say Monsieur de I ohan thinks !

He thinks that you are his mistress

You are cruel Ohvier

I speak as if face to face with death

What do you say the jewellers think?

'That mee the queen cannot pay Monsieur de I chan will pay for her

' What do you say the public thinks on the subject of the need lace?

"That you are in possession of it that you have had den it that you will acknowle igo it only when it shall have been paid for other by the carbinal through his love for you or by the lim, through four of so in lid

Well and you Charny in your turn — I look you in the face, and ask What do you think of the secures you saw in the park of Versalles?

I think Madame that you need to prove to me your innocence

'The Prince Louis Cardinal de Rohan, brand Almoner of France!' called the voice of an usher from the corridor

He! murmured Charny

The proof you require said the queen

You will receive him?

"I was about to send for him.

But I -- "

Go into my boudoir and leave the door ajar that you may hear all that is said

' Madame!"

"Go quickly, here comes the cuidinal" She pushed Monsieur de Chainy into the 100m which she had indicated, and ordered the cardinal to be admitted

Monsieur de Rohan appeared on the thieshold, resplendent in his official dress. At some distance behind him came a numerous following, whose costumes shone like their master's. Among these attendants were Boehmer and Bossange, somewhat embariassed in their court dress

The queen advanced to meet the cridinal, attempting a smile, which soon died out upon her lips. Louis de Rohan was grave, even sad. He had the calminess of the courageous man who is about to fight, the slightly threatening aspect of the priest who may have to paidon

The queen pointed to a seat, but the cridinal remained standing "Madame," he said, bowing, "I had many important things to communicate to your Majesty, who tries in every way to avoid my presence"

"I?" said the queen, "why, so far from avoiding you, I was just about to send for you"

The cardinal east a glance toward the boudoir "Am I alone with your Majesty?" he said in a low voice, "may I speak with perfect freedom?"

"With perfect freedom, Monsieur le Cardinal, be unconstrained, we are alone," and she spoke distinctly, as if desirous of being heard by the gentleman hidden in the next room. She enjoyed with pilde her courage, and the assurance which Monsieur de Charny would feel at the very first words.

The cardinal had resolved on his course of action IIe drew the stool up to the chair of the queen so as to be as far as possible from the folding doors

"You have a great many preambles," said the queen, affecting gayety

"The fact is - " said the cardinal

'The fact is ?' repeated the queen

'The king will not come in ?" asled Monsieur de Robin

"Have no fear of the king or anybody else replied Marie Antoinette quickly

Oh, it is you whom I fear, said the cardinal in an agitated voice

Then there is still less reason to be alarmed for I am not very formulable. Speak with fix words in a found and distinct voice. I like frankness and if you are reserved I shall thin! that you are not a man of honor. Oh, no more gestures. I have been told that you had a grickance against me. Speak. — I am fond of war. I am of a rice which knows no fear! You also I how that well With what do you reproach me?

The cardinal sighed, and role from his seat as if to breathe more freely. Finally, having mastered his emotion, he began to speak

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LYPLANATIONS

"MADAMI," said the cardinal, bowing, "you know what is said of our necklace?"

"No, Monsiem, I do not know, and I shall be happy to learn it from you"

"Why has your Majesty compelled me for so long a time to communicate with you only through a third person? Why, if you have any reason for hating me, do you not explain to me what it is?"

"I do not know what you mean, Monsieur le Cardinal, and I have no reason for hating you, but that, I believe, is not the object of our interview. Please to give me some positive information about this miserable necklace, and in the first place, where is Madame de La Motte?"

"I was about to ask that of your Majesty"

"Pardon, but if any one can tell where Madame de La Motte is, you are the one, I think"

"I, Madame, upon what ground?"

"Oh, I am not here to receive your confessions, Monsieur le Cardinal. I had need to speak to Madame de La Motte, I sent for her, and she has been sought for at her house many times; but she has sent no reply You will acknowledge that this disappearance is strange"

"And I, Madame, am also astonished at her disappearance, for I sent to Madame de La Motte, requesting her to

come to see me and she has treated my request as she did that of your Majesty " $\,$

Then let us leave the countess and speak of ourselves

Oh no, Midame let us speak of her for certain words of your Vajesty have excited in me a painful sus picion. It seems to me that your Vajesty reproached no with being too attentive to the counters?

I have as jet reprotehed jou with nothing at all Monsieur

Oh, Mrdame, the fact is that such a suspicion would explain to me all the susceptibilities of your soul, and then I should understand even in my de pur, the sever ity otherwise inexplicable, with which you have treated me

I no longer understand what you are saying,' said the queen 'You are impenderably obscure t is not to make the affair more intricate that I ask you for explanations. To the point I to the point I

Mudame cried the cardinal clusping his hands and drawin, nearer the queen, do not the favor not to change the conversation. Two words more on the subject which we were considerin, just now, and we should understand each other.

Really, Monsieur, you speal a language which I do not know, let us return to I rench I be. Where is that n chlace which I returned to the jewellers?'

The necklace you returned! cned Monsieur de Roban

Yes what have you done with it?"

I know nothing about it, Madame

Well there is one thing perfectly clear Madame de La Motte took the necklace and returned it in my name the jewellers pretend that they have not received it I have in my possession a receipt which proves the contrary, the jewellers say that the receipt is a forgery Madame de La Motte could in one word explain everything, she cannot be found. Well, let us put suppositions in the place of Indden fact. Madame de La Motte wished to return the necklace. You, whose kindly desire it was that I should buy this necklace, you, who brought it to me and offered to pay for it, an offer."

"Which your Majesty very unkindly refused to accept," said the cardinal, with a sigh

"Well, yes, you have persevered in this fixed idea that I should have the necklace, and therefore you did not return it to the jewellers, hoping still that I might be prevailed upon to take it Madame de La Motte has shown werkness in this matter, she who knew how impossible it was for me to pay for it, and my unchangeable resolution not to have it, since I had no money Madame de La Motte, through real for me, his conspired with you, and now she fears my anger and will not present herself Am I night? Tell me that I am Allow me to reproach you with this inconsiderateness, this disobedience of my formal orders. You shall be absolved by a reprimand, and that will be an end of it I will do more, I will promise you to paidon Madame de La Motte, so that she may be relieved of her penance But for mercy's sake, Monsieur, let us have light, light! I do not wish at this moment that a shadow should be cast upon my life, I will not have it, - do you hear?"

The queen had uttered these words so vigorously that the caidinal had neither dared nor been able to interrupt her, but as soon as she had ceased speaking, "Madame," he said, stifling a sigh, "I will reply to all your suppositions. No, I did not persevere in the idea that you ought to possess the necklace, since I was sure that you pos-

sessed it already No, I did not conspire with Madame de La Motte in connection with this necklace No it is no more in my possession than in that of the jewellers or in your own

It is not possible!" cried the queen, in amazement.
'You then have not the necklace?

- 'No Madame'
- "You have not advised Madame de La Motte to stay away on account of all this?
 - "No Midime
 - 'You have not conceal d her?
 - ' No Madame
 ' You do not know what has
 - ' You do not know what has become of her?"
 No more than you. Madame

I ut then how do you explue all that has happened?

- Madame, I am forced to confess that I cannot explain
 it. Moreover, it is not the first time that I have had to
 complain to the queen of not being understood by her
 - ' And when was that Monsieur I do not recall it"

Be so kind, Madame said the cardinal, "as to re read in imagination my letters

Your letters! said the queen in surprise 'You wrote to me?

Too seldom Madame to say all that was in my heart'

The queen rose It seems to me she said "that we have both been decerted let us end this little firee What were you saying about letters? What letters and what have you upon your heart or in your heart? I don't remember just what you said

My God! Madame perhaps I have uttered too loud the secret of my soul

What secret? Are you in your right mind, Monsieur le Cardinal?"

- "Madame!"
- "Oh, do not prevariente! You speak like a man who wishes to lay a snare for me, or who wishes to embarrass me, before witnesses"
- "I swear to you, Madame, that I have said nothing Is there really any one listening?"
- "No, Monsieur, a thousand times no! there is no one; so explain yourself fully, and if you are in full possession of your reason, prove it"
- "Oh, Madame, why is Madame de La Motte not here? She would help me she who is our friend to awaken, if not the attachment, at least the memory, of your Majesty"
- "Our friend, my attachment, my memory? I am falling from the clouds"
- "Ah, Madame, I entreat you," said the cardinal, stung by the sharp tone of the queen, "spare me! You are at liberty to love no longer, but do not insult me"
- "Ah, my God!" cried the queen, turning pale, "what is this man saying?"
- "Very well," continued Monsieur de Rohan, boiling with rage, "very well, Madame, I think I have been sufficiently discreet and reserved not to be so harshly treated, besides, I reproach you only with trivial grievances. I am wrong to repeat them. I should have known that when a queen has said, 'I am no longer willing,' it is a law as imperious as when a woman says, 'I am willing!'"

The queen uttered a wild cry, and served the cardinal by his lace sleeve "Tell me quickly, Monsieur," said she, in a trembling voice, "I said, 'I am no longer willing,' and I said, 'I am willing'? To whom did I say the one, to whom did I say the other?"

"Why, you said both to me"

To you?

"Forget that you said the one I shall not forget that you said the other

'You are a wretch, Monsieur de Pohan! You are a

13

You are a coward you calumniate a woman

17

" You are a traitor, you insult the queen

And you -you are a woman without heart, a queen without faith

Wretch 1

'You have led me by degrees to a mad love for you You have filled me with hopes

"Hopes! Wy God! am I mad? Is he a villun?"

Would I have dared otherwise to ask audiences at most which you granted me?

The queen uttered a cry of rage which was answered by a sigh from the boudoir

Would I have dared to come alone into the park of Versailles if you had not sent Madame de La Motte to mo?

' My God!'

"Would I have dered to steal the I ey which opens that gate near the huntsman's lodge? ?

My God!"

Would I have dared to ask you to bring the rose which I have here? Adored rose! accursed rose! dried, burned up by my ardent kisses!

My God 1"

Would I have compelled you to return the next night and give me both your hands whose sweetness consumes continually my brain and makes me mad. You are right to call me mad. "Oh, enough! enough!"

"Finally, would I, in my most furious pride, ever have dared to dream of that third night with its clear sky, its sweet silence, its perfidious love?"

"Monsiem 1 Monsiem 1" cried the queen, icticating from

the cardinal, "you are blasphoming "

- "My God!" replied the cardinal, raising his eyes to heaven, "thou knowest that to keep the love of this woman, I would have given my wealth, my liberty, my life!"
- "Monsieur de Rohan, if you wish to pieserve all that, you will say light here that you are seeking to ruin me, that you have invented all these horiors, that you did not come to Versailles in the night."
 - "I did come," replied the cardinal, nobly.
 - "You are a dead man if you maintain such language."
 - "A Rohan never lies I did come"
- "Monsieur de Rohan, Monsieur de Rohan, in the name of Heaven, tell me that you did not come into the park"
- "I would die, if necessary, as you threatened me just now, but I say that I saw you in the park of Versailles, whither Madame de La Motte conducted me"
- "Once more," cried the queen, hard and trembling with emotion, "do you retract?"
 - "No"
- "Still again, tell me that you have plotted against me this infamy?"
 - "No"
- "For the last time, Monsiem de Rohan, acknowledge that you may have been deceived, that all this is a calumny, a dream, an impossibility,—I know not what, but confess that I am innocent, that I may be so "

"No"

The queen drew herself up proudly and solemnly I ow will have therefore to deal with the justice of the king since you defy the justice of God

The cardinal bowed without speaking

The queen rang so violently that several of hcr women entered at once. Let his Majesty be informed she said that I be, he will do me the honor to come to me

An officer went to execute this order. The cardinal, determined to face everything boldly remained in the corner of the room.

Marie Antoinette approached several times the door of the bouldoir without entering as if having lost her reason she had found it again on reaching that door

Within a short time the king entered the room. As the door was thrown open in the midst of the waiting throng could be seen the agitated frees of Boehmer and Bossange who felt the storm in the air.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THL ARRLST.

The king had scarcely appeared at the door of the queen's cabinet when the queen addressed him vehemently. "Sire," she said, "here is Monsieur le Cardinal de Rohan, who says incredible things, please ask him to repeat them to you"

At these unexpected words the condinal turned pale. In fact, the position was so strange that he could not comprehend it. Could he repeat to his king, he the respectful subject, could he declare to the husband he the pretended lover—all the rights he thought he had acquired over the queen and the wife?

But the king turned toward the cardinal, thus absorbed in his reflections, and said, "It is with regard to a certain necklace, Monsieur, that you have incredible things to say to me, and I incredible things to hear? Speak, then, I am listening"

Monsieur de Rohan immediately decided upon his cource Of the two difficulties he would choose the least, of the two attacks, he would undergo that which was least dishonorable to the king and queen, and if they should imprudently expose him to the second danger, well, he would meet it like a brave man

- "With regard to the necklace, yes, Sire," murmured his Eminence
- "Why, Monsieur," said the king, "you did then buy the necklace?"

' Sire-"

"Yes or no?

The cardinal looked at the queen and did not answer

'les or no? she repeated The truth, Mon seur, the truth nothing else is asled of you

Monsieur de Rohan turned away his head and did not reply

Since Monsieur de Rohan will not answer answer yourself, Madame said the king you must know something of all this Did you yes or no purchase that neeklace?

No!' said the queen emphatically

Monsieur de Rohan shuddered

"This is the word of a queen! cried the ling sol emnly, 'take heed to it, Monsieur le Cardinal"

A sinile of scorn rose to Monsieur de Rohan's lins

' You say nothing?' said the kin-

"Of what am I accused Sire?

'The jewellers say that they sold a necklace either to you or the queen They show a receipt from her Myesty

The receipt is a forgery said the queen

'The jewellers continued the line say that in case the queen fuls to pay they are guaranteed by pledges made by you, Monsicur le Cardinal"

I do not refuce to pay Sire said Monsieur do Pohan
'This must of course be the truth since the queen allows
it to be said and he singled more scornfully than before

Monsieur le Cardinal" replied the king there is nevertheless in this affair a forgory which has compromised the signature of the queen of France

There is another for ery "cried the queen "of which it is not easy to accuse a nobleman — that by which it is pretended that the jewellers took back the necklaca.

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"The queen is at liberty," said Monsieur de Rohan in the same tone, "to attribute to me both forgenes, what matters it whether I committed one or two?"

"Be careful," said the king to the cardinal, "you render your position more serious, Monsiem. I tell you to justify yourself, and you have the appearance of accusing others."

The cardinal reflected a moment, then as if succumbing under the weight of this mysterious calumny which would affect his honor, "Justify myself?" he said, "impossible!"

"Monsieur, the jewellers six that a necklare has been stolen from them, by offering to pix for it, you confess that you are guilty'

"Who will believe it?" said the cardinal, with superb disdain

"Then, Monsiem, if you do not suppose that it will be believed, it shall be believed," and an angry look came over the usually placed face of the king

"Sile, I know nothing of what is said," replied the cardinal "I know nothing of what has been done, I can only affirm that I have not had the necklace, I can only say that the diamonds are in the possession of some one who ought to declare himself, but will not, and who obliges me to repeat to him that passing of Scripture, 'Let the punishment fall on the head of the guilty'"

At these words the queen made a movement to take the arm of the king, who said to her, "The question is between you and him, Madame For the last time I ask, have you this necklace?"

"No, by the honor of my mother, by the life of my son"

The king, full of joy at this declaration, turned toward the cardinal "Then the affair is between you and jus-

tice Monsieur he said, unless you should prefer to trust to my clemency

The clamency of kings is for the guilty Sire replied the circuital, I prefer the justice of men

You will acknowledge nothing then?

I have nothing to say

But, Monsieur cried the queen your dence comprom es my honor!

The cardinal was silent

'Well then, I will not be silent continued the queen Fins isserve is terrible to me and it priteids a generosity which I disclum You must know Sire that the crime of the critical does not wholly consist in the sile or robbiry of the neel lace

Monsieur de I ohan raised his head, and turned pale

What is the me uning of this? said the king becoming unersy

Madanie! murmured the cardinal in alarm

Oh no consideration no fear no wealness shall prevent me from spealing. I have here in my heart motives which in o me to produm my innocence in the public place

Your innocence!' said the king 'Why Madune who would be bold enough, or cowardly enough to force your Majesty to speak that word?

'I entrert you Madame, sud the cudinal

'Ah you be on to tremble I had guessed aright your plots need the dirl ness! Civo mo the full habt of day! Sue as! Mouseur lo Cardinal to tell you what he has nest told me here in this place

Widame f Madame f said Monstein de l'olivit, tal e care you are pissue, all bounds !

'What do you say? said the ling haughtily "Who speals thus to the queen? It is not I I suppose?'

"That is exactly the case, Sire," said Marie Antoinette "Monsieur le Cardinal speaks thus to the queen because he pretends to have the right to do so"

"You, Monsieur'" muimured the king, becoming livid

"He!" cried the queen, scornfully, "he!"

"Monsieur le Cardinal has proofs?" said the king, taking a step toward the prince.

"Monsieur de Rohan has letters, so he says," said the queen

"Let us see them, Monsiem !" insisted the king

"Those letters!" cried the queen, uignly, "those letters! Oh, that is not all," pursued the queen, who was growing more and more animated under the influence of the cardinal's generous silence, "Monsieur le Cardinal has obtained rendezvous"

"Madame, for pity's sake!" said the king.

"For modesty's sake " sud the cardinal

"In short, Monsieur!" and the queen, "if you are not the basest of mankind, if you hold anything sacred in this world, if you have proofs, produce them"

Monsieur de Rohan slowly raised his head and replied, "No, Madame, I have none"

"You will not add this crime to the others," continued the queen; "you will not cover me with disgrace. You have an accomplice, a witness in all this, name him, or name her."

'Who is it then?" cried the king

"Madame de La Motte, Sire," said the queen

"Ah," said the king, triumphant at seeing his suspicions justified, "well, let me see this woman, let me question her"

"Ah, yes, but she has disappeared," said the queen "Ask Monsieur what he has done with hei"

"Others must have caused her disappearance replied the cardinal, who are more interested to keep her away than I can be That is the reason why she can no longer be found'

But, Monsieur since you are innocent 's said the queen with rage, ' help us to find the guilty ones '

But the Cardinal de Rohan after havin, darted a last glance to med his back and folded his arms

'Mon neur said the king deeply offended, 'you shall be taken to the Bastille

The cardinal bowed then, in a firm tone said. Thus attred in my pontifical robes before the whole court? Consider Sire the scandal will be terrible and will be most heavy for the head on which it shall fall

I wish it thus said the ling very much agit ited

' It is an injustice to which you are prematurely subjecting a prelate Sire and torture before accusation is not legal

It must be so replied the king opening the door of the room to look for one one to whom to give his order

Monsieur de Breteui was there, his piercin, eyes had divined in the excited uppearance of the queen, in the agitation of the king in the attitude of the cardinal the ruin of an enemy. The king had hardly finished spealing to him in a low voice when he cried out aloud. 'Ar rest Monsieur le Cardinal!

Monsieur de Rohan trembled The nurmurs he heard throughout the gallery, the a_oitation of the courtiers the sudden arrival of the body guards gave to this scene a character of ill omen

The cardinal passed before the queen without bowing
—an insult which made the blood of the proud prin
cess boil He bowed very humbly in passing before
the ling and assumed when approaching Monsieur de

Breteurl an expression of pity so skilfully shaded that the baron must have thought himself insufficiently avenged

A heutenant of the guards approached timidly, and seemed to ask of the cardinal himself confirmation of the order he had just heard

"Yes, Monsieur," said Monsieur de Rohan to him; "yes, it is I whom you are to arrest"

"You will conduct Monsieur to his apartment, while I decide during Mass what is to be done," said the king, in the midst of a death like silence

The king remained alone with the queen, the doors still open, while the cardinal slowly withdrew along the gallery, preceded by the lieutenant of the guards, hat in hand

"Madame," said the king, "you know that this must lead to a public trial, — that is to say, a scandal beneath which will fall the honor of the guilty ones"

"I thank you!" cried the queen, pressing tenderly the hands of the king, "you have taken the only method of justifying me"

"You thank me?"

"With all my soul. You have acted as a king! I, as a queen? Be assured of it"

"It is well," replied the king, full of joy, "we shall at last get at the root of all this villany, and when the serpent shall have been once crushed beneath our feet, I hope we shall live in peace and happiness." He kissed the queen's blow and returned to his own apartments

At the extremity of the gallery, Monsieur de Rohan had found Boehmer and Bossange half-fainting in each other's arms. Then, some paces farther on, the cardinal perceived his courier, who, frightened at this disaster, was watching for a look from his master.

"Monsieur' said the cardinal to the officer who con ducted him, can I send word home that I am arrested?

"Oh Monseigneur if no one sees you"

The cardinal thanked him, then addressing his courier in Germin he wrote a few words upon a pige of his prayer book which he toro off and let fall at the feet of his courier

I follow you" he said to the officer, and they disappeared together

The courier pounced upon this paper like a vulture on his prey rushed out of the palace mounted his horse and fled to Pans The cardinal could see him galloping along the road through one of the windows of the stair case as he was descending with his guide

She ruins me he murn ured I saveher! It is for you my kin, that I do this it is for you my God, who commands the forgiveness of injuries it is for you that I forgive others Togive me!

CHAPTER XXXIX

DOCUMENTS IN EVIDENCE

The king had scarcely got back to his room, and signed the order for the committal of Monsieur de Rohan to the Bastille, when Monsieur le Comte de Provence entered the cabinet, making signs to Monsieur de Breteurl which the latter could not comprehend. These signs, however, were not addressed to the keeper of seals, but were intended to attract the attention of the king, who every little while glanced into a looking-glass opposite which he was sitting while inditing his order. The count at last succeeded, the king perceived the signs, and dismissing Monsieur de Breteurl, "Why did you make those signs to Breteurl?" he said to his brother

- "Oh, Sne!"
- "That vivacity of gesture, that preoccupied air means something"
 - "Doubtless, but "
- "You are at liberty to keep silent, brother," said the king, with an air of vexation.
- "Sire, I have just learned of the arrest of Monsieur le Cardinal de Rohan"
- "Well, why should this news cause you such agitation? Is it because Monsieur de Rohan did not appear to you to be guilty? Have I done wrong to strike at even the powerful?"
- "Wrong l by no means, brother You have not been wrong, I did not mean to say that"

"It would have surprised mo very much Monsieur le Comte de Provence if you had taken the part, against the queen of a man who ought to dishonor her I have just seen the queen, brother a word from her sufficed—

Oh, Sire God forbid that I should accuse the queen I Her Majesty — my sixter — has no more devoted friend than I How many times has it happened that I have defended her, on the contrary, and it may be said without reproach even against yourself?

'Indeed, brother, has she been accused so often?

'I am unfortunate Sire you attack me at every word I would say that the queen herself would not believe me, if I appeared to doubt her innocence

Then you rejoice with me in the humiliation of the cardinal in the prospect of the trial which will ensue in the scandal which will terminate the calumnies which no one would utter against a simple woman of the court?

Yes Sire I approve entirely the conduct of your Majesty and I say that all is as it should be with regard to the affair of the necklice.

'Pardieul brother said the king nothing could be more transparent. Has not Monsieur de I ohan been boasting of the familiar friendship of the queen concluding in his own name a bargain for the diamonds she has refused and allowing, it to be said that these diamonds had been taken by the queen or by some one for the queen? It is monstrous! It is as she said 'What would people have believed if I had Monsieur de Pohan for an associate in this mysterious triffic!'

Sire

"And then you do not know brother that calumny never stops half may that the meansalerateness of Mon seur de Rohan compromises the queen but that the rehearsal of this meansalerateness dishonors her

- "Oh, yes, brother, yes, I repeat it, you have been entirely light as far as the affair of the necklace is concerned"
- "Well, what do you mean?" said the king, in surprise. "Is there anything else?"
 - "But, Sne the queen must have told you"
 - "Told me what ?"
- "Sine, you wish to embarrass me It is impossible that the queen should not have told you "
 - "Told me what, Monsieur? What is it?"
 - "Sire"
- "Ah, the pranks of Monsieur de Rohan, his concealments, his pretended correspondence?"
 - "No, Sue, no"
- "What then can you mean? the interviews the queen granted to Monsieur de Rohan on this business of the necklace"
 - "No, Sue, it is not that"
- "All that I know is this, that I have absolute confidence in the queen, which she ments by her nobility of character. It would have been very easy for her Majesty not to have said a word of all this. By at once cutting short all this mystery, which was becoming a scandal, she has shown that she appealed to me before appealing to the public. She has selected me as her confessor, her judge, the queen has therefore told me all."
- "Well, then," replied the Comte de Provence, "once more you are questioning my friendship and my respect for the queen, my sister—If you proceed against me with this susceptibility I shall be afraid to say arything lest I who am her advocate pass for an accuser or an enemy And yet see how illogical you are. The queen's confessions have already led to the discovery of a truth which justifies my sister—Why should you not wish to see more,

so that the queen's innocence may be more clearly revealed?

To the point advocate to the point! What do you know more than the queen has told me?

"Nothing Sire, and everything Let me know first just what the queen has told you

'The queen has told me that she has not the necklace

' Good!"

"She says that she did not sign the receipt given to the jewellers

' Very good!

'She says that the report of an arrangement with Monsieur de Rohan is false — an invention of her enemies"

Very good Sire

'She says that she has never given Monsieur de Rohan the right to think that he was more to her than one of her subjects—a per on indifferent to her unknown

Ah!—she has said that?
And in a tone that admitted no answer, the cardinal

and in a tone that admitted no answer, the cardinal

Then Sire if the curlinal did not reply he confessed himself a har and by this disavoval he aids the currency of other rumors of preferences accorded to cartain persons by the queen?

Eh great Cod! is there more to come? cried the king in a tone of deep discouragement

Nothing but what is very absurd as you will see Since it is established that Monsieur de Rohan did not walk with the queen —

What! cried the king is it pretended that Monsieur de Rohan has taken walks with the queen?

Which has been denied by the queen herself Sire and by the disavowal of Monsieur de Rohan But in short, when that is settled inquiry arises, malignity is so persistent, how it came about that the queen should walk in the night in the park of Versailles"

"In the night | in the park | the queen!"

"And with whom she walked," continued the count, quietly

"With whom?" murmured the king

"Certainly All eyes are fixed upon the queen, especially observant of what she does at night"

"But, brother, what you say is infamous! Be

"Sire, I repeat it, and with so much indignation that I am sure your Majesty will feel impelled to discover the truth"

"What, Monsieur! It is said that the queen walks with company, in the night, in the park of Versailles?"

"Not with company, Sire, in private Oh, if rumor had said 'with company,' it would have been of no consequence."

The king broke forth anguly, "You will prove to me, Monsieur, what you have said"

"Oh, easily, very easily. There are four certificates The first is by my captain of the hunt, who saw the queen, two nights in succession, leaving the park by the gate near the huntsman's lodge Here it is, read it"

The king took the paper with trembling hands, read it, and returned it to his brother

"Here is one, Sire, that is more interesting. It is that of the night-guard at Trianon. He declares that in the parks all was quiet, except on the night when her Majesty the queen was taking a walk leaning on a gentleman's arm. See, the report is explicit."

The king read, shuddered, and dropped his arms by his sides

"The third," continued the count, quietly, "is that of

the guard at the eastern gate. This man saw and recomized the queen as she was leaving the pirk. Look Sire he says that from the distance he was unable to recognize the gentleman from whom her Uajesty was parting but from his general appearance thought him to be an officer. He adds currously enough, that the presence of his Majesty could not be doubted because she was accompanied by the queen's friend, Madame de La Motte.

The queen's friend! cried the king furiously Yes, it is so written — the queen's friend

'The last continued the count seems to be more definite than all the others. It is that of the master of the locks charged with seein, that all the gites are locked at night. He certifies that he saw the queen going into Apollo's Baths with a gentleman

The king snatched the paper from the hands of the count, and read it

Meanwhile the Comte de Provence continued It is true that Madame de La Motte remained outside, at a dis tance of twenty paces and that the queen remained only about an hour in that payalion

'But the name of the gentleman ?" cried the Ling

"Sire, he is not named in this report but if your Majesty will glance at one other certificate — It is that of a gamekeeper who was watching for game near Apollo s Ratha

' Dated on the following day' said the king

"Yes, Sire He saw the queen go out of the park by the little gate, and look around her She was leaning on the arm of donsieur de Charny

Monsieur de Charny!" cried the king beside himself with rage and shame Well well— Wait for me here Count, I am going at last to get at the truth of this matter, and he rushed out of his cabinet

CHAPTER XL.

A LAST ACCUSATION.

When the king left the queen's room she ran to the boudoir, where Monsieur de Chainy had heard everything. She pushed open the door, and then having closed that into the corridor, she fell exhausted into an arm chair, and silently awaited the judgment of Monsieur de Charny. The count came out from the boudoir, pale and melancholy.

"Well?" said the queen

"Madame," he replied, "you see that everything is opposed to our friendship. If my own conviction should not wound you, still there is public opinion. After the scandal that has now burst forth, there can be no peace for you, no rest for me."

"Then," said the queen, with much emotion, "all that I have just done, this commotion, this perilous attack on one of the highest noblemen in the kingdom, my open hostility to the Church, my good name exposed to parliamentary discussion, — all this does not satisfy you? I say nothing of the confidence of the king, destroyed forever What is the king? only a husband," and she smiled, with so bitter sadness that tears gushed from her eyes.

"Oh," cried Charny, "you are the most noble, the most generous of women! If I do not reply at once as my heart urges me, it is because I feel my inferiority, and

dare not profane that sublime heart by asking for a place in it

- 'Monsieur de Charny, you think me guilty ? Madame!
- ' Monsieur de Charny, you have believed the words of the cardinal?'

Madame!

"Monsieur de Charny I demand that you tell me what impression the attitude of Monsieur de Rohan has left on your mind'

I must say Madame that Monsieur de Rohan has not acted like the madman you said he was nor like a weak man is some might have thought him. He is acting on sincere convictions. He loves you and at this moment is the victim of an error which must lead him to ruin and you.—

Me 3'

'You Madame to mevitable dishonor'
My God!

Before me rises a threatening spectre — that odious woman Madame de La Motte who has disappeared when her evidence might restore to us tranquillity, honor security. That woman is your evil genius the scourge of royalty, that woman whom you have imprudently ad mitted to a knowledge of your secrets alas! perhaps of your intimacy —

My secrets! my intimacy! Ah Monsieur I beg of you -

- Madame the cardinal affirmed very clearly and proved it that you had arranged with him the purchase of the necklace
- ' Ah you come back to that Monsieur de Charny! sud the queen blushing
 - 'Jardon pardon! You see that my heart is less gen

erous than yours, that I am unworthy to share your thoughts I seek to assuage, and I only irritate"

"Monsieur," said the queen, assuming a haughty and angry manner, "what the king believes, all the world may believe. I shall not be more accommodating to my friends than to my husband It seems to me that a man can no longer wish to see a woman when he has lost his respect I am not speaking of you, Monsieur," she said, "I am not a woman, I am a checking herself suddenly queen, you are not a man, but, for me, a subject"

Charny bowed so low that the queen had reason to think

the humility of this subject quite sufficient.

"I advised you," she said suddenly, "to remain on your estates That would have been more prudent mote from the life of the court, which is made so uncongenial to you by your habits, your rectitude, and allow me to say your inexpenselect, you might have judged more correctly those who play their part upon that stage In order to preserve the optical illusion, Monsieur de Charny, we ought to keep on our rouge and our high heels in presence of the multitude Too ready to condescend, I have neglected, as a queer, to maintain toward those who loved me the dazzling pomp of royalty. Ah, Monsieur de Charny, the crown on the head of a queen enables her to dispense with chastity, gentleness, intelligence, and especially affection She is a queen, Monsieur, she rules, to what purpose should she be beloved?"

"I cannot tell you, Madame," replied Charny, with agitation, "now much I am distressed by your Majesty's severity. I had forgotten that you were my queen, but render me that Justice I have never forgotten that, above all other women, you are entitled to my respect

and my

"Do not finish, I am not soliciting. Yes, as I said,

absence is necessary to you. Something tells me that your name will at length be involved in this matter.

'Mad une, it is impos ible ! '

You say impossible Think then of the power of those who, for the last six months have been playing with my reputation — with my life. Have not you said that the cardinal is acting from sincere consistion in conse quence of an error into which he has fillen? Those who cause such convictions Monsieur le Comte. - those who create such errors will be able to prove that you are dis loyal to the king and a disgraceful friend to me Those who can invent so readily what is false will they not dis cover what is true! Lose no time then the danger is serious Withdraw to your estates avoid the impending scandal I do not wish that my fate should drag you down and that your career should be destroyed I who than God ' am endowed with the strength of innocence I who have no stain upon my life. I who am resolved to open my breast to my elemies that they may see the purity of my heart, - I shall resist. For you there will be ruin di grace perhaps the pri on Talle back your money so nobly offered and receive the assurance that not one of the generous impulses of your soul has escaped my I nowledge that your doubts have not wounded me and that I have sympathized with your sufferings Depart I say and seel elsewhere what the queen of France cannot give you, - faith hope, happi ness Before the natter can come to trial before parlia ment fifteen day must elapse Go then! Your uncle has two ve els ready at Cherbourg and at Nantes make your choice But at all events go away from me I am the bearer of misfortune avoid me I valued but one thing in the world that fail me and I am lost"

On saving these words the queen rose abruptly and

charny approached her respectfully, but eagerly. "Your Majesty," he said in an agitated voice, "has shown to me my duty. It is not on my estates, it is not outside of France, that the danger hes, but at Versailles, where you are suspected, at Paris, where you are to be judged. You cannot have a more loyal witness, a more resolute support, than I, I shall remain. Those who know so many things will say them; but at least we shall have the happiness

dear to courageous hearts of meeting our enemies face to face. Let them tremble before the majesty of an innocent queen, and the courage of a man superior to them Yes, I shall remain, Madame, and be assured your Majesty need no longer hide your thoughts from me Every one knows that I do not run away from danger You know that I have no fear, you know too that in order to avoid me it is not necessary to send me into exile. Oh, Madame, hearts that are separated can understand each other, at a distance aspirations are even more aident than in proximity Fear nothing! I shall be near enough to help you, to defend you, but not near enough to disturb or injure you You did not see me, did you, during the time that I lived near you, watching your movements, counting your steps, living your life? Well, it will be so again, for I cannot obey your wish, I cannot go away Besides, what difference would it make? Would you, in any case, have thoughts of me?"

The queen made a movement which separated her from the young man 'It shall be as you please," said she, "but—you have understood me—I am not a coquette, Monsieur de Charny—It is the privilege of a queen to think what she says, and to say what she thinks—I avail myself of that privilege—One day, Monsieur, I distinguished you among those who surrounded me.—I do not

know what drew my heart toward you I thirsted for a friendship strong and pure, and I allowed you to perceive this did I not? It is so no longer I no longer think as I thought then I your soul is no longer kindred to my own I avow it to you frankly Let us spare each other.

It is well Madame I never thought that you had cho en me I never thought — Ah Yadame I cannot bear the mea of losin, you Madame I am mad with jealousy and fear Madame I will not suffer you to terr your heart from me it is mine you have given it to me and no one shall take it from me but with my life Be a woman, be kind to me do not abuse my weakness for just now you blamed me for my doubts and now you crush me with your own

Heart of a child, — heart of a woman said the queen you wish me to depend on you! Fine pro tectors we should be for each other! Weal — oh yes, indeed you are weak and I, alas! am not stronger than you

"I should not love you murmured Charny, were you other than you are

"What 1" exclaimed the queen in tones of prissionate eagerness this queen accursed this queen who is ruined, this woman on whom parliament is to sit in judgment whom public opinion will condemn whom her husband, her king will perhaps drive from him —this woman still finds a heart that loves her?"

A servant who worships her and who offers her all the blood of his heart in exchange for the terr she has just now shed

That woman cried the queen is blessed is proud, if the first among women the happiest of all! That woman is too happy Monsieur de Charny I know not

how that woman could have complained, forgive her!"

Charny fell at the feet of Maric Antoinette, and kissed them in a transport of religious love

At that moment the door was thrown open, and the king appeared, trembling, thunderstruck, on the threshold He had surprised the man accused by Monsieur de Provence at the feet of Marie Antoinette





CHAPTER \LI

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE

THE queen and Charny exchanged glances so full of terror that their most cruel enemy would have pitted them both Charny rose and saluted the king with profound respect

"Ah said the king in a hollow voice, ' Monsieur de Charny!

The count replied only by another salutation The queen felt that she was lost

The ling continued Monsieur de Charmy it is not honorable to a gentleman to be caught in the act of robbery

Pobbery! murmured Charny

Robbery! repeated the queen, who seemed to hear again hissing in her ear those horrible accurations respecting the necklace and imagined that the count was also about to be soiled by them

Yee" pursued the Ling ' kneeling before another s wife is robbery and when that wife is a queen Monsieur we call it high treason

The count was about to speak he was about to protest his innocence when the queen, eager in her genero ity not willing that the man she loved should be accused of an unworthy act came to his aid. Sire she said eagerly

it seems to me you are assuming a habit of evil su pi cions and unfavorable suppositions which I warn you are unfounded. I see that respect enchains the count's tongue but I who know his goodness will not allow him to be accused without defending him." She paused, exhausted by her emotion, terrified at the falsehood which she would be obliged to invent, and in despair because she could think of none

But this hesitation, which appeared so odious to the proud spirit of the queen, was really the salvation of the woman. In these homble encounters, where the honor, even the life, of the woman surprised is often at stake, a minute gained is sufficient to save her, as a second lost is enough to ruin her. The queen by instinct had seized the favorable moment for delay, she had checked the suspicions of the king, and restored the confidence of the count.

"Do you mean to say," replied Louis XVI leaving the sôle of king to assume that of the anxious husband, "that I did not see Monsieur de Charry there on his knees before you, Madame? Now, when a man is permitted to kneel thus, it must be "

'It must be, Monsieur," said the queen, severely, "that a subject of the queen of France has a favor to ask of her"

"A favor to ask of you!" cried the king

"And a favor I cannot grant," pursued the queen "Otherwise, Monsieur de Charry would not have needed to entreat upon his knees, I assure you, and I should have joyfully granted his wish to a gentleman for whom I have a particular esteem"

Charny breathed again The eye of the king had become uncertain, his brow had gradually relaxed from its unusual threatening an which surprise had caused it to assume

Meanwhile Marie Antoinette, angry at being compelled to utter a falsehood, and in despain at not finding one to

utter was searching districtedly for some plausible fiction She had expected by acl nowledging herself powerless to grant the count the favor he solicited, to restrun the curiosity of the king and had I oped that the examination would stop there She was mi taken Any other woman would have been more prudent by showing less haughts ness but for her it was torture to utter an untruth before the man she loved for exhibit herself in this false in ht was to conclude all the ful choods and strata ems of the parl intrigue by a denouement as infamous it was almost acknowled_ing her elf _uilty, - it was worse than She hesitated still She would have given her life that it might be Charny who should invent the lie but he the loval g utleman did not even think of doing so He was afruid in his delicacy of seeming even dis nose I to defend the honor of the queen

Marie Antoinette awaited in fearful susp use the question of the ling

Come Malame, what is this fivor which Monsieur le Charmy has solicited in vain and for which he kin els before year! I shall perhaps be more happy than you Madame and Monsieur de Charmy will not be under the neces ity of kneeling before me

Sire I told you that Monsieur de Charny asled some thing imposable

But tell me at least what it is

What can a man ask on his knees? the queen asked herself what can be beg of me that it is impossible to grant? Let me s e! let me see!

I am waiting said the king

Sire it is — what Monsieur de Charny asks is a family secret

There are no secrets from the king —the sovereign of his kingdom and a father interested in the honor and safety of his subjects, who are his children, even," added Louis XVI, with great dignity, "when these unnatural children attack the honor and the safety of their father"

- "Monsieur de Charny," cried she, her mind disturbed and her hands trembling, "wished to obtain from me"
 - "What, Madame?"
 - "Permission to marry"
- "Really!" cried the king, at first reassured, then relapsing again into his jealous anxiety "Well, then," he said, without remarking the suffering of the poor woman in uttering these words, or how pale Charny had become on seeing this suffering, "well, why is it impossible for Monsieur de Charny to marry? Is he not a man of good family? Has he not a handsome fortune? Is this woman whom Monsieur de Charny desires to marry a princess of the blood, or is she already married? Tell me her name, and if she be in neither of these two positions, I will remove every difficulty to please you"

The queen, induced by the still increasing danger, urged on by the consequences even of the first falsehood, replied quickly, "No, Monsieur, no, there are difficulties which even you cannot overcome"

"All the more reason that I should know the thing which is impossible to the king," interrupted Louis XVI, with rising anger

Charny looked at the queen, who seemed about to fall He would have gone to her but the king's immobility prevented him. By what night could he who was nothing to this woman, offer his hand or his assistance to her whom her husband and her king abandoned

"What power is that?" she asked herself, "against which the king cannot contend? Give me this idea, give me this aid, my God!" Suddenly a gleam of light shot

across her mind Ah God himself sends me this aid she murmured Those who belong to God cannot be taken from him even by the king Then, rusing her head 'Monsieur she said to the king the person Monsieur de Churny wishes to mury is in a content

'Ah, cred the kin, 'hat is an objection in fic it is very difficult to talle from God that which is his to give it to man. But it is stringe that Monsicur de Charny should have conceived a suddin a passion no one has ever spoken to me abou it —not even his uncle who can obtain anything he asks of me. What is the name of this woman whom you love Monsieur de Charny ?

The queen was in agony. She was about to hear a name pronounced by Oliver, she was about to undergo the tortures consequent upon her falschood. Charny might utter the name of one formerly loved — a till firsh memory of the past, or the name of one whom he was beginning to love — a value hope of the future. Fo escape this terrible blov. Mane intonette cried out suddenly "Why, Sire you I now the person whom Monsieur de Charny asks to marry, it is—Mademeische Andree de Taverney.

Charny utte ed 'a cry, and hid his face in his hands. The queen placed her hand upon her heart and fell almost fainting upon her chair.

Mademoiselle de Taverney!" repeated the kin, —
"Mademoiselle de Taverney, who has retired to the convent at Saint Denis?

Yes Sire," the queen said in a weak voice

- "But I do not know that she has yet taken her yous?
- ' But she is to take them
- "We will male a condition to that said the king 'And yet, he added, with a remnant of mistrust "why should she take yows?

"She is poor," said Marie Antoinette, "you have enriched only her father," she added severely

"That is a wrong I will repair, Madame, Monsieur de Charny loves her"

The queen shuddered, and darted at the young man an eager look as if imploring him to deny it—Charny looked steadily at Mane Antomette, and did not reply

"It is well," said the king, who took this silence for respectful assent, "and doubtless Mademoiselle de Taverney loves Monsieur de Chainy? I will give Mademoiselle de Taverney as dowry the five hundred thousand francs which, the other day, I refused to Monsieur de Calonne, who wanted them for you. Thank the queen, Monsieur de Chainy, for relating to me this affair and securing the happiness of your life."

Chainy took a step forward and bowed, looking like a white statue to which, for a moment, life had been minaculously imparted.

"Oh, that is worth the trouble of getting down on your knees again," said the king, with a touch of that vulgarity which, in him, qualified the traditional nobility of his lace

The queen shuddered, and impulsively extended her hands to the young man. He kneeled down and kissed them, praying to God that in that kiss upon the queen's cold hands he might give up his life.

"Now," said the king, "we will leave to Madame the charge of your affairs Come, Monsieur, come" He went out first, and so quickly that Charny was able to look back for an instant and sec in the eyes of the queen the ineffable grief of an eternal farewell. Then the door was closed between them, a barrier henceforth impassible to innocent love.

CHAPTEP XLII

SAINT DENIS

Thi queen rimined alone and in de pair. So many blows had assailed her at the same time that he did not know which one had given her the most pain. After having remained in hour in this state of doubt and digection she sail to her-eff that it was time to seek a way out of her difficultie. The danger was increasing. The kin proud of a victory he had obtained over appearances would hasten to spread the report of it. It im hit happen that this report would be so received outside that the alian age to be gained by the deception would allo be to That deception alast how the queen reproceded herself with it how gladly she would have recalled a that she had said, how much she wished to take away, even from Andre, the chimerical happiness which she would perhaps refuse.

Here was another difficulty. Who could be sure that so proud a person as Vademoiselle de Taverney would consent to accrifice her liberty or her future for the au vantage of a queen whom only a few days before she had left in enunty. Then if Andree should refuse — and that was probable — all this scaffolding of fischood would fall. The queen would appear to be an intriguing woman of small intellect. Charny a mere har and the calumny would be transformed into an accusation, perhaps of adultery.

Marie Antoinette felt that her reason was giving way under these reflections, she sank her burning head between her hands and meditated. In whom could she confide? Who was her friend, Madame de Lamballe? Oh, she was pure reason, cold and inflexible reason! She could think of no one but Mademoiselle de Taverney herself, whose invincible steadfastness and perfect purity would enable her to sympathize with the heavy sorrows of a queen. She would go then to Andrée, relate to her her misfortunes, and enticat her to sacrifice herself course Andrée would refuse, because she was not one of those who allow themselves to be imposed upon, but by degrees, softened by her entretties, she would consent Besides, a delay might be obtained. The king, appeared by the apparent consent of the affianced parties, might finally forget. Then a voyage would settle everything, and after a while Chuny and Andiće might declare that they had annulled then engagement, thus no one would surmise that the projected marriage had been a feint

In this way the liberty of Mademoiselle de Taverney would escape being compromised, and Charny would not lose his own. The queen would not suffer from the remorse of having sacrificed the happiness of two beings to save her own honor, and yet that honor, which was also that of her husband and her children, would be transmitted unsulfied to the future queen of France

When she had fortified herself by these arguments and reflections, Marie Antoinette determined on going to Saint Denis

It was then three o'clock, the hour at which a grand ceremonious dinner had been ordered, then came presentations and the reception of visits. The queen received everybody with a serene countenance, and an affability which did not derogate from her well-known pride. She

affect I, even with the without the cold red for nemics, a calmbers which is not entiranty shown by guilty persons.

Neve hal there been to great a crowder or it leave hal curo uty note narrowly like 1/2. Ith fature of a quenin pent. Marie Antin te foliatall on fund a her enemies and schant thereform 1 it only a reinliferent because zeal spant the zeal of him is linked at a 1/2 are last vely and and the him is published fred her his congruents.

Then when all this case verying a leber soil van I result in her painful the head wall all all in the world,—she changed I recovery 1 tens gray silk lives and a gray by trime it with nite is and the fliwers cut will be corresponding to the latter paint of the sale of panel of it is on laber he was from the Sunt D in She asked to a Mal trosell. An Interference in the turlor

The late on her lines wrapped in hir white weell in the was wat ling through her wind with incention he hand the hall after and in the patrs of the early major she found the thin in of all the prayers frient and pursonate which she allow lite (I to relive the impush of hir soil. She was drinking in long draw has of the butter pain of voluntary at once. This tortion is known only to brive soils it is at once a triting and a leasure. It is in less in its augustical ordinary grife at the rame time at almost announts to a literapy which they alone can feel who know how to as infect happing is to under

An Ire hall left the court of her own free will Ir ul as Clepatra she could not be us the a let that Monacur do Charny hal thought of another weman, even if that woman were the queen. She had no proof of his burning. passion for another, but had she not seen him pass by her indifferently? Had she not suspected the queen of possessing, innocently no doubt, his homage and preference? Of what use, after that, to remain at Versulles? To beg for compliments? To obtain from time to time the offer of an aim, or the help of a hand, when in their walks the queen would lend her the points attentions of Charny, because she could not just at thit moment accept them herself?

No, no cowardly weakness, no such compromise for this heroic soul. Life with love and preference, the closser with love and wounded pride! "Never! rever!" the proud Andree said to herself, "he whom I love in secret, he who is for me but a cloud, a portrait, a remembrance,—he never oftends me, he always smiles on me, he smiles only on me."

Her mute contemplations of pure love, the divine ecstasies of the solitary dieamer, constituted a life more suited to the untamable Andrée than the brilliant fetes at Versailles, where she would be under the necessity of bowing down before rivals, and would be haunted by the fear of divulging the secret slut up in her heart

While Andrée was in the midst of her meditations, one of the sisters came to tell her that the queen was in the large parlor and wished to see her

Strange thing! Andrée, whose heart was softened by love, needed no more than this to make her spring forward to meet this perfume wafted to her from Versailles,—a perfume she had cursed the evening before, the more precious in proportion as it was remote from her, precious as everything which evaporates, as everything which is forgotten, precious as love "The queen," she murmured,—"the queen at Saint Denis' The queen calls for me!"

Andree threw over her shoulders the long mantle worn by nuns and without prising for a lance at her intror followed the sister who had come for hir. But almost immediately she began to be asbumed of the joy she felt

Why does my heart bound? she said to herself How does it concern my that the queen comes inther? Come be calm, unworthy min thou belong t neither to God nor to the world, — try, at least to belong to thy self

Thus Andree repriminded herself as she descended the stairs. Controlling her off she bruished from her cheeks the fugitive flush of hister and checked the rapidity of her movements. When she entered the reception room she was cold and pale. On hearing her name announced and ening Mane Antoinette in the chair of the obbess and around her the met noble heads of the chapter bowed in reverence Andree was cized with a sudden a station and prused in her approach.

Ah!" said the queen half smiling come nearer Mademoiselle I wish to speal with you

Andree approached and bowed her head

"You will point me, Madume?" said the queen, turning toward the superior

The superior replied with a reverence, and left the salon, followed by the nuns

The queen remained alone with Andree

CHAPTER XLIII

A DEAD HEART.

THE queen opened the conversation "You are here then, Mademoiselle," she said, with an expressive smile "You make a strange impression on me, dressed thus as a nun"

Andrée made no reply

- "To see a former companion," continued the queen, "already lost to the world, in which we others continue to live, is like receiving a warning from the grave. Are you not of my opinion, Mademoiselle?"
- "Who, then," replied Andrée, "would venture to give a warning to your Majesty? Even death cannot forewarn the queen"
 - "How is that?"
- "Because, Madame, a queen is appointed, by virtue of her station, to endure in this world only the unavoidable hardships. All that can initigate hardship, she possesses. All that another has which she can use for her own comfort, she takes from that other"

The queen made a movement of surprise.

- "And that is her right," Andrée hastened to add "Others are, to the queen, only so many subjects, whose property, honor, and life are hers"
- "These are doctrines that astonish me," said the queen, speaking slowly "You make of a sovereign, in this country, a sort of ogiess who devouis the fortunes and the happiness of the citizens. Am I a woman of

that kind Andrée? Have you then really had occasion to complain of me?

Your Majesty had the goodness to ask me that question on the day I left you I replied then as I now reply 'No Madame'

But sometimes" continued the queen, one is wounded by an injury which is not personal to ones selt. Have I then by offending any one in whom you are interested, deserved the harsh words that you have spoken? Andrie the retreat which you have chosen is an asjum again tall the evil passions of the world. God there teaches us gentlene s patience, forgetfulness of in juries. In coming lather to meet a sister in Jesus Christ am I to find a forbidding face and bitter words? Must I, coming as a friend, encounter the reproaches or the veiled hostility, of an irreconcilable enemy?

Andree raised her eyes astounded by that gentleness of the queen, usually so haughty and severe toward her ser vants. 'Her Majesty well knows she said, "that the Taverneys cannot be enemies to the queen

I understand replied the queen, you cannot for give me for my coldness to your brother and he, perhaps, accuses me of fickleness even of exprice

'My brother is too respectful a subject to accuse the queen, said Andrie, munitaining the same unyielding formality

The queen saw clearly that she would excite suspicion by increasing the dose of honey with which she had sought to pacify this Cerberus. She therefore made a pause. At any rate, she resumed having occasion to come here to speak with Madame I wished to see you and to assure you that I am always your friend.

Andree perceived the change in the queen's tone. She ferred that she had given offence and she feared still you ii - 22

more that she had exposed her hidden wound to the clauvoyant eye of a woman "Your Majesty covers me with honor and happiness," she said in a melancholy tone.

"Do not speak so, Andrée," replied the queen, pressing her hand, "you will break my heart. What! cannot a wretched queen have a friend in whom she can confide, and in whose eyes she may look without seeing there self-interest or resentment? Yes, yes, Andrée, direct your envy toward those queens, those mistresses of the fortunes, honor and lives of all. Oh, yes, they are queens, they possess the gold and the blood of their subjects, but their hearts? Never! never! Hearts cannot be taken, they must be given."

"I assure you, Madame," said Andrée, shaken by the waimth of these words, "that I have loved your Majesty as much as I shall ever love in this world." In saying these words she blushed and inclined her head.

"You have - loved me " said the queen, "You love me then no longer?"

"Oh, Madame!"

"I ask nothing of you, Andrée Accursed be the closter which so soon extinguishes memory in certain hearts."

"Do not blame my heart," said Andrée, quickly, "it is dead"

"Your heart is dead! You, Andrée, young and beautiful, you say your heart is dead! Ah, do not trifle with those funereal words. The heart is not dead in one who still retains that smile, that beauty, do not say that, Andrée"

"I repeat to you, Madame, that nothing at the court, nothing in the world, has now any interest for me I live here like the grass and the plants, and I have pleasure here which I alone can understand"

"What! you find pleasure in the convent? exclaimed the queen

' I adopt with happiness the life of retirement

There is nothing then, which urges you toward the joys of the world?

" Nothing

'My God! thought the queen "am I not to succeed! I will tempt her if hat fails I will se ort to entreaty Oh to entreat her to that! to entreat her to accept Monsieur de Charny, — great God, what wrethedness!

The queen shuddered but controlling her emotion she said, 'Andree you have expressed your contentment in such terms that you have robbed me of a hope which I had entertained

What hope Madame?"

We will not speak of it since you are so decided

But, Madame though it be only for your own satisfaction, explain to me -

To what purpose? You have retired from the world, have you not?

Yes Madame

Willingly ?

Oh, with all my heart !

And you are satisfied with the course you have taken?

More than ever

'You see then it is superfluous for me to speak. God is my witness. I thought for a moment that I might make you happy

Mai

Yes, you who were ungratefully upbruding me But now that you are cherishing other joys,—and you know better than I your own tastes—I relinquish—

But, Madame do me the honor to give me some idea !

"Oh, it is very simple, I wished to draw you back to the court."

"Oh!" cried Andrée, with a bitter smile, "I return to court! No, no! Never, Madame! much as it may cost me to disregard your Majesty's wishes."

The queen was much agitated Her heart was filled with an indescribable grief. She, the mighty ship, was wrecked upon an atom of granite. "You refuse?" she muimured, and to hide her distress, she covered her face with her hands.

Andrée, thinking her overcome with sorrow, knelt by her, and sought to mitigate the wound she had given to friendship, or to pride "Come, now, tell me," she said, "what you would have done with me at court, with me, a nobody, without fortune, under a ban, whom every one avoids because I am not even able unfortunate that I am to arouse in women the vulgar anxiety of invilry, or in men the vulgar sympathy that springs from difference of sex. Ah, Madame, leave the poor num to her retirement"

"Ah," said the queen, raising her eyes, "the position which I was about to offer you gives a direct contradiction to all the humiliations of which you complain. The marriage in question would have made you one of the first ladies in France"

"A marriage 1" stammered Andrée, stupefied

"You refuse?" said the queen, more and more discouraged

"Oh, yes, I refuse, I refuse!"

"Andrée"

"I refuse, Madame, I refuse."

Marie Antoinette then prepared herself, with an oppressed heart, to begin her entreaties. She arose, and stood undecided, trembling, distracted, but before she

could utter the first word of her supplication Andree seiz ing her robe under the impression that she was going away, ex laimed —

At least Madame, do me the kindness of naming to me the man who would accept me as his companion. I have suffered o many humiliations in my life that the name of that generous man—" she smiled with bitter nony—" will be, she continued a balm which I shall henceforth apply to all wounds of my pride

The queen hesitated, but she was impelled to 50 on to the end. Monsieur de Charny she said in a dull, indifferent tone

Monsieur de Charny 1" cried Andree with a sudden explosion, Monsieur Olivier de Clarny 1

- 'Monsieur Olivier yes," said the queen looking at the young girl in surprise
- "The nephew of Monsieur de Suffrant continued Andree, with glowing cheeks and eyes shining like stars
 'The nephew of Monsieur de Suffren replied the
- queen more and more amazed at the sudden change in Andree
 - ' It is to Monsieur Olivier that you wish to marry me ?
 "To him
 - " And -- he con ents?
 - "He asks for you in marriage
- Oh, I accept I accept "cried Andrée wild with joy It is I whom he loves!—I whom he loves as I love him!
- The queen with a suppressed groan, drew back, pale and trembling She fell crushed into an arm-chair while the overjoyed Andric kissed her I nees and her robe, covered her hands with tears of delight and devoured them with burning Lis es

"When shall we set out?" she askedat length, when she was able to speak

"Come," muimured the queen, who felt as if her life were departing, and who wished, before dying, to save her honor—She rose, leaning on Andrée, whose aident kisses sought her rey cheeks

When Andrée left her to make ready for the departure, the queen exclaimed, "My God! is not this enough of suffering for a single heart? And yet, I thank thee. Thou hast saved my children from disgrace, thou hast given me the right to die wearing the royal mantle."

CHAPTIP ALIV

THE BAPON UNDIRSTANDS

With the quenewas leeding the destiny of Mademors II is liverney at Sunt Dens I bilippe when heart of term by all that he had discovered pushed on his preparations for departure. A soldier accustomed to rung ver the world needs no long time to pack his trains and put on his travelling cloud and I bilippe had special reason to histen his departure, from veralles—he would avoid without me, the threat med histories of the quene. When he had completed his preparation he sent world to Min is a liverney the liter that he wished to speak with him.

The barm had not acturned from the palace in a very agreeable tate of mind. He had had not not supply of secondals and small infunes and was happy. Instead therefore of winting, for Philippe to come to him he him self on receiving the me sage went immediately to Philippe 8 1 m. He entered without warning, and found the room in that is the of disorder which signifies an intended departure.

Philippe expected no outbrad of affectionate regret when his father should be informed of his purpose nor on the other hand did he authorate complete indifference. But he was greatly astomshed on hearing his father ery out joyou h. Ah very good! he is going away he is going away!"

Philippe looked at his father in surprise

"I was sure of it," continued the baron, "I might have predicted it Well played, Philippe, well played!"

"What do you mean, Monsieur? What is it that is well played?"

The old man winked at Philippe, as a sign to him to dismiss his valet. Philippe obeyed. The baron closed the door on the heels of the returng valet, and then turning to Philippe, "Admirable!" he said in a low voice, admirable!"

- "You bestow compliments on me Monsieur," replied Philippe, "without my knowing how I have deserved them"
 - "Ah! ah! ah!" said the old man, dancing about
- "Unless all this hilarity, Monsieur, is occasioned by my departure, which rids you of my company"
- "Oh! oh! oh!" laughed the old baron, on another note "There, there, don't restrain yourself before me, it is not worth while You know I am not taken in Ah! ah!"

Philippe crossed his arms, and wondered if the old man was losing his mind "Taken in by what?" he asked

- "By your departure of course Do you imagine that I believe in your departure?"
 - "You do not believe in it?"
- "Your servant is no longer here, there is no use in being so reserved Well, I admit that you had no other course to take, you have taken this, very good!"
 - "Monsieur, you surprise me"
- "Yes, it is surprising enough that I should understand this matter—But Philippe, there is no man living more curious than I am, and when I am curious I investigate. There is no man more fortunate than I in making discoveries, and so I have found out that you are making a pretended departure, and I congratulate you"

"I am pretending 1 said Philippe in bewilderment

The old man went up to him, touched his breast with his bony fingers, like the e of a skeleton and with a man ner more and more confidential said, in a low tone, 'On my word of honor had you not resorted to this expedient I am sure all would have been discovered. You act in season, to morrow would have been too late.

Mon neur' said Philippe, in an ney tone, "I protest that I do not understand one word - one single word - of all that you have done me the honor to say to me

'Where will you hade the horses? continued the old man 'You have a mare that is easily recognized I ake care she is not seen when you are believed to be in — By the way to what place do you pretend you are going?'

'I am foing to laverney Maison Rouge, Monsieur

"Good — very good I on pretend to go to Maison Rouge No one will go there to inquire But be prudent, there are many eyes fixed on you both

On us both ! Whe, tuen?

She is impetion you know, continued the old man she has fits of passion that might ruin everything. Be careful you must be more reasonable than she—

Why said I hilippe with nine anger 'I really believe that you are seekine to amiss yourself at my expense. That is not kind nor is it wise for you expose me sorrowful and irritated as I am, to a fullure in my respect tou and you

Ah well, — respect I dispense with it You are old enough to manage your affairs and you manage them so well that you inspire me with respect. Come give me an address to which I may send you information if any thing should happen."

To Taverney Monsieur said I hilippe thinking that the old man was coming to his senses "Eh! to Taverney, eighty leagues Do you imagine that when I may have ungent advice to give you, I shall amuse my self with killing couriers on the road to Taverney, for the sake of appearances? Come, now, I don't ask you to give your address at your house in the park, my messengers might be followed, or my livery recognized, give me another address at a distance that may be covered in a quarter of an hour. What the devil you have imagination. A man who does for his love affairs what you have done for yours is a man of resources."

"A 'house in the park,' 'love affairs,' 'imagination'! Monsieur, we are playing at enigmas, and you keep the key to yourself"

"Your reserve becomes offensive," said the father, angrily. "One would think you are afraid of being betrayed by me!"

"Monsieur!" said Philippe, exasperated

"Very well, very well! Keep your secrets to yourself, keep the secret of the huntsman's lodge that you have hired"

"I have hired the huntsman's lodge?"

"Keep the secret of your walks at night between two adorable friends."

"I I have taken walks?" mumured Philippe, turning pale

"Keep the secret of those kisses dropped like honey beneath the flowers and the dew"

"Monsieur!" roared Philippe, mad with jealousy, "will you be silent?"

"It is good, I say again, all that you have done. I have known Had you any suspicion that I knew it? Mordieu! that should inspire you with confidence Your intimacy with the queen, your prosperous adventures, your excursions to Apollo's Baths, great God! these are life

and fortune to us all Have no more fear of me Philippe, confide in me"

Monsieur, you fill me with horror! cried Philippe covering his face with his hands

It was really horror which the unhappy Philippe felt toward the man who attributed to him all the happiness of another and who intending to congratulate him scourged him with the successes of his rival

All that the father had learned and guessed all that common rumor had ascribed to Monsieur de Rohan or the Comte de Chriny he had placed to the account of his son According to his understanding of the matter it was Phi lippe whom the queen loved and by degrees was secretly lifting to the hights of fivoritism

When I halippe had discovered this new slough of in famy he shuddered as he saw him elf plunged into it by the one person who should have made a stant with him for hone. But the blow had been so violent that he re mained stunnel and silent while the baron went on that tering with more energy thin ever

See sail he you have achieved a master stroke of art you have thrown every one off the scent. This after more fifty eyes have said to me. It is Roham. A hundred have said to me. It is Charny. Two hurdred have said to me. It is I ohan and Charny. Not one mark you not one said. It is Taverney. I repeat you have achieved a masterpiece and the least I can do is to offer you my congratulations. It is a connection that honors you both my dear fillow.—her because she has taken you you because you have a hold on her

At the moment when Philippe now rendered furious flashed halting, clunces at the pitless old man—glunces portending a riorm—the noise of a carriage was heard in the court-jarl and pre ently the valit was heard exclaim.

ing, "Mademoiselle! it is Mademoiselle!" And several voices repeated, "Mademoiselle!"

"What! Mademoiselle?" said Taverney "Who can it be?"

"It is my sister!" muimired Philippe, at the window, seized with astonishment on recognizing Andrée as she alighted from a carriage

"Your sister!" repeated the old man "Andrée? Is it possible?"

The valet came, and informed Philippe that Andrée was in the bouder adjoining the grand salon, and wished to see him

"Let us go to her," cried the baron.

"It is to me that she wishes to speak," said Philippe, bowing to the old man, "I will go first, if you please"

At that moment a second carriage rolled noisily into the court-yard

"What the devil'" said the baron, "still another? This is an evening of adventures"

"Monsieur le Comte Olivier de Charny!" cried the guard to the footmen

"Conduct Monsieur le Comte to the salon," said Philippe, "Monsieur le Baion will receive him. I am going to the boudoir to speak with my sister."

The two men slowly descended the stars

"For what does the count come here?" Philippe asked himself.

"For what has Andrée come here?" the baron asked himself

CHAPTEP XLV

THE FATHER AND THE DAUGHTER

The salon of the hotel was situated in the front part of the ground floor. On its left was the boulder with a door opening upon the staircase leading to Andrees apartment. To the right was another smaller salon, through which one must pass in order to enter the large salon.

Philippe went straight to the bondoir where his sister was writing for him. As soon as he had opened the door Andree rusked to meet him throwing her arms about his neck with a joyful air to which this and lover this un happy brother had been for a long time uniccustomed.

Good Heavens! what can have happened?" asled the young man

Something happy! oh yes something very happy brother!

And you have come here to tell me of it?

I shall never go back to cried Andree in a transport of lov

Speak lower little sister said Philippe the wain scoting of this house is not accustomed to joyful sounds, and more than that, there is in the little room next us a perfon who will herr you

- 'A person? said Andree who can it be?"
- ' Listen" replied Philippe

Monsieur le Comte de Chirny !" sud the valet, an nouncin, Ol vier as he passed from the small parloi into the salon

- "He! he!" cried Andrée, redoubling her caresses to her brother. "Oh, I know what he has come for!"
 - "You know it?"
- "Yes, I know it, so well that I perceive the disordered state of my dress, and as I foresee the moment when I shall myself enter that salon to hear with my own ears what Monsieur de Charny has to say "
 - "Do you speak seriously, my dear Andrée?"
- "Listen, listen, Philippe t and then let me go up to my own 100m. The queen has brought me back somewhat hastily, I am about to exchange my convent-robe for the attire of a betrothed." And when she had spoken this word to Philippe in a very low tone, and accompanied it with a joyous kiss, Andiće, buoyant with happiness, ran up the stails to her apartment.

Philippe remained alone, and putting his ear to the door communicating with the salon, listened. Monsieur de Charny was already there. The Baron de Taverney, in his turn, came into the room, and advanced to salute the count with studied politeness.

"To what," he said, "do I owe the honor of this unexpected visit, Monsieur le Comte? At all events, I beg you to believe that it overwhelms me with joy"

"I have come, Monsieur, ceremoniously, as you see, and I beg you will excuse me for not bringing with me my uncle, Monsieur de Suffren, as I ought to have done"

"What!" stammered the baron, "but I excuse you, my dear Monsieur de Charny"

"It would have been more consistent with propriety, I know, considering the request I am about to make"

- "A request?" said the baron
- "I have the honor," said Charny, in a voice full of

emotion "to ask of you the hand of Mudemoiselle Andree de l'averney, your daughter

My daughter! murmured the baron, "you ask of me Andrée in marringe?

'Yes, Monsieur le Baron, unless Mademoiselle de Taverney should feel some repugnance to this union '

'How is this? thought the old man Can the fivor of Philippe have already become so marked that one of his rivals hopes, by marrying his sister to profit by it? Upon my word not so badly plaved Monsieur de Charny! Then aloud, with a smile I his suit is so honorable for our house Monsieur le Comte, he said, that I accept it with much pleasure as far as I am con

cerned and as I desue that you should bear with you a
full consent I will go to call my due, hter

'Monsieur interrupted the count coldly that would

be unneces my trouble. The queen his been kind enough to consult Mademoiselle de l'averney on this subject and your daughter's reply was fivorable to me.

Ah! said the baron more and more astounded it.

s the queen —

Who has tal en the trouble to go to Saint Denis yes Monsieur

The baron rose There only remains for me then to inform you as to the condition of Mademoiselle de Taver neys pecuniary affairs. I have upstars the deeds of her mothers property. You do not many a rich and Monsicur le Comte and before deciding anything.—

There is no need of it Monsieur le Baron" sud Charny dryly I am nich enough for both and Made moiselle de Taverney is not the sort of woman to be bar gained for But it is indispensible that I should make some statement of my own affairs

He had just finished these words when the door of the

boudoir opened, and Philippe appeared, pale and agitated, one hand in the breast of his coat, and the other convulsively clinched

Chainy bowed ceremoniously, and Philippe responded

in the same manner

"Monsieur," said Philippe, "my father was quite right to propose to inform you as to the pecuniary condition of the family, we both of us have explanations to make While Monsieur le Baron goes to find the papers of which he speaks, I shall have the honor of considering the question with you more in detail," and Philippe, with a look of authority not to be disregarded, dismissed the baron, who went out ill at ease, fearing that something was about to happen which would prevent this marriage

Philippe accompanied the baron to the door of the little parloi, in order to be sure that this room was empty. Then returning, "Monsieur de Chainy," he said, crossing his arms as he stood before the count, "how is it that you dare to ask my sister in marriage? Is it in order better to conceal your love for that woman whom you pursue, with that woman whom you love? Is it because if you were married it perhaps would not be said so freely that you had a mistress?"

"Indeed, Monsieur," said Charny, staggering

"Is it," added Philippe, "that having become the husband of a woman who would be always about your mistress, you would have greater facilities for seeing this adored mistress?"

"Monsieur, you are going beyond all bounds"

"It is, perhaps, and I think this more apt to be the case," continued Philippe, drawing nearer to Charny, "you think, doubtless, that having become your brother-in-law I should not disclose what I know of your past love"

What you know? cried Charny terrified 'Take care! take care!'

'les," said Philippe becoming excited — your renting the wolf hunters lodge your mysterious walks in the park of Versailles in the night your pressing of hands, your sighs and especially that tender interchange of glances at the small gate of the park —"

'Vonsieur in the name of Heaven! - Monsieur say that you know nothing of all this!

I know nothing! cried Philippe with bitter irony How know nothing?—I vito was concealed in the

flow know nothing 1—1 the was concealed in the shrubbery behind Apollo's Baths when you came out with the queen on your arm.

Charny started back to o paces like a man who had received his death blow. Philippe looked at him in stern silence. He let him suffer he let him expiate by this momentary torture the hours of ineffable delight with which he had just reproveded him.

Charny recovered his self-control Well Monsieur," he said to Philippe even after what you have said I sak of you the hand of Mademoiselle de Taverney If I were only a mean calculator as you accused me of being only a moment ago—if I were about to marry for my own sake I should be so miserable that I should be afruid of a man who possesses my secret and that of the queen But the queen must be saved Monsicur!

And in what manner is the queen lost? Because Monsieur de Taverney saw her press the arm of Monsieur de Charny and raise to heaven her eyes most with happiness? Is the queen lost because I know that she loves you? Oh that is no reason for sacrificina my sister Yon sieur and I vill not allow her to be secrificed

Monsieur, replied Olivier shall I tell you why the queen is lost if this marriage does not take place? It is

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because this very morning, while Mon icui de Rohan was being airested, the king surprised me on my km co before the queen"

"My God!"

"And the queen, questioned by the jerlous ling, replied that I was kneeling to ask of her the hand of your elster. That is the reason, Monsieur, why the queen will be lost if I do not marry your sister. Do you understand now?"

A two-fold noise cut short Olivier's sentence,—a shrick and a sigh—The one came from the boulder, and the other from the little parlor—Olivier ion to the room from which the sigh had come, he saw Andree de Taverney diessed in white like a bride—She had heard all, and had fainted—Philippe ran to the little parlor from which the cry had issued—He there saw the body of the Baron de Taverney, whose hopes this revelation of the queen's love for Charny had completely crushed—The baron, struck with apoplexy, had breathed his last; and the prediction of Cagliostic was fulfilled

Philippe, who comprehended everything, even the disgrace of this death, silently left the dead body, and returned to the salon where Chainy was contemplating, trembling, and without daring to touch it, this beautiful girl, now cold and mammate

Philippe, with swelling heart, his eyes wet with tears, had the courage to resume the conversation by saying to Monsieur de Charny, "Monsieur le Baron de Taverney has just died. I am now the head of my family If Mademoiselle de Taverney survives, I will give her to you in marriage"

Charny looked at the baron's dead body with horror, at the form of Andrée in despair. Philippe tore his hair with his hands, and uttered to Heaven a cry which might move the heart of God upon his eternal throne. "Comto de Charny he said after having quieted the tempest within him. I make this engagement for my sis tor, who does not heav me. She will sacrifice her happiness for the queen, and I may sometime be happy enough to give my life for her. Adieu Monseur de Charny adieu my brother in law,' and bowing to Olivier who could not leave the room without passing near one of the two victims. Philippe ru ed. Andre in his arms and gave free passage to the count, who went out through the boudoir.

CHAPTER XLVI.

AFTER THL DRAGON, THE VIPIR.

IT is now time to return to those personages of our his tory whom necessity and intrigue as well as historical truth have forced into the background

Oliva was getting leady for flight according to Jeanne's advice, when Beausile, informed by an anonymous letter,

Beausire, panting with impatience to see Nicole once more, found himself conducted light into her aims. He callied her away from Cagliostro's house while Monsieur Reteau de Villette was waiting in vain at the end of the Rue du Roi-Doré

In order to find the happy lovers whom Monsieur de Crosne had so much interest in discovering, Madame de La Motte, who felt sure that she had been duped, set every person on whom she could rely to search the country for It may be easily imagined that she would prefer watching over her secret heiself to leaving it to the care of others, and for the success of the plan she had in hand it was indispensable that Nicole should not be forthcoming. It is impossible to depict her suffering as each of her emissaries returned with a report that their search was unavailing At this time, also, she was receiving, in her hiding-place, older after order to appear before the queen to answer for her conduct with regard to the necklace One night, closely veiled, she set out for Bar-sur-Aube, where she had a small house; and having arrived there by cross roads and without being recognized she took time to examine her position in its true hight. She thus gained two or three days in which to commune with here if Two days of such solitude would be sufficient to this profound soul for the strue, I through which she must pass before so mastering body and mind that her con cience being discharged from some could not return, and that her blood might not mount to her fice to being shame or surprise.

The ling and queen, who had instituted a search for her were not informed of her having a table had hereiff at Barsur-Aube until she had alreid proper hereiff for war. They sent a messeng r to ling, her back to versailles.

At about the same time Jeanne heard of the cardinal s impresonment. The queen has burn I her ships, she coldly meditate I. It is impossible for her to revolve what she has done. In r-from to come to an under standing with the cardinal and just the juvillers she is playing double or quits. The process that she is acting without reference to me and that she has no su jucion of the forces at my command.

While Jeanne was contemplating thus her definition armor a messunger suddenly presented him off before her and announced that he was charged to return her to the court

The mestenger proposed to take Jennie directly to the king but she with her usurd cunning out to him, Monsieur you love the queen do you not?"

Can you doubt it Madame la Comtesse?

Well, then, in the name of that loyal love and of the respect you cherish for the queen. I adjure you to conduct me first to her

The officer objected

"You must know," said Jeanne, "even better than I, what is in question, and therefore you must know that it is necessary for the queen to have a secret interview with me."

The messenger, acquainted with the calumnious rumors that filled the air of Versailles, concluded that he would really render a service to the queen by taking Madame de La Motte to her at once.

Imagine the haughtiness and pride of the queen on seeing in her presence that demon whom as yet she did not know, but whose treacherous influence in her affairs she suspected. Imagine Marie Antoinette, inconsolably widowed in her love, blighted by the breath of scandal, Marie Antoinette, crushed by the insult of an accusation which she could not refute, imagine her, after so many sufferings preparing to put her foot on the head of the serpent which had bitten her

Supreme disdain, anger unrestrained, the hatred of woman for woman, the sense of an incomparable superiority in position, such were the weapons of one of the adversaries. The queen began by calling in two of her women as witnesses

Cast-down eyes closed lips, a reverence slow and solemn, a heart full of mysteries, a mind full of ideas, despander impelling power, such was the second champion

Madame de La Motte, on seeing the two witnesses, said to herself, "Good! here are two witnesses who will very soon be dismissed."

"Ah, here you are at last, Madame!" cried the queen "You have been found at last!"

Jeanne bowed a second time

"You were in hiding then?" said the queen, impatiently

"I in hiding! No, Madame," in a soft and slightly tremulous voice, as if she were oppressed by the royal

pre ence 'had I been in hiding I should no' have been found

' You had fled however - call it as you please

That is to say, I left Paris, - yes Madame.

' Without my permi sion ?

'I did not think my presence so neces ary to your Majesty that I must give you notice of a weel a absence

I h! you are right Madaine Do you, then, hold any office at court?"

There was too much contempt in the e lat word Madame sho reglied with humbity. I hold no office at court it is true but your Maje ty honored mo with a confidence so precious to me that I held myself more bound to you by artitude than others are by official duty.

bound to you by gratitude thin others are by official duty."

Jeanne had found that word confidence after a search
for the fitting word and laid much stress upon it.

That confidence sail the queen with a contempt more crushing than before we shall give its place in the account. Have you seen the king?

No Madame

Jounne bowed That will be a great honor for me'

The queen for a moment sought to colm herself that she multi-enter properly upon the examination. Jeanne took advantage of the pause to exclum. But mon Dien! Madame how harsh your Majesty is toward me! I trem hile all over

You have not reached the end sail the queen, abruptly Do you I now that Monsteur de Rohan is in the Bastille ?

"I have been told so Madame

You of course know the cruse of his imprisonment? Jeanne looked steadily at the queen and turning toward the two women, whose presence seemed to annoy her, replied, "I do not know, Madame"

"You know, however, that you have spoken to me of a necklace, do you not?"

"A diamond necklace, yes, Madame"

- "And that in the name of the cardinal you proposed an arrangement for the purchase of that necklace?"
 - "That is true, Madame"
 - "Did I accept or refuse that arrangement?"
 - "Your Majesty refused."
- "Ah!" said the queen, with satisfaction, and also with surprise.
- "Your Majesty even gave two hundred thousand francs on account," added Jeanne.
 - "Well, afterward?"
- "Your Majesty, not being able to pay, sent back the diamonds to the jewellers"
 - "By whom did I send them?"
 - "By me."
 - "And you, what did you do with them?"
- "I," said Jeanne, deliberately, and conscious of the weight of the words she was about to speak, "I gave them to Monsieur le Cardinal"
- "To Monsieur le Cardinal! And why, if you please, instead of returning them to the jewellers?"
- "Because, Madame, Monsieur de Rohan being interested in the affan, to give pleasure to your Majesty, I should have wounded him had I not given him the opportunity to bring it to a proper conclusion"
- "How then did you obtain from the jewellers a receipt for the necklace?"
 - "Monsieur de Rohan gave me that receipt"
- "And that letter which it is said you gave the jewellers as coming from me?"

Monsieur de Pohan begged me to deliver it'

It is then Monsieur de Rohan who is at the bottom of this affair?

I do not under tand your Majesty said Jeanne as suming a vacant air

That receipt from the jewellers is a forgery!

'A forgery' unnocently exclaimed Jeanne On,

The pretended letter of acceptance signed it is said, by me is a for cry !

Oh! cried Jeanne apparently more astonished than

You will have to be confronted with the Cardinal de Rohan, that the affair may be cleared up

Confronted Why Madame what need is there for my being confronted with the cardinal?

He himself demands it "

Hel

He has sought you everywhere

But Madame it is impossible"

He wished to prove to you he aid, that you had deceived him

Oh, then Madame, I demand to be confronted with him

'You will be Madame you may rest assured So then you deny knowing where the necklace is?

How should I know?

You deny having aided Monsieur le Cardinal in ertain intrigues?

'Your Majesty has every right to disgrace me but none to insult me I am a Valois Madame

The cardinal has maintained in the king's presence, calumnies which he expects to support by serious proof"

I do not understand

"The cardinal declares that he has written to me"

Jeanne looked steadily at the queen, and made no
reply

"Do you hear me?" asked the queen

"I hear, yes, your Majesty"

"And what do you reply?"

"I will reply when I am confronted with Monsieur le Cardinal"

"Meanwhile, if you know the truth, give us your assistance?"

"The truth, Madame, is that your Majesty blames me without cause, and is severe toward me without reason"

"That is not an answer"

"I shall however make no other here, Madame," and Jeanne looked again toward the two women

The queen understood, but did not yield. Her curiosity could not prevail over her self-respect. The whole attitude of Jeanne seemed to indicate that she was in possession of an important secret. Perhaps by gentleness the queen might win from her that secret, but she rejected that method as unworthy of her

"Monsieur de Rohan has been sent to the Bastille," said Maire Antoinette, "for saying too much, beware, Madame, of incuring the same fate through saying too little"

Jeanne dug into her hands with her nails, but she smiled. "To a pure conscience," she said, "what matters persecution? Will the Bastille convict me of a crime that I have not committed?"

The queen looked at Jeanne angrily "Will you speak?" she asked

"I have nothing to say, Madame, except to you"

"To me? Very well, is it not to me that you are now speaking?"

"Not to you alone'

Ab that is it! cried the queen 'You wish for secree, for closed doors You fear the scandal of a public arowal after inflicting on me the scandal of public suspicion

Jeanne drew herself up Let us say no more about it, she said I was proposing to lender you a service

What insolence !

I submit respectfully to the wrongs inflicted by my queen $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) +$

'You will sleep in the Bastille to might Madame de La Motte

Be it so Madame But before going to bed I shall as usual pray that God will preserve to your Majesty honor and happiness?

The queen rising in great anger went into the adjoining chamber and violently slammed the door. After overcoming the dragon, said she. I shall certainly crush the viper

I know her game by heart—thought Jeanne—I think that I have won

CHAPTER XLVII

THE PURSUER OVERTAKEN

MADAME DE LA MOTTE was implisoned, as the queen had wished Nothing could be more agreeable to the king, who instructively hated the woman.

Meantime the Cardinal de Rohan was hving at the Bastille as a nobleman might have lived in a hired house Everything was granted him on demand, except liberty

The law-proceedings were at first of a trivial character, There was considering the rank of the persons accused great astonishment that a Rohan should be charged with theft, and for that reason the governor of the Bastille and all the officers showed great deference and respect to the cardinal as to a person who was unfortunate To them he was not a person accused, but a man who had fallen out of favor, and when it was rumored that he was a victim to the intigues of the court, public sympathy rose to publie enthusiasm And Monsieur de Rohan, one of the chief nobles of the kingdom, did not understand that the love of the people was bestowed on him only for the reason that he was persecuted by those more noble than he The last victim of despotism, he was in fact one of the earliest revolutionists in France

Since the day of his incarceration the cardinal had persistently demanded to be confronted with Madame de La Motte, and at length he obtained that satisfaction. His interview with her was marked by a noticeable incident. The countess, who was permitted to speak low whenever

she spoke of the queen at last succeeded in saying to the cardinal, "Send every one away, and I will give you the information you want

Then Monsieur de Rohm expressed a desire to be left alone with the countess, but this was refused. His counsel, however was permitted to have an interview with her. In this interview Jeanno denied all I nowledge as to what had become of the necklice and broadly intimited that it should have been given to her. And when the counsel cried out astounded by this audicity, she asked him if the service she had rendered to the queen and the cardinal was not worth a million.

The advocate repeated this to the cardinal who turned pale and bowed his head—he saw that he had fillen into a trap—But while he was thinking that he must stille the affair before it should bring ruin to the queen it was represented to hum that—his honor was at stake, accused as he was of theft he must push the matter to a verdet that his innocence might be established—But to prove his innecence it would be necessary to prove his relations with the queen—that is to say, her criminality

When this consideration was presented to Jeanno sho replied that she was not disposed to accuse either the queer or the cardinal but if they persisted in miking her responsible for the necklace she might be obliged to show that the queen and the cardinal had a secret rea on for charging her with falsehood

When these words were reported to the cardinal he expressed his seem for her who could thus speak of sacrificing him. He added that up to a certain point he could understand Jeanne's conduct, but the queen's he could not understand at all

The queen in her turn was informed of what the cardinal had said, and became very angry. She directed a pri

vate examination to be made as to the mysterious phases of the affair. The great give ance of the noctuinal interviews then came out, and was enlarged upon by scandal-mongers. Then the queen found herself in danger. Jeanne, when in presence of those who represented the queen, declared that she understood nothing of what was said to her; but with those who represented the cardinal, she was less discreet, and frequently resterated, "If they do not leave me in peace I will speak out"

This delicate reserve, this modesty, so complicated the situation that no examining judge daied to prosecute the inquiry

Had the cardinal been less firm, more ready to speak? Had he to some friend avowed his love secret? We ought not so to think, for the prince was a noble-hearted and devoted man. But whether he had spoken or not, a rumor that he had been at Apollo's Baths with the queen, at midnight, was spread around. The question was not now, "Did the queen steal the diamonds?" a question sufficiently dishonoring, but, "Has the queen permitted the necklace to be stolen by some one who had penetrated the secret of her adulterous love?"

Thus Madame de La Motte had succeeded in averting the difficulty. Thus the queen found heiself forced into a path which could lead only to dishonor. She was not cast down, she resolved to fight. The king supported her resolution; the ministry also sustained her with all their resources.

From this time all the enginery of the prosecution was directed against Jeanne, and a diligent search was made for the necklace. The queen, by accepting the issue as presented, threw back upon Jeanne the crushing charge of robbery.

Jeanne perceived that she had taken a false course, and

that the queen, in submitting to the accusation of infidelity and withstanding public opinion, engaged the cardinal to imitate her. She was sure that these two loyal souls would at last come to an understanding and would fathom the mystery. Even if they should fall they would in their full crush beneath them the little Valois princess of a stolen million, who had no money at hand to bribe the judges.

While affairs were in this state an incident occurred which changed their complexion

Monsieur de Berusire and Mademoiselle Oliva were living prosperously and happily in the country when one day Beausire who had left Ohia at home while he wenthunting fell into company with two of the detectives whom Monsieur de Crosne had scattered over all France in search for the key to this intrigue

The two lovers knew nothing of what was happening at Pans they were thinking only of themselves Beau sire on that day had started out to chase the hare. He started a covey of partridges which drew him out of his course. And thus in looking for that of which he was not in search, he found what he did not wish to find The detectives too were searching for Ohia and found Benusire. Such are the usual caprices of the chase.

One of the e detectives was a person of intelligence When he was sure of his man instead of making the arrest then and there he said to his companion. Beau sire hunts, he is therefore free and prosperous has five or six louis in his pocket and two or three hundred at home. Let us therefore arrest him at home and make him pay a ransom

Thereupon they followed Beausire wherever he went, and joined in his sport with estentatious eigerness

Beausire, observing them, was at first astonished, then

angry But being still reluctant to make new acquaintances, he sent his gamekeeper to question them. The strangers replied that they were shooting with their friend, the gentleman yonder, pointing to Beausite. The gamekeeper therefore conducted them to him.

"Monsieur de Linville," said the gamekeeper, "these

gentlemen say that they are shooting with you"

"With me 1" cried Beausire, angrily "Ah, indeed 1"

"So, then," said one of the detectives, in a low tone, "you are Monsieur de Linville, my dear Beausie?"

Beausine was stritted, he had so carefully concealed his name. He looked at the men with a frightened an, and dismissed the gamekeeper

"You know them, then?" said the latter

"Yes, we have recognized one another," replied one of the detectives

Beausire was then left alone with the strangers, very uncertain how he could speak to them without compremising himself

"Ask us to breakfast, Beausire," said the more adroit detective, "at your house"

"At my house 1 but " cried Beausire

"You will not be so impolite to us, Beausire ""

Beausile lost his self-possession, and led them, or rather was led by them, to his house. The detectives, as soon as they saw the house, began to praise its beauty, its situation, and the fine view it commanded. "How well," said one of them, "a man might hide himself here!"

Beausire shuddered at this pleasantry, and led the way into his count-yard, welcomed by the banking of his dogs. The detectives followed him, with every observance of ceremony.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE TURTLE DOVES ARE CAGED

Beausine had his reasons for entering by the court-yard gate he wished to make noise enough to put Oliva on her guird. Beausire although I nowing no hing of the affair of the necklace knew enough about the Opera ball and Me mers art to dread Olivas being seen by stringers. He acted wisely, for the young woman, hearing the dogs bark, looked down into the court and saw that Beausire was accompanted by two men, therefore she did not go down to meet him as a ual. Unfortunately, it bring necessary to order breakfust an and ward servant asked two or three times if he should get directions from Madame. This word attracted the attention of the two bloodhounds. They milited Beau ire very pleasantly upon this conceased haly. Beausire allowed them to jest, but did not allow them to see Oliva.

A substantial repast was served, to which the two agents of Monsieur de Crosne did her or. They draik a great deal, and frequently to the health of the ab ent lady. The police agents thin in, it inhuman to prolong the suspense of their host advoitly led the conversation to the subject of the pleasure of meeting old a quaintancea. Beausire asked in what place and under what circum stances he could have met them before

"We were' said one of them, the friends of one of your associates in a little affair you entered into in company with well."

pany with several others, the affair of the embassy of Portugal"

Beausire turned pale. "Ah, certainly," he said, trembling with embarrassment, "and you come in behalf of your friend?"

"That is a good idea," one of the men said to the other, "to demand restitution in the name of an absent friend is a moral action"

"My dear Monsieur Beausire, it would be agreeable to us if you would return to one of us that friend's share, about ten thousand francs, I believe."

"At the very least; for we will say nothing of interest," said the positive companion

"Gentlemen," replied Beausire, "a man does not keep ten thousand francs in his house in the country"

"We understand that, dear Monsieur, and we do not ask the impossible Hew much could you give us at once?"

"I have fifty or sixty louis, ro more"

"We will take those to begin with, and thank you for your courtesy."

"Ah," thought Beausire, charmed at their easy way of arranging matters, "they are easily satisfied! Are they, perchance, as much afind of me as I am of them? Let us try," and he began to reflect that these gentlemen, were they to cry out very loudly, would only the more clearly acknowledge themselves his accomplices, which with the provincial authorities would be a bad recommendation. Beausire concluded that these men would declare themselves perfectly satisfied, and would preserve an absolute silence. He even went so far as to repent not having offered them thirty louis instead of sixty, he meant to get iid of them, however, as soon as he had paid them that amount.

But he recloned without his guests they were too comfortable under his roof and were enjoying that blissful content arising from a good direction

Beausire is a charming friend said the positive to his friend. The sixty louis he has given us are pleasant to take

I will give them to you immediately cried the host clarined to see his guests breaking out into somewhat bacchandian familiarity

There is no burry said the two friends

Yes yes I shall not have a free conscience until I have paid you One either has delicate feeling, or he have not, and he was about to leave them to get the money

A good sheriff's officer having once caught his victim never lets him escape from his grasp or his sight. There fore both the men, with admirable accord begin to cry out. Monsieur Beausire! my dear Beausire! and they seized him by the skirt of his green shooting jiel et.

What is the matter? asked Perusire

Do not leave us for mercy s sale! they said forcing him to sit down again

But how can I sive you the money if you do not let me go upsture for it?

We will go with you, replied the positive, with alarming tenderness

'But it is -my wife s chamber replied Beausire

'Oh indeed! cried the first of the igents why do you concerl your wife from us?

'Yes said the second 'Are we not presentable?

If you linew whit we are doing for you you would be more polite continued the first

"And you would give us all that we asl, added the second boldly

"It seems to me that you are taking a very high tone, gentlemen," said Beausire

"We want to see the wife," replied the positive.

"And I declare to you that I will put you both out of doors," cried Beausire, who thought that he was stronger than they, intoxicated as they were

They replied by a burst of laughter which should have made him prudent. He paid no attention to it, and obstinately continued, "Now you shall not have even the money I promised you, and you shall get out of the way at once"

They laughed more obstreperously than before

Beausire, trembling with rage, said, "I understand you You will make a noise, and you will speak out, but if you speak of these things you will be ruined as well as I"

They continued to laugh, the joke seemed a pleasant one. It was then only answer

Beausire thought he could terrify them with a vigorous measure, and rushed toward the stancase, not like a man who is going in search of louis, but like a furious man who goes in quest of a weapon. The officers lose from the table, and ran after Beausire, and caught hold of him with their strong hands. The latter cried out, a door opened and a woman appeared, agitated, terrified, upon the threshold. When they saw her the two men let Beausire 50, and uttered a cry, a cry of joy, of triumph, of wild delight. They recognized the woman who resembled so strongly the queen of France.

Beausile, who thought that the men were disarmed by the appealince of a woman, was soon and civelly undeceived. The positive approached Midemoiselle Oliva, and in a tone not very polite, "Ah, ah," he said, "I arrest you!"

' Arre t her ' cried Beausire and why?

'Because Mousicur de (rosne has ordered us to do so 'replied the other agent 'and because we are in the service of Monsieur de Crosne

You see what comes of not behaving prettily said the positive to Beausie

This agent was not logical and his companion remarled to him. You are wron, for if Bausire had behaved more prettily he would have introduced us to Madaine and so in any case we should have taken her."

Beausire had pressed both hands to his burning fore head. An idea presented it elf to him it at once revived him. Did you come to arret me? he said to the agents

No that was mere chance they said innocently

No matter you might have arrested me and for sixty louis you would have set me at liberty

Oh no our intention was to demand sixty more

'And we have really received only a promise now for one hundred and twenty louis we will give you your liberty

But - Madame ? said Beausire trembling

'Oh Madame — that is different, replied the positive Madame is worth two hundred louis you mean?

The detectives again broke out with that terrible laugh

Three hundred he said, four hundred — a thousand louis if you will leave her at liberty Berusire said this with flashing eyes You do not an wer he continued

You know that I have money, and you mean to make me pay Very well I will give you two thousand louis—forty eight thousand francs— i fortune for both of you, if you will leave her at liberty

You love her very much then, said the positive

It was Beausine's turn to laugh; and his nonical laughter was so frightful, it declared so vividly his love and desperation, that the two detectives judged it prudent to take some precautions. They drew each a pair of pistols

"Not for a hundred thousand crowns," said one of them, "would we give up this woman. The Cardinal de Rohan will pay us five hundred thousand francs for her, and the queen a million"

Beausire raised his eyes with an expression which would have softened the heart of any other savage beast than an agent of police

"Come, let us be going," said the positive "You must have here a carriage of some sort, have it made ready for Madame, you owe her as much as that"

"And as we are good fellows," said the other, "we will take no advantage of you We will airest you for form's sake, but on the road will allow you to escape Is nt that generous, eh?"

"Wherever she goes," replied Beausire, "I will go I will never leave her while this life lasts"

"Oh, nor in the other!" added Oliva, fligid with terroi

"Well, so much the better," said the positive, "the more prisoners we bring to Monsieur de Crosne, the more he laughs"

A quarter of an hour later, Beausire's carriage set forth from his house, with the two captive lovers and their guards

CHAPTEP YLIX.

THE QUEEN'S LIBRARY

The effect produced by this capture on Monsieur de Crosne may be imagined. He repaired to Versuilles in a carriage, which was followed by another carefully closed. He ordered the two carriages to be driven to Trianon and there he alighted, leaving the closed ca riago in charge of his clerk. He had previously sent to the queen a request that she would meet him there

When Monsieur de Crosne was admitted to the presence of the queen she at once inferred from his radiant manner that he was the bearer of good news

Madame, said the ma_istrate, after he had kissed her hand is there here a room from which you can see all tha happens in an adjoining room without being seen yourself?

There is my library replied the queen, "into which I can look from the breakfast room through openings specially designed for that purpose

Very good Madame Be pleased then, to go with me into the breakfast-room and give orders that my clerk may be admitted to the library, with what he brings

Ten minutes later the queen with much agitation was looking into the library through the secret openings. She saw a veiled form enter the library. The clerk removed the veil and the queen uttered a cry of fright. It was Oliva dressed in one of the favorite costume of Marie Antoinette. It was Marie Antoinette herself less.

the blood of the Cæsars The queen thought she was looking at heiself in a mirror, she gazed eagerly at the apparition

"What says your Majesty to this resemblance l " said Monsieur de Crosne, triumphant at the effect he had

produced

- "I say I say Monsieur "stammered the queen, bewildered "Ah, Oliviei," she thought, "why are you not here?"
 - "What does your Majesty desire?"
- "Nothing, Monsieur, nothing except that the king should be informed"
- "And that Monsieur de Provence should see this woman, is not that your wish, Madame?"
- "Oh, thanks, Monsieur de Crosne, thanks But what will be done with this woman?"
- "Is it really to this woman that everything which has been done is to be attributed?" asked Monsieur de Crosne
 - "You have, doubtless, obtained a clew to the conspiracy?"
 - "Very nearly so, Madame"
 - "And Monsieur de Rohan?"
 - "Monsieur de Rohan knows nothing of this at present'
- "Oh," said the queen, hiding her face in her hands, "that woman yonder, Monsieur, is I see it now the whole cause of the caidinal's error!"
- "That may be, Madame, but if there was error on the cardinal's part, there was crime on the part of some other person!"
- "Make a thorough investigation, Monsieur, you have in your hands the honor of the house of France"
- "And be assured, Madame, that it is in good hands," replied Monsieur de Ciosne.
 - "And the prosecution ?"
 - "Is going on Everything is denied, but I shall at

the proper time bring forward that piece of convincing testimony which you have in your library

"And Madame de La Motte?

She does not know that I have found this girl. She accuses Monsieur de Cigliostro of having deceived the cardinal almost to the point of destroying his reason.

And Monsieur de Cagliostro?

"Monsieur de Cagliostio, who has been questioned, has promised to come to see me this morning

'He is a dangerous man

He will be a useful man Stung by a viper like Madame de La Motte he will absorb the venom and furnish us with a counter poison

'You hope for revelations from him?"

'I am sure to have them"

Why do you think so Monsieur? Oh tell me all that can reassure me"

These are my reasons, Madame Madame de La Motte lived in the Pue Saint Clude —

"I know that ! said the queen blushing

'Yes your Myesty dul that woman the honor of being charitable to her'

Has she not repaid me well? Well she lived in the Rue Saint Claude

And Monsieur de Cachostro lived exactly opposite

And you suppose --

That the secret of either on of these two neighbors would be known to the other. But pardon Madaine it is nearly time for me to meet M nature de Cagliostro in Paris, and I would not for the world delay receiving his explanations.

Go, Monsieur, go, and let me agun assure you of my cratitude

'This she cried, weeping bitterly when Monsieur de

Closne had left the room, "is the beginning of my justification. I shall lead my triumph on every face, but that of the only friend to whom I wish to prove my innocence, that one I shall not see!"

In the mean time Monsieur de Crosne was hastening to Paris, to his own house where Monsieur de Cagliostro was waiting for him. The latter knew all that had happened. On the day before, he was on his way to Beausire's house to urge him to leave France, when on the road he saw him sitting in the carriage between the two officers Oliva was hidden on the back seat

Beausire saw the count, recognized him, and immediately the idea occurred to him that this mysterious and powerful nobleman might be of use to him. reminded the agents of the proposal they had made to allow him to escape, they accepted the one hundred louis which he offered them, and let him go notwithstanding Oliva's tears Beausire whispered in the ear of his mistiess, "Hope, I am going to do something to save you" And he ran off in the direction that Cagliostio had taken The latter had no need to seek further for Beausire, since Beausire was retuining to It would be expedient, however, to wait for Beausire, if by chance the latter should send after him Cagliostio therefore waited at a tuin in the road for about half an hour, when he saw the unhappy lover of Oliva approaching, pale and out of breath Beausile, on seeing that the count's carriage had stopped, uttered a cry of joy

"What is the matter, my boy?" said the count, helping him to a seat beside him

Beausire related his lamentable story, to which Cagliostro listened in silence

"She is lost!" said the count.

"How can that be ? cried Beausire

Cagliostro then related to him what he did not know before — the intrigue of the Rue Saint Claude and that of Versailles

Beausire almost fainted Save her! save her!" he sa I falling upon his knees in the carriage, and I will give her to you if you love her still

My friend replied Connostro you are in error, I never loved Mademoiselle Oliva my only object was to take her from that hie of debauchery which you made her share

But - said Beausire surpri ed

That astonishes you? Know then that I am one of the directors of a moral reform we set; whose aim is to surtch from vice all who off r any chunce o cure. I took Ohva away from you to cure her. Ask her if she has ever heard from my hips a word of sallantry ask her t my ser vices in her behalf have not always been disinterested!

All the more reason Monsieur save her! save her!"

I will try but the will depend on you Beaustre

Ask of me my life

I will not as so much as that Return to Paris with me, and if you will follow my instructions to the letter perhaps we can save your mistres, this on one condition only

'What is that Monsieur?

I will tell you on our way back to Paris"

Oh I consent to it in advance oh to see her again! to see her again!

That is just what I intend in less than we hours you shall see her again

And I shad embrace her?

I think so, and you will also tell her what I am about to say to you "

Cagliostic went back to Paris with Beausire he had overtaken the chaise; it was evening, and in another hour Beausire was purchasing of the two police agents, for lifty louis, the privilege of embracing Nicole, and of whispering to her the instructions of the The officers were charmed with this passionate count love They calculated on receiving fifty louis at least at every second relay But Beausire did not appear again. the chaise of Cagliostio was rapidly bearing him to Paris, where so many important events were about to happen So much it was necessary to inform the reader before exhibiting Monsieur Cagliostro talking business with Monsieur de Ciosne Now we may introduce him to the cabinet of the lieutenant of police.

CHAPIER L

CAGLIOSTRO S REVELATIONS

MONSIEUR DE CROSNE I new as much about Cugliostro as a skilful heutenant of police can know of a man living in France, he looled upon him as a mountelank of noble rank

This Monsieur de Crosne was a man of stron, mind acquainted with all the resources of his office well received at court, indifferent to favor never compounding with his pride,—a man not easily influenced. Caghostro could not have offered to him as to Monsieur de Pohan louis still hot from his furrace. Caphostro could not have presented to him as Balsamo had done to Monsieur de Sartines, the muzzle of a pistol. I rom him I alsamo had not a Lorenza to demand, but to him Caghostro must give an account of himself. This was the reason why, instead of waiting to be summoned he had demanded an audience of the magitate. Monsieur de Crosne felt the advantage of his position and was prepared to use it. Caghost of felt the awkwardness of his own and was tryin, to get out of it.

Monsieur de Crosne expected from Ca_oliostro re-el-tions with regard to the necklace and the practices of Madame de La Motte. In that he was at a disadvantage. He had however the right to question and imprison, in this lay his superiority. He received the count like a man who feels his importance but who does not wish to be wanting in politoness, not even to a charlitan.

"Monsieur," said the lieutenant of police, "you have asked an audience of me, I have come from Versailles expressly to grant it"

"Monsieur, I thought you might have some interest in questioning me about matters that are taking place, and as a man who knows your merit and the importance of your functions, I have come to you"

"Question you?" said the magistrate, affecting sur prise, "but about what, Monsieur, and in what capacity?"

"Monsieur," replied Cagliostro, frankly, "your attention has been much occupied with Madame de La Motte and the disappearance of the necklace"

"Can it be that you have found it?" asked Monsieur de Crosne, in an almost bantering tone.

"No," said the count, gravely "But if I have not found the necklace, I at least know that Madame de La Motte lived in the Rue Saint Claude"

"In the house opposite yours, Monsieur, I know it also," said the magistrate

"Then, Monsieur, you know what Madame de La Motte has been doing Let us say no more about it"

"On the contrary," said Monsieur de Ciosne, with an indifferent air, "let us talk about it"

"Oh, there was nothing of importance in that, except in regard to little Oliva," said Cagliostro, "but since you know all about Madame de La Motte, I have nothing new to tell you"

At the name of Oliva, Monsieur de Ciosne started "What did you say of Oliva?" he asked "Who is this Oliva?"

"You do not know? Ah, Monsieur, that is a curious thing, about which I am surprised that I have to inform

vou Imagine to yourself a very pretty girl, blue eyes, and fine of the most perfect o al, —you see a sort of beauty which reminds one of her Majesty the queen

'Ah, ah! said Monsieur de Ciosne "Well?"

"Well this gul was living a bad life which it gave me pain to see, she was formerly in the service of an old friend of mine Monsieur de Taverney —

'The baron who died the other day

Precisely yes the one who is dead. She had besides been in the service of a man of science whom you do not know Monsieur le Lieutenut of Police and who— But I am repeating and I s o that I am wearying you

"Monsieur please go on, I beg This Oliva, you were saving --

Was leading a bud life as I have had the honor of telling you with her lover one of your most ordinary rascals, whom probably you do not know —"

A certain Berusire perhaps? said the magistrate happy to appear well informed

Ah you i now him that is surprising said Cagliostro with admiration Well one day when this Beausire had besten her and robbed her of more than was usual she came to me for protection and I good naturedly allowed her to occupy some corner in one of my hotels—"

She was living in your house? cited the magistrate surprised. Oh that was the reason my agents could not find her

"What! was this little girl sought for? Has she committed some crime of which I am ignorant?

No Monsieur no, go on I entreat you

Oh I have finished I lodged her at my house —

- "No, no, no! Monsieur le Comte, that is not all, since you seemed just now to associate Oliva's name with that of Madame de La Motte"
- "Ah, on account of their being neighbors," said Cagliostro
- "You interest me very much, Monsieur, moie than you can imagine, for this Oliva whom you claim to have lodged in your house, I found in the country"
 - "You found her?"
 - "With Monsieur de Beausire"
- "Well, now, I suspected that," cited Cagliostio "She was with Beausire? Ah, very well, very well! Amends must be made to Madame de La Motte"
- "What! what do you mean?" replied Monsieur de Crosne.
- "I say, Monsieur, that having for a moment suspected Madame de La Motte, I will make her full and complete reparation"
 - "Suspected her? of what?"
- "Good God! can you listen patiently to all this gossip? Well, then, I will tell you that just when I believed this Oliva to be reclaimed, some one carried her away from me"
 - "Carried her away? from your house?"
 - "From my house"
 - "That is strange!"
- "And I could have sworn that it was Madame de La Motte"

Monsieur de Ciosne drew near to Cagliostio, and said, "Come, tell me this exactly, if you please!"

"Oh, Monsieui, now that you have found Oliva with Beausire, nothing can induce me to think of Madame de La Motte, her attentions, or her correspondence"

"Were Madame de la Motte and Oliva acquainted?"

'Intimately, and Madame de La Viotte found a way to take Oliva out with her every night

"Every night! Are you sure of that?

- "As sure as a man can be of anything he has seen or heard
- "Oh, Monsieur you are telling me things for which I would pay at the rate of a thousand frances a word! Are you the friend of Monsieur de Rohan?

"I believe so'

'Then you must know how much that element of in trigue called Madame do La Motte entire into his scan dalous affair. Or perhaps you know the consequences of those promenades of Oliva and Madame. le La Motte ?

Monsieur, there are things of which the prudent min should always be ignorant, replied Caplio tro, sontentiously

Have you proofs that Madame de La Motte had cor responded with Ohya?

- 'A hundred'
- "What are they?"
- "Notes from Madame de La Motto which she shot into Olivas room with a cross bow Some of these notes rolled round pieces of lead, fell into the street, my servants and myself pieked up several
- 'Monsieur, would you deliver them up to the officers of the law?
- 'Oh Monsieur they are of so innocent a nature that I should have no scruples in doing so

And the proofs of their connivance, of their meetings?

- "A thou and '
- ' I asl for only one

The strongest It appears that Madame de La Motte had obtained the means of entering my house to see Ohia, you if -25

for I saw her there myself the very day when the young woman disappeared"

"Ah! and why did she go, since Ohva had dis-

appeared?"

- "I could not understand that at first myself. I had seen Madame de La Motte alight from a post chaise which was waiting in the Rue du Roi-Doić. My servants had seen the carriage standing there for a long time, and I supposed that Madame de La Motte wished to attach Oliva to herself."
 - "And you allowed her to do it?"
- "Why not? Madame de La Motte is a charitable lady, she is received at court"
- "Mademoiselle Oliva was living in your house?" said Monsieur de Ciosne, meditating profoundly, "and Mademoiselle Oliva and Madame de La Motte were acquainted, visited each other, went out together?"
 - "Yes, Monsieur"
- "Ah, Madame de La Motte was seen in your house the day that Oliva was carried off?"
 - "Yes, Monsieur"
- "And you thought that the countess wished to attach this girl to herself?"
 - "What else could I think?"
- "What did Madame de La Motte say when she did not find Oliva at your house?"
 - "She seemed to be confused"
 - Do you think Beausic carried her off?"
- "I think so only because you told me that he did carry her off, otherwise, I should suspect nothing. Who could have told the man where Oliva was?"
 - "Oliva herself"
- "I do not think so, for she might have gone to him without sending for him to take her away, and he could

not have got into the house if Madame de La Motte had not sent him a key

- 'She had .. ley?'
- 'That cannot be doubted
- "On what day wa she carried off? said Monsieur de Crosne
- "Oh Monsieur in regard to that I cannot be mistaken it was the might before Saint Louis Day
- 'That is it' cried the heutenant of police that is it' Monsieur you have just lendered a signal service to the State Can I rely on your delivering up these proofs of which you speak?'

I am ready Monsieur to submit to the demands of justice in all things

Well Monsieur I shill remind you of your promite I hope to hive the honor of secing you again and he dismissed Caglio trot who said to himself as he was retiring —

'Ah Counters viper' you wished to accuse me' I think that you have bitten on a file look out for your teeth!

CHAPTER LI.

EXAMINATIONS

While Monsieur de Ciosne was holding his interview with Cagliostio, Monsieur de Bieteuil presented himself at the Bastille to interrogate Monsieur de Rohan, on behalf of the king. Monsieur de Rohan refused to reply, and when the baron insisted, he said that the matter now was in the hands of the parliament and the judges, and he would leave it there

Monsieur de Bieteuil, withdrawing from this attempt without having obtained any satisfaction, sought and obtained an interview with Madame de La Motte. He explained to her, briefly, the dangers of her situation. She replied that she had proofs of her innocence which she would furnish on the proper occasion, that she would answer nothing except in presence of the cardinal, and after she should be informed what charges he allowed to weigh against her

Monsieur de Bieteuil then told her that the cardinal held her responsible for everything

- "Everything?" said Jeanne, "even the theft?"
- "Even the theft"
- "Please say to Monsieur le Caidinal," said Jeanne, coolly, "that I advise him not to persist in so bad a method of defence"

Monsieur de Bieteuil was not satisfied. He promised everything to Madame de La Motte if she would clearly accuse some one "Take care!" he said, "in saying nothing, you accuse the queen If you persist in that you will be found builty of traison. That means disprace — perhaps the halter

"I do not accuse the queen, Jeanne replied 'but why do they accuse me!

Accuse some onel ' in isted Bretonil 'it is your

only way to eave yourself

But Jennio kept silent and the first interview be tween her and the keeper of the seals was without result.

Meantime the rumor got abroad that proofs had come to holt, that the diamonds had been sold in I noland, and that Monsieur de Villette had been arrested there

The first as ault which Jeanne had to sustain was of an alarming character. Confronted with I clear whom she behaved to be her ally unto death, she with terror heard him humbly ach nowledge that he was a forcer that he had forged both the jeweller's receipt and the queen a letter Iking, asked with what motives he had been instigated to them by Madaine do La Motte.

Jennes furiously defined Reteaus testimony. She declared that she had never seen him. Then she received two severe shocks, she was crushed by the evidence of two witnesses. One of these was the driver of the carrage in which she had made her nocturnal expedition on the most and at the hour stated by Reteau, and the other was one of Cagliestro's servants who affirmed that on a certain evening, he had seen Monsieur Reteau de Villette scated in a post-chaise, from which Madame de La Motte Indi ust all, hited

Thereupon Jenne violently attacked Cighostro who, she declared, had worked upon the Cardinal de Rohan's mind with his incantations and sorceries and had thus inspired him with culpable ideas against the royal Majesty.

That was the first link in the accusation of adultery.

Monsieur de Rohan defended himself and Cagliostro at the same time. He was so obstinate in his demal that Jeanne, in desperation, at length openly charged the cardinal with a mad passion for the queen.

Cagliostro demanded that he too should be imprisoned, that he might prove his innocence to all the world. His request was granted

Accusers and judges became more interested, as always happens on the first appearance of truth, and public opinion immediately ranged itself with the cardinal and Cagliostro against the queen

The unfortunate princess, to make clear her determination to prosecute the suit, seemed the publication of the reports made to the king in regard to her nocturnal walks, and summoned Monsieur de Crosne to tell all he knew

This blow, skilfully calculated, fell upon Jeanne with crushing force. She denied that there had been any nocturnal walks by her communice, or to her knowledge She declared false the certified reports that she had been seen in the park in company with the queen or with the cardinal

At this stage in the proceedings, when Jeanne was loudly protesting that she had never been in the Versailles park at night, and that she had never been cognizant of any private relation between the queen and the cardinal, at that moment Oliva appeared, a living witness who changed public opinion and destroyed the edifice of hes erected by the counters

Oliva's appearance was a terrible blow to the cardinal He perceived at last that he had been tricked in the most infamous manner. That man, full of delicacy and noble passion, had been betrayed by an adventuress and a woman of the town into an attack on the cueen —a woman whom he loved and who was altogether innocent! When he saw Ohiva, that queen of the cross rouds and recalled the rose the clasped hands, the Buths of Apollo he turned pile, and would have poured out his blood at the fact of Mario Antomette had he seen her at that moment.

But the cardinal could not admit Oliva's identity with out acknowledgin, that he was in love with the actual queen. The aroual of his error would be an accusation, ast un. He therefore remained silent and allowed Jeanno to leny everything.

I fforts being renewed to induce Jeanne to give some explanation she coolly replied. The best way of proving that the queen did not walk by night in the park is to exhibit a woman who resembles the queen and who pretends that she was in the park. You exhibit her it is very fine.

This infimous institution met with success, and once more hill the truth. But when Oliva with innocent anxiety gave all the details and all the proofs omitting nothing she obtained a more ready belief than had the countess.

Jeanne then resorted to a desperate expedient — she confessed that she had conducted the cardinal to Ver sailles she declared that he had misisted on seeing the queen that he might give her assurance of his respectful devotion she declar d further that those walls in the parl were taken with the I nowledge of the queen who concealed in the shrubb ry listened with stilled laughter to the passion ate words of the amorous Monsieur de Robin.

The queen was helple a against this list accusation for she could not prove it to be false because Jeanne.

driven to extremities, declared that she would publish all the love-letters written to the queen by the cardinal, and because in fact she had those letters, burning with mad passion. And Mademoiselle Oliva could not prove that any one was, or was not, listening behind the shrubbery. In short there were too many persons interested in taking these lies for positive truths. The queen was helpless

CHAITER LII

THE LAST HOPE LOST

AFTER examinations without number, in which the cardinal had muntimed his cilm and courteous demensioner toward Jeanne, and Jeanne hid conducted herself boisterously the opinion of the public and of the judges especially, became at last fixed

No new incidents could be adduced, revolutions were exhausted. Jeanne percured that she had produced no favorable effect on the minds of her judges. She therefore in the retirement of her prison call, once more examined her resources.

By all those who were in the train of Monsieur de Breteul, Jeanne was urged to spare the queen, but to accuse the cardinal without mercy. From those who were connected with the cardinal—a powerful family, judges favoring the cause of the people the clergy fruitful in resources—came the advice to tell all the truth to un mask the intrigues of the court, and to stimulate the commotion to such a point that all crowned heads should take alarm.

This party seemed sure of victory. The popular en thusiasm was in favor of the cardinal. Men admired his patience and women his discretion. Men were angry that he should have been so basely deceived, women were slow to believe that he had been deceived. To very many Oliva had no real existence or if she

existed she had been invented by the queen for the occasion.

Jeanne thought it all over. Her law ers abundaned her, the judges made no secret of their aversion, the Rohan party vigorously assailed her, in public opinion she was scorned. She resolved on a last blow, which should make the judges anxious, frighten the cardinal's friends, and arouse ancw the popular feeling against the queen. Her plan was to make it appear that she had been anxious throughout to shield the queen, but that she must reveal everything if driven too hard, that as to the cardinal, she had only imitated his reserve, but that if he should speak out, she would follow his example, and they would prove their innocence.

In pursuance of this plan Jeanne wrote the following letter to the queen

MADAMY, — Notwithstanding all that is painful in my position, I have not complained. All the expedients employed to extort a confession from me have only strengthened my resolution not to compromise my sovereign.

Nevertheless, though persuided that my constancy and my discretion entitle me to ichef from my present embarrassment, I confess that the efforts made by the cardinal's family make me fear that I shall become their victim

A long imprisonment, endless examinations, disgrace, and despair at finding myself accused of a crime of which I am innocent have enfeebled my courage, and I fear that my constancy will yield to so many blows dealt at the same time

By a single word Madame can put an end to this inserable affair, through the mediction of Monsieur de Breteurl, who can give to it, in the eyes of the minister (the king), the appearance which his intelligence will suggest to him, without compromising Madame in any way. It is the fear of being compelled to reveal all which necessitates the step I am now taking, and I am persuaded that Madame will consider the motives which

have urged me to it and that she will give orders for delivering me from my painful ituation

I am with profound respect Madames very humble and obedient servant, --

Compesse de Valois de La Motte

Either thus letter would be delivered to the queen and would alarm her to such a de ree that she would conclude to end the struggle by setting Jeanne at liberty or which was more probable—it would be delivered to the governor of the prison and by him to the judges Jeanne had, in short so expressed her off that the letter fall where it might, would deposit a leaven of hatred, distrust and irroverence toward the queen

Jeanne wrote at the ame time a letter to the cardinal, as follows -

MONSTICNEUR — I cannot conceive why you o obstinately persix in silicact. It seems to me that you hould place unreserved confidence in our yillogs our condition would be the better for it. As to my off I am re obed to remain silent until you will support my word. But why do you not speak? Explain all the circum tances of this my terious affair and I swert that I will confirm all that you say. Consider Monseur le Cardinal that if I speak first and you drain w what I say I am lost. I hall not escape her vengeance who wishes to say rifice us both.

But you have nothing like that to fear from me you know my decition. If the proves to be implacable your cause will always be my own. I would sacrifice everything to shield you from her hatred.

P S I have written to her a letter which will I hope per suade her if not to speak the truth at least not to cru h us who have no crume with which to reproach ourselve except our error or our silence

This artful letter was delivered to the cardinal during their last examination in the great parlor of the Bastille It was observed that the cardinal turned red and then pale, shuddering at such audacity. He went out to recover his breath

At the same time the countess handed the letter which she had written to the queen to the Abbé Lekel almoner of the Bastille, who had accompanied the cardinal to the pailor and was devoted to his interests

The almoner refused to take the letter.

"Well, then," said Jeanne, resorting to intimidation, "say to the cardinal that I have still one recourse left, that of publishing the letters which he wrote to the queen. I shall be sony to do so, but for our common advantage I will do it"

The almoner still refused.

"Take notice," said Jeanne, "that you reduce me to the necessity of making use of Monsieur de Rohan's letters"

"Very well," replied the abbé, "make use of them, Madaine"

"But," replied Jeanne, trembling with anger, "these proofs of a secret correspondence with her Majesty will cause the cardinal's head to fall on the scaffold!"

At that moment the door was opened, and the cardinal, superb in his wrath, appeared on the threshold "You may cause the head of a Rohan to fall on the scaffold, Madame," he said, "it will not be the first time the Bastille has witnessed that spectacle But if that is to be, I declare to you that I shall not reproach the scaffold on which my head shall roll, provided I may see that on which you will be branded as a thief and a forger Come, Abbé, come!"

The cardinal turned his back to Jeanne, and going out with the almoner, left to the companionship of rage and despair that miserable creature who could make no movement without sinking deeper into that deadly slough in which she was soon to be covered out of sight

CHAPTEI IIII

THE BAPTISM OF LITTLE BEAUSIRE.

Madame de La Motte had fuled in all her calculations Ca, lustro had failed in none of his. On his imprisonment he perceived that he had at last a protect for open war on that monarchy which for so many years he had sought to undermine. He then got ready the material for that fu mous letter from London which appeared about a month later and was the first blow on the wills of the old Bastille the first hostile act of the 1 evolution, the first shock preceding that of July 14, 1789.

In that letter Ciolnostro and I am asked if I shall ever return to France Assuredly I shall — when the Pastulle shall have become a public promenade God speed the day!

Ohra meanwhile allowed not a word to escape her lips which might comprome the protector. What she said was injurious to Madame de La Motte alone she openly and clearly set forth her innocent participation in a hoar intended she said, for a gentleman whose name was Louis

While the criticus were in prison Oliva had not seen her dear Berusire but she had not been altogether abundoned by him as will be seen. She had the memoral of her lover for which Dide longed when she said. 'Ah, if I might only has a little Ascanius playing on my knees!" In the month of May, 1786, a man was waiting on the steps of the poich of Saint Paul's Chuich—He appeared to be agitated, and was looking steadily toward the Bastille—One of Cagliostro's German servants came and stood beside him—This man tried to check Beausire's wild impatience, saying to him, in a low tone, "Wait, wait, they will come"

"Ah," said Beausire, "it is you!"

As Beausire, still not satisfied with "They will come," continued to gesticulate beyond all reason, the German whispered to him, "You will attract the police My master promised you news, I am here to give it to you"

"Give it | give it, my friend !"

"Lower The mother and child are doing well"

"Oh! oh!" cired Beausire, in an indescribable transport of joy "She is delivered! She is safe!"

"Yes, Monsieur, but I beg you, let us go aside."

"Is it a gul?"

"No, Monsieur, a boy"

"So much the better Oh, my friend, how happy I am' how happy I am' My hearty thanks to your master. Tell him that my life, all that I have is his But why did you say, 'They will come'? Who will come?"

"The physician of the Bastille and the nurse"

"They are coming here? and for what?"

"To have the child baptized"

"I am to see my child!" cried Beausire, jumping about "Do you say that I shall see Oliva's son? here, immediately?"

"Here, immediately, but be calm, I beg! Patience!"
Beausire drew nearer to the German "Is she comfort able?" he asked, clasping his hands

'Very comfortable replied the oth r Oh, here is a curriage coming!

'les, yes!
"It stops --'

'There i something white - lice -'

'The child's mantle

My God!" and Be ausire was obliged to support him self aguinst one of the pillars as he saw alighting from the carringe the nurse the physician and one of the Bastille turnleys. After they had entered Brussire followed them. The prict recognizing the nurse and the physician who had come to him on several occusions like this greeted them with a bow and a smile. Leausire bowed and smiled with the priest.

The door of the sacrity wa then closed and the priest began to write the words of registration. When he asked the name of the child the physician said. It is a boy and that is all I know about it.

Four bursts of laughter accented these words which seemed to because not very respectful

He must have some kind of a name of only the name of a saint ' said the prest

'Yes, the young lady wishes him to be called Toussaint'

There they are then all of them replied the priest, with an hilanous burst of hugater at his pun

Berusire began to lose patience but the German restrained him

'Well said the priest with such a name as that with all the sunts for his patrons we can get along with out a father. Let us write. To day is presented a male child bern yesterday at the Pastille son of Nicole Oliva Legay and — father unknown

Beausire darted to the priest's side, and seizing him by

In the month of May, 1786, a man was waiting on the steps of the poich of Saint Paul's Church. He appeared to be agitated, and was looking steadily toward the Bastille. One of Cagliostro's German servants came and stood beside him. This man tried to check Beausire's wild impatience, saying to him, in a low tone, "Wait, wait, they will come"

"Ah," said Beausire, "it is you!"

As Beausire, still not satisfied with "They will come," continued to gesticulate beyond all reason, the German whispered to him, "You will attract the police. My master promised you news, I am here to give it to you."

"Give it give it, my friend ""

"Lower The mother and child are doing well"

"Oh! oh!" cired Beausire, in an indescribable trans port of joy "She is delivered! She is safe!"

"Yes, Monsieur, but I beg you, let us go aside"

"Is it a girl?"

"No, Monsieur, a boy"

"So much the better Oh, my friend, how happy I am! how happy I am! My hearty thanks to your master. Tell him that my life, all that I have is his But why did you say, 'They will come?' Who will come?"

"The physician of the Bastille and the nuise"

"They are coming here? and for what?"

"To have the child baptized"

"I am to see my child!" cried Beausire, jumping about "Do you say that I shall see Ohva's son? here, immediately?"

"Here, immediately, but be calm, I beg! Patience!"
Beausire drew nearer to the German "Is she comfortable?" he asked, clasping his hands

'Very comfortable' replied the oth r 'Oh, here is a carriage coming!"

"Yes, yes!"

"It stops - '

- ' There is something white lace '
- ' The child's mantle

My God 1 and Beausire was obliged to support him self aguinst one of the pillars as he saw alighting from the carriage the nurse, the physician and one of the Bastille turnkeys. After they had entired, Brausire followed them. The price trecognizing the nurse and the physician who had come to him on soveral occasions like this greeted them with a bow and a smile. Beausire bowed and smiled with the priest.

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Well, said the priest "with such a name as that with all the sunts for his patrons we can get along with out a father. Let us write. To day is presented a male child born yesterday at the Pastille son of Nicole Oliva Legay and — father unlinown

Beausire darted to the priest's side, and seizing him by

the wrist, cried out, "Toussaint has a father as well as a mother, he has a tender father, who will not deny his own offspring Write, I pray you, that Toussaint, born yesterday of Mademoiselle Nicole Oliva Legay, is the son of Jean Baptiste Toussaint de Beausire, here present!"

The astonishment caused by these words may readily be conceived. The pen feil from the hands of the priest, and the child almost fell from the arms of the nurse Beausire received it in his own, covered it with eager kisses, and dropped on its brow the baptism of paternal tears.

The spectators, accustomed though they were to dramatic scenes, were much affected, except the priest, who maintained his composure, and even expressed doubts as to the statements made by Beausire Beausire placed on the font three louis d'or, which were more effective than his tears in establishing his good faith and the fact of his paternity. The priest bowed, and pocketed the money, and requested Beausire to write in the registry his declaration that he was the child's father

"I'" cried Beausire, "why, I would write it with my blood!" and he seized the pen with joyous eagerness

"Take care!" said the turnkey Guyon, "it is dangerous to write in public registers!"

"Thanks for your advice, friend!" said Beausire, proudly, "but to deny the son of my wife"

"Your wife?" cried the physician

"Legitimate?" cried the priest

"May God restore her to liberty," said Beausire, trembling with joy, "and the next day Nicole Legay will take the name of De Beausire"

"Meantime you are running a risk!" said Guyon "I think they are looking for you"

All agreed, however, not to betray him.

Beausire wrote his declaration in verbose and magniloent terms as if narratin, an exploit of which he was oud. Then, having read anow the completed certificite, embraced his son, slipped ten louis under his mantle, spended from his neck a ring designed for the inother d proud as Xenophon on his retreat he opened the or of the sacristry, and marched forth without any pre-

ation of concealment
The witnesses of the baptism also withdrew and re
ined their carriage, still astonished by the adventure
austre stood looking after them, sent several kisses to
s son, and when the carriage had disappeared, retre ted
an asylum known only to himself, Cagliostro, and
onsieur de Crosne — that is to say, Monsieur de Crosne
lifiled a promise he had made to Calliostro, and left

when the child was taken back to the Bastille, and the use had informed Oliva of these surprising adventures, a latter, putting Beausire s ring on her thickest finger, yan to weep, and said, 'I will at least be a good other!"

CHAPTER LIV

THE STOOL OF INTERROGATION.

The day at last arrived when the judgment of the court of parliament was to be invoked by the concluding speech of the procureur-general

The bearing of the accused was as before Oliva was frank and timid, Cagliostio, calin and superior, Villette, downcast and in tears, Jeanne, insolent, threatening, and venomous, the cardinal, unaffected, meditative, absentmented

In the public mind the question still was, which of the two accused persons had stolen the necklace? This question involved another. Had the queen just reason for her accusation of the cardinal? and this was, politically, a question of importance. Had Monsieur de Rohan believed that he had the right to speak to the queen as he had spoken to her, to act in her name as he had acted? Had he been, in fact, a secret agent of Marie Antoinette, an agent repudiated as soon as the affair made a noise?

In a word, had the cardinal acted in good faith, as a confidant of the queen? If he had acted in good faith, the queen must have been implicated in those intimacies which she had denied, and which Madame de La Motte had insinuated to have existed

The procureur-general began his speech. He was the organ of the court, and spoke in the name of outraged royal dignity. He demanded that Villette should be condemned to the galleys, that Jeanne de La Motte should

be branded scourged, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, that Cagliostro and Oliva should be dismissed from the case, and that the cardinal should be compelled to acknowledge himself guilty of language offensive to royal Majesty and then should be banished from the presence of the king and queen, and deprived of his offices and dignities

This demand divided the pulliment and terrified the accused. The royal will had been so trongly expressed that had the demand been uttered twenty five years earlier though then already pallament had begun to vin dicate its prerogative the idea of the infullibility of the throne would have prevailed. But fourteen counsellors only adopted in full the conclusions of the procureur general and there was a division in the assembly

The last examination of the accused was then entered upon, — a formality almost useless under existing circum stances. The custom was that the accused should appear before the judges on a small wooden seat dishonered by the contact of those who had passed from it to the seaf fold. The forger Villette occupied it first who begged for pardon with prayers and tears. No one took any in crest in him, he was and appeared to be only a rascal of the common sort. Dismissed by the court he went weeping to his prison cell.

Then came Madame de La Motte who made a strong impression on the assembly. She had been already exposed to the first of the insults to which she was to be subjected, she had been compelled to ascend by the small stairway, life a common criminal. The heat and noise and general movement troubled hat at first, and her eye were unsteady. Then the officer who had her in chaige led her quickly to the stool placed at the centre of the half circle, which boile some resemblance to the block, on a

scaffold On seeing that she was expected to occupy that degrading seat, Jeanne de La Motte, who proudly called herself Valois, and as she thought controlled the fortunes of a queen of France, turned pale, and cast angry glances about her, as if to intimidate the judges who would per mit that outrage. Seeing however no indication of sympathy on the faces around her, she placed herself, almost fainting, on the stool of interrogation

In the examination that followed, Jeanne still pursued her method of vague insimuation against the queen. Of her own innocence she spoke more decidedly, and she managed to draw from the examining judge an inquiry as to the letters which were sud to have been interchanged between the queen and the cardinal

Jeanne, in reply, declared that she was unwilling to say anything which might compromise the queen, and that no one could answer on that subject better than the cardinal himself. "Ask him," she sud, "to produce those letters, or copies of them, read them, and sitisfy your currosity. As to myself, I cannot affirm whether those letters were written by the queen and by the cardinal. They seem to me, on the one hand, too free and familiar to have been written by a sovereign to a subject, and on the other hand too irreverent to have been written by a subject to a queen."

The deep, significant silence which followed this attack might have warned Jeanne that she had succeeded only in arousing horior in the minds of her enemies, terror in the minds of her partisans, and incredulity in the minds of her impartial judges. She left the stool of interrogation with the pleasing hope that the cardinal too must sit on it. That revenge would almost have satisfied her. But on turning back for a last look at the degrading seat which she was forcing a Rohan to occupy, she saw that it had

been removed and that an arm chair stood in its place. She uttered a cry of rage, and hastened from the hall in fren zied excitement.

The cardinal arrived in his carringe attended by the governor of the Bastille. On his entrance he was graced by a murniur of respect and sympathy. He was pale, and somewhat agitated. He mainfested in his demeaner that respect and condescension due to judges from an accused person who accepts and invokes their jurisdiction. When he began to speak, his trembling utterance broken by sighs and his humble bearing moved his audience to sympathy. He spoke slowly, offered excuses rather than proofs, supplications rather than arguments and at length stopping short—he the man of cloquent speech!—by that paralysis of mind and courage produced more of feet than all the advocates with all their arguments had produced

After the cardinal came Oliva. The most ardent haters of the monarchy were shocked on seeing the hining copy of Maria Antoinette queen of France sitting on the stool of threes and forgers

Then came Cagliostro the least guilty of all. He was not asked to sit though the arm chair remaine I by the side of the stool. The court feared to question him and he was speedily dismissed.

The court then announced that the trial was at an end and their deliberations would begin immediately. The crowd slowly withdrew along the streets and the quays intending to return soon to hear the judgment, which all agreed could not be long delayed.

CHAPTER LV.

A WAY OF ESCAPE.

While the cardinal, on the terraces of the Bastille, discussed with Cagliostro the probable result of their defence, while Oliva, in her cell, caressed her child, and Reteau, in his, thought of the crowns promised by Monsieur de Crosne, Jeanne, having retired to the room of the keeper's wife, Madame Hubert, endeavored to soothe her agitation by noise and action

This room, high and large like a hall, was lighted by a large window looking toward the quay and covered by an iron grating. Here Madame de La Motte spent the days of her imprisonment in company with Madame Hubert, her son, and her husband. She had won their sympathy; she had managed to persuade them that the queen was very guilty. A day was to come when in that same hall another keeper, pitying the misfortunes of another prisoner, would believe her innocent because so gentle and so kind, and that prisoner would be the queen

Madame de La Motte, then, was proposing to forget, in the society of her friends, the troubles which assailed her, and repay them by her gay humor for the kindness they had shown her But she found them anxious and embarrassed Alarmed by this she sought to elicit an explanation from Madame Hubert, but she and those with her were noncommittal

Jenne perceived, in a corner by the fireplace, an abbe who was an occasional guest of the house. He had been secretary of the preceptor of Monsieur le Cointe de Provence. He was a man of simple manners though somewhat eynical. After a long-continued ab ence from Madama Hubert' hou c, he had become a frequent visitor there since the arrival of Madame de La Motte.

'I am sure' said Jeanue, that they are talling more freely up yonder than we are talking here'

These words were steeted with a feeble murmur of assent

Up vonder?" said the abbe feroning ignorance, "where Madame is Comte se?

In the hall where my judges are in consultation '

Oh ye yes said the abbe. And roam there was silence

'I think, Jennio resumed—that my course to day produced a good effect—Do you not think it did?

'Why, ye Madame' tunnelly replied the leeper and he rose as if to so out

What I your opinion? I isked Jearne, urning to the abbe. Does not the affar look well for me? They have brought forward no evidence

"It is true Madame, said the abbo "you have much to hope and vot suppose that the ling -- '

Well the king what will be do?

Lh, Madame' the king cannot consent to be found in the wion, "

He must then have Monsieur de Rohan condemned and that a impossible '

"That indeed is improbable

'But in this cause, Jeanne Insterned to say 'the car dinal and I are in the same situation

'Not at all replied the abbe, you are mistaken,

Madame One of the accused will be absolved, but only one A culprit is necessary to the king, otherwise what will become of the queen?"

"It is true," said Jeanne, in a dull tone "The king needs a culprit; well, Monsieur de Rohan will serve the purpose as well as I"

A silence ensued, alarming to the counters. The abbé was the first to speak. "Madame," he said, "the king does not bear malice, and when his first anger is satisfied he will forget all that has happened."

"But what do you call a satisfied anger?" asked Jeanne, monically

"A condemnation - any would be a satisfaction"

"Any, Monsieur!" cried Jeanne, "that is a fearful word. Any! why that means every!"

"Oh, I speak only of seclusion in a convent," replied the abbé, coldly. "That is the idea, according to rumor, which the king is likely to adopt in reference to you"

Jeanne looked at him with terror, which soon gave place to furious excitement

"Seclusion in a convent!" she exclaimed "That is to say, a lingering death which shall appear to be an act of clemency! Tortues of hunger, of cold, of penances! No, enough of punishment, enough of shame, enough of suffering for the innocent, while the guilty one is powerful, free, honored! Death, rather, at once, but the death I choose to punish myself with for having been born into this infamous world!"

Uttering these words Jeanne rushed to the sideboard to seize a knife. The keeper, Madame Hubert, and the abbé threw themselves upon hei, and prevented her reaching it. She then, with cries too violent to be natural, rushed into an adjoining cabinet, seized an enormous porcelain vase.

ment will be rendered during the night? That cannot be, can it?"

"I do not imagine," said the keeper, "that it will be rendered before to-morrow morning"

"Well, then," continued the abbé, "try to let that poor Madame de La Motte have a little rest, she must need it"

"Let us withdraw to our chamber," said the worthy keeper to his wife, "and leave Madame here in the easy-chair, unless she prefers going to bed"

Jeanne, on the point of using, met the eye of the abbé, who was watching for her reply. She fell back, and feigned sleepiness. The abbé then retired, and the keeper and his wife also went out, after quietly locking the grating, and putting back the key in its place.

As soon as she was alone Jeanne opened her eyes "The abbé advises me to flee," she thought "Could any one more clearly point out the necessity of flight, and the means? To threaten me with condemnation before judgment is rendered, is the act of a friend who urges me to necover my liberty I have only to open that closet, then that grating, and I shall be on the deserted quay To escape! Oh, liberty! — the joy of recovering my riches, of repaying to my enemies all that I have suffered!" darted to the closet, seized the key, and drew near to the lock of the grating Suddenly she thought she saw on the budge the dark form of a man "Some one is there." she said to heiself, "perhaps the abbé, awaiting my escape, he is leady to help me Yes, but if it were a trap, if, descending to the quay, I should be surprised in the attempt to escape? Flight is confession of crime, least, of fear Whence comes that man! He seems to be connected with Monsieui de Piovence, but he may be an emissary of the queen, or of the Rohans They would pay heavily for a false move on my part—Yes, some one is there, watching! To male me escape some hours before the judgment! My God! may it not be that my elemies lave information of my acquittal? Who knows but they wish to parry that terrible blow to the queen by a proof or a confession of my guilt? That proof that confession, would be afforded by my flight. I will remain?

Jeanne from that moment remained convinced that she had ascaped a snare. She smiled, and with a firm step went to the closet and placed in it the key of the gratin. Then drawing her arm chair nearer to the window she watched that man who waited for her and who at length disappeared as the first rays of daylight enabled her to distinguish the water of the river from the river banks.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE JUDGMLNT.

On the morning of the next day Jeanne awaited, with sanguine expectation, the news of her requitful and release. She was not allowed to go out in search of information; but placing herself at the window she listened anxiously to the sounds from the neighboring square. Soon she he independ a noisy outbreak of cires, bravos, and clapping of hands,

a noise which frightened her, for she could not imagine that it was for her that so much sympithy was declined

"A fine day for the cardinal!" said a sort of attorney's clerk, as he passed by

"For the cardinal!" Jeunne repeated "There is news then that the curdinal is acquitted" She returned hastily to the hall. "Madame, Madame!" she said to the woman Hubert, "what is this I hear?—'a fine day for the cardinal!" What is the meaning of that?"

"I do not know," replied Madame Hubert

Jeanne looked at her steadily "Ask your husband, I beg of you!" she said

Madame Hubert did as requested, and her husband replied from without, 'I do not know"

"What then," said Jeanne, implifiently, "could those passers-by mean? They of course were speaking with reference to the trial"

"Perhaps they meant," said the kind-hearted Hubert, "that if Monsieur de Rohan should be acquitted it would be a fine day for him"

- "Do you think he will be acquitted?' cried Jeanne, canching her Lands
 - 'That may happen'
 - "I, also?
- 'Oh, you, Madame, you as well as he, why not?"
 - Jeanne returned to the window
- "I think you are wrong Madame" said the keeper, 'in thus exposing yourself to emotions arisin, from distorted information. Why not wait quietly till your counsel or Monsieur Fremyn, arrives to read to you.—
- 'The judgment No ' no ' and she continued 'o
- A woman was passing with friends 'He shall have my bouquet she cried and a hund ed others, the dear man! Oh, if I can I will I is him!
 - ' And I too said a companion
 - 'I would like to have him k ss me, ' said a third
- Of whom can they be speaking? thought Jennie
 'He is a handsome man you do not show bad
 taste, said another of the company and they passed
- on
 'Still the cardinal! murmured Jeanne 'He is acquitted! he is acquitted!
- "Eb Madamo! and Hubert and his wife speaking together 'why should you not wish a poor prisoner to be set free!'
- Jeanne unwilling to lose their sympathy hastened to say, "You do not understand me Can you believe me so whiched as to wish harm to my companions in misfortune? Oh, yes! may the cardinal be acquitted but let me know at least what is decided in regard to me Lelieve me my friends it is my impatience that males me appear as I do

Hubert and his wife looked at each other as if to measure the extent of the information they would impart. A flash of light from Jeanne's eyes stopped them as they were on the point of speaking.

"You tell me nothing?" she cried, perceiving her

mistake.

"We know nothing," they replied, in a low tone

At that moment Hubert was called out of the room. His wife, remaining alone with the captive, sought to divert her attention. But in vain. All Jeanne's intelligence was devoted to catching the sounds that came to her from without

Suddenly there was a great noise in the square, accompanied by a tumultuous rush of the crowd. The shouts were continuous; they seemed to be directed toward a covered carriage drawn by two hoises, which were so impeded by the crowd that they could move only slowly. The countess recognized the two men who were the objects of that enthusiasm. They were the Cardinal de Rohan and the Comte de Cagliostio.

That manifestation of public sympathy with the victims of the queen for so they were called inspired Jeanne with a transient joy. But then, "What!" said she, "they are already free, and I, I know nothing! Why is it that I can learn nothing?" She shuddered

Another noise of shouting drew her attention toward the Pont-au-Change. A carriage, surrounded by a multitude, was descending the hill toward the bridge. In the carriage Jeanne recognized Oliva, smiling and holding up her child, Oliva, rejoicing in her freedom, and enjoying also the pleasantires addressed to her (a little free sometimes) and the kisses that were sent to the fresh-looking, attractive girl. On the bridge a post-chaise was waiting. In it Monsieur Beausire was hiding behind one of his friends,

who alone ventured to expose himself to the public admiration. The latter made a sign to Oliva who alighted from her carriage, and getting into the post-chaise fell into the arms of Benu ire, who almo t stilled her in his embrace and covered her with tears and his es. Nor did he breathe freely until at Saint Denis they changed horses without having been disturbed by the police

Meantime Jeanne seem all these persons at liberty, happy honored, asked why she alone received no news. "By what refinement of cruelty do they withhold from me that part of the judgment which concerns me?

- "Calm yourself Madame said Hubert, entering the room, -- "calm yourself"
- "It is impossible that you do not know! You know! You know! Tell me!"
 - " Madamo -- "
- "If you are not a savage tell me! You see how I suffer!"
- "We are forbidden Madame to reveal judgments, the reading of which is the duty of the clerk of the courts"
- "Why, then it is so in htful that you do not dare to tell it?' cried Jeanne in a tran port of rage which alarmed the keeper
 - "No," said he 'colm yourself, -calm yourself'
 - "Speak, then!"
- "Will you be patient, and will you do nothing to compromise me?
 - 'I promise, I swear it, speak!
 - "Very well, Monsieur le Cardinal is acquitted
 - 'I know it'

Monsieur de Caghostro is discharged?

- 'Iknowiti Iknowit'"
- " Mademoiselle Oliva is dropped from the accusation
- "Go on 1 go on 1"

- "Monsieur Reteau de Villette is condemned to the galleys"
 - "And I? and I?" cried Jeanne, in great excitement.
- "Patience, Madame, patience. Is this what you promised me?"
 - "I am patient, come, speak! what of me?"
- "Banishment!' said the keeper, in a low voice, tuining away his eyes

A flash of joy shone in the eyes of the countess, which she immediately extinguished. Then, with a loud cry, she pretended to faint, and fell into the arms of her friends

- "What then would have been the consequence," whispered Hubert to his wife, "if I had told her the truth?"
- "Banishment!" thought Jeanne, while pretending she was ill, 'it is liberty, wealth, vengeance, it is all that I have hoped I have won!"

CHAPTER LVII

THE PUNI HMENT

Jenne was still awaiting the arrival of the clerk who according to the keeper would read the sentunce pronounced against her released from the agony of sus pen e she was saying to herself. What matters it to me that Monsieur de Rohan has been adjudged less guilty than II. Do they punish me for a fault? No Had I been duly recognized as a Valois had I been able like the cardinal to hedge myself about with princes and dules—they would have refused nothing to the poor Countesse de La Motte and certainly would have spared the descendant of the Valois the disgrace of the stool of interrogation.

But why occupy myself with the past, which is dead? Here ends the great busines of my life. Banished! I am bunished that is to say I can carry my million whither I will and nothing can hinder me—young, beau tiful celebrated—from living, as I please either with my husband, if he too is banished (an I I how that he is free), or with the friends that youth and fortune always provide.

Let any one say to me then — to me the condemned to me the banished to me the disgraced — that I am not richer than the queen more honored more fully acquitted I or she was not concerned for my condemnation, the earth worm is of no consequence to the hon. She was concerned to have Monsieur de Rohan condemned and Monsieur do Rohan is acquitted.

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"Now how will they proceed to communicate to me my sentence, and have me conducted out of the kingdom? Will they revenge themselves on a woman by subjecting her to a strict execution of the law? Will they put me in the keeping of aichers to be taken to the frontier? Will some one say to me solemnly, 'Unworthy one, the king banishes you from his kingdom'? No, my masters are good-natured, they wish me no haim Thea anger is directed against the good people of Paris who shout under their windows, 'Long live Monsieur le Cardinal!' 'Long live Cagliostio!' 'Long live the parliament!' Oh, yes, that is then real enemy, the people counted on the moral support of public opinion, and I have succeeded!"

At this point in her meditations a recollection of Reteau de Villette crossed her mind "Poor fellow!" she said, with a wicked smile 'It is he who pays for all Always some paltry soul is needed for explation, and the emergency which calls it up devours it Poor Reteau! The wretched creature now pays for his diatribes against the queen, and for his forgeries God, who allots to every one his part in the world, appointed to him beatings, intermittent louis d'or, ambuscades, concealments, and at last the galleys. This is the fate of trickery without intelligence, of cumning without boldness, of aggression without perseverance and strength"

Jeanne took dinner with her keepers in a very happy state of mind, but they had wholly lost their cheerfulness; they did not even affect to conceal their embarrassment. Jeanne attributed this coldness to the condemnation pronounced against her, and said so to them. They replied that nothing was sadder to them than the sight of those against whom sentence had been pronounced.

Jeanne was so happy that she wished to be alone; and

she intended after dinner to retire at once to her chamber She was agreeably surprised when Hubert said to her with solemn constraint, 'Madame, we are under orders not to keep with us persons who have been condemned by parliament."

"Good 1" said Jeanne to herself, he anticipates my wishes." She rose from the table. 'I should not wish she said, 'to involve you in disobedience, that would be a poor return for all your kindness. I will therefore retire to my chamber?

She watched for the effect of these words Hubert rolled a key in his fingers. His wife turned her head away as if to hide her emotion

But added the countess where will they come to read me my sentence and when?

They are waiting perhaps till Madame shall be in her own room. Hubert hastened to say

Decidedly thought Jeanne he sends me away A vague feeling of anaucty troubled her for a moment but was immediately dismissed

Seeing that Jeanne was leaving Madame Hubert went up to her quickly and seized her hands with an impulse of pity which did not escape the countess s observation. This time she felt something like fright but this feeling also she easily banished from a soul full of joy and hope. Nevertheless she would have liked to ask Madamo Hubert for an explanation of her pity. She optacd her mouth for that purpose but Hubert took her hand with more decision than politeness and led her to the door.

The countess found in the corridor eight archers waiting—she wondered for whom or for what. In advance of the archers was the turnkey who every evening conducted her to her chamber. He went on before Jeanne as if to show her the way.

"I am to return to my room?" asked the countess.

"Yes, Madame," replied the turnkey

Jeanne took hold of the iron rading and ascended the stairs, preceded by the min. Recoined, she suffered herself to be locked in her chamber, and even thinked the turnkey, who immediately withdrew

As soon as she was alone, Jernne began to give vent to the joy she had so long conceiled. Suddenly she heard steps in the conndor, the jingling of keys, a key in the lock of her door

"What now?" thought she, lifting her head and listening

The turnkey entered

- "What is it, Jean ?" asked Jeanne, in her gentle, careless tone
 - "Will Madame please to follow me?" and he.
 - "Whither ?"
 - "Downstans, Madame"
 - "Downstairs, what do you mean ?"
 - "To the office"
 - "For what, if you please?"
 - " Madamo "

Jeanne took a step toward him, as he hesitated, and then she saw, in the conidor, the archers whom she had noticed before "Come," she sud, with some agitation, "tell me why they summon me to the office"

- "Madame, Monsieur Doillot your counsel is there, and wishes to see you"
 - "At the office? Why not here?"
- "Madame, Monsieur Doillot has received letters from Versailles, which he wishes to communicate to you"

Jeanne failed to notice that this reply was no answer "Letters from Versailles!" she said to herself, "from the court! Has the queen, then, interceded for me? Is

it possible that — But why waste time in guessing when in two minutes I can know the truth? I hen, to be turnkey, "Wait for me a moment while I arrange my dress"

' I will wait, Madame, but I be, you to consider that Monsieur Doillot has but little time to spare"

Jeanne closed the door and in five minutes had completed her preparations in such easer histe was she to receive the expected order for her departure. She followed the turnkey downstairs in the extention of joyous anticipation, but instead of turning to the left toward the office, the turnkey turned toward a smill door at the right.

"Where are you soing, then? Janne asked "The

"Come, come, Madame, said the turnkey in a country manner, this is the way to the place where Monsi up Doillot is awaiting you." He passed through in advince drawing after him the pursoner who hear I the loop close, and bolts on the outside pushed noisily to their places. She was surprised, but seeing no one in the durliness haz arded no questions. She took two or three steps forward and stopped. By and of a faint hight penetrating an iron grating covered with spiders' webs and dust, she discovered that she was in a dungeon alone with her conductor.

'Monsieur she aid subduing her terror, 'why are we here? Where is Monsieur Doillot, to whom you were to conduct me?'

The turnley made no reply He turned around as if to see whether the door by which they had entered way see curely closed. Jeanne followed this movement with terror. The idea came to her that she had to do with one of those amorous juilers de cribid in the romances of the period who, when their prey is about to escape them, constitute

themselves tyrannic masters of the fair captive, and offer inherty in exchange for love

Jeanne was strong, and had no fear of being taken by surprise, nor was she encumbered by modesty. She approached the turnkey, smiling, and said, "My friend, what do you want? Have you something to say to me? The time of a prisoner within reach of liberty is precious. It is an ugly sort of rendezvous you have selected for your conversation with me."

The turnkey did not understand her, and made no reply He sat down and waited

"But," said Jeanne, "I ask you again, why are we here?" She began to think the man was crazy

"We are waiting for Monsieur Doillot," replied the turnkey.

Jeanne shook her head. "Monsieur has chosen budly his time and place for communicating to me the letters from Versailles. It is not possible that he should make me wait here. No, there is something else."

She had hardly spoken these words when a door, which she had not noticed, was opened in front of her Beyond this door was an obscure passage, and beyond that Jeanne caught a momentary glimpse of an open place througed with eager-looking men and women. Three men appeared at the door. Behind them Jeanne could see four bayonets. The three men entered the dungeon, and the door was closed.

Jeanne passed from surprise to surprise,—or rather, from antiety to terror. Her name was called before she had recovered heiself sufficiently to exclaim. He who called her name was the youngest of the three men. He was dressed in black, kept his hat on his head, and held in his hand a roll of papers. "You are, Madame," he said, "Jeanne de Saint-Remy de Valois, married to Marie Antoine Nicolas, Comte de La Motte?"

- "Yes, Monsieur
- "You were born at Tontette, July 22, 1756?
- "Yes, Monsieur
- 'You reside at Paris in the Rue Saint Claude?"
- "Yes, Monsieur, but why these questions?
- 'Madame I am sorry that you do not recognize me, I have the honor to be the clerk of the court'
 - ' I reconnize you
- "Then Madame I may perform the duty of my office, recognized by you

To what, if you please does your official duty call you?

'To read to you, Madame, the sentence pronounced against you by the court

Jeanne shuddered 'You are, she said Breton the clerk, but who are these two gentlemen with you?

The clerk was about to answer when the turnley moved by pity or by apprehension, rushed to him and whispered. Don't tell her!"

Jeanne heard him, and looked at the e two men more attentively Their aspect frightened her and she recoiled

The clerk went nearer to her, and said On your knees Madame if you please

On my knees! cried Jeanne — "on my knees! — I a Valois, on my l nees!

It is the order Madame ' said the clerk bowing

But, Monsieur one is obliged to I neel only af er be ing sentenced to a degrading punishment and banishment is not so regarded in the law of France

I have not told you, Madame that you were con demned to bunshment, said the clerk in a tone of sadness To what then am I condemned ? * cried Jeanne

"You will learn that by listening to the sentence, Ma dame and you will first if you please kneel down '

' Never' never!"

- "Madame, it is ordered that if the condemned refuses to kneel, force must be employed"
 - "Force! to a woman?"
- "A woman has no more right than a man to fail in respect to the king and the law."
- "And to the queen!" cired Jeanne, furiously, "for I recognize in this the hand of an angry woman"
- "You are wrong in accusing the queen, Madame She has nothing to do with the judgments of the court. Come, Madame, I entreat, spare us the necessity of violence On your knees!"
 - "Never! never! never!"

The clerk made a sign to the two men who had entered with him, who thereupon seized Jeanne, and diagged her to the middle of the dungeon in spite of her cires and shrieks

- "It is useless to cry out in this way," said the clerk, "no one outside can hear you, and you cannot hear me read the sentence"
- "Allow me to hear it standing, and I will listen in silence," said Jeanne, panting
- "Whenever a culput is to be whipped," said the clerk, "the punishment"
- "Whipped!" shrieked Jeanne, "whipped! Ah, you scoundiel, whipped!"

Her cries became so appalling that all the men, bewildered, thought only of meeting force by force, they threw themselves upon Jeanne, and forced her down. But she resisted victoriously, when they would place her in a kneeling posture, she made her muscles as stiff as steel, meanwhile inflicting serious wounds with her feet and hands. One of the men took hold of her feet, and held them as in a vice. Two others held her by the wrists, and all called on the clerk to read the sentence.

I will never allow a sentence to be read that condemn me to infamy cried Jeanne struggling with superhuman strength, and she uttred such cries and shrieks that she could not hear a word of what was read to her. When she thought he had finished she became silent, ind sought to recover strength for a renewal of the struggle.

'And, calmly continued the cleik the sentence is to be executed, as usual in the court yard of the Palace of Justice'

Publicly!' howled the unhappy woman Oh — Monsieur de Paris and the clerk to one of the men with him, I place this woman in your hands'

Who, then, is that man?" asked Jeanne in a last paroxysm of rape and terror

"The executioner, said the clerk, bowing and readjusting his rufiles

The two men took hold of Jeanne and lifted her up to arry her toward the pass of way which she had seen when the door was opened. It is inpossible to describe the resistance she made. That woman, who ordinarily would have fainted on receiving the slightest wound sustained for nearly an hour the harsh treatment and the blows of the executioner and his assitant. She was dragged to the outer door without ceasing for a moment of utter the most flightful cries.

Beyond this door was the court yard to which a crowd of two or three thousand spectators had been drawn by the erection of the scaffold. From every direction cares arose, 'Here she is! here she is! together with epithets not complimentary to the condemned and here and there remarks not very considerate of the judges. For Jeanne had calculated correctly, since her condemnation, fixing her attitude of hostility to the queen, a party had been formed in her favor.

But Monsieur de Ciosne had taken his precautions. The front lows were occupied by spectators who were devoted to those who paid the expenses of the spectacle. The anger against the queen had been utilized in her favor, the supporters of the cardinal hooted Jeanne, who had separated her cause from his—So that on her appearance there were loud cries of, "Down with La Motte!" down with the forger!"

Jeanne was almost at the end of her strength, but not at the end of her rage. In her clear, vibrating, metallic voice she launched a few words which, as if by enchantment, stilled the noisy murmurs. "Do you know who I am?" she said. "Do you know that I am of the blood of your kings? Do you know that in me they strike at, not a culprit, but a rival? not a rival only, but an accomplice?"

Here she was interrupted by the cries of persons in Monsieur de Crosne's employment. But she had awakened currosity, if not interest, and the currosity of a mob is a thirst that must be assuaged. The silence proved to Jeanne that they wished to hear more

"Yes," she repeated, "an accomplice! In me they punish one who knows the secrets of "

"Be careful!" whispered the clerk.

She turned around The executioner held a whip in his hand "Mercy! mercy!" she cried, in a heart-rending tone

The hootings of the crowd drowned her voice Jeanne clung to the executioner's knees, and succeeded in getting hold of his hand, but he raised the other hand, and let the whip fall gently on the countess's shoulders Strange to say, when she found that the executioner was sparing her, she rushed upon his assistant, and sought to overcome him, and throw herself from the scaffold But sud-

denly she sprang back. This man held in his hand a red hot iron which he had that moment withdrawn from a brazier. He raised this iron, and Jeanne started back with a wild cry. 'Branded! she exclaimed, — 'branded!

The mob replied by a terrible cry 'Yes' yes!

"Help! help!" cried Jeanne, beside herself, trying to break the cords with which they had bound n r hands

Meantime the executioner was tearing being unable to open the dress of the countess and while with a trem bling hand he parted the torn material he tried to seize the hot iron offered by his assistant. But Jeanne rushed upon the assistant maling him draw back for he did not dare to touch her, so that the executioner, unable to grasp the similar implement expected from the crowd some denunciation of him elf. The multitude exacted, and beginning to admire that vigorous defence manifested their impatience the confusion became threatening.

Make in end of it, cried a voice from the front ranks—an imperious voice which doubtless the executioner recognized, for by a mighty effort he threw Jeanne down, bending her nearly double and with his left hand inclining her head. She sprang up again more heated than the iron with which she was threatened and in a voice that rose above the tumult. Cowardly French men! 'she cried, 'you do not defend me! You suffer me to be tortured!

Be silent! said the clerk

Be silent! said the commissary

'Silent! Ah yes!' replied Jeanne "To what does silence bring me? Yes, I submit to the disgrace, it is my own fault

"Ah! ah!" cued the crowd, not understanding her meaning

"Be silent!" repeated the clerk

"Yes, my fault," said Jeanne, still struggling, "for if I had been willing to speak out"

"Be silent!" ioaied the clerk, the commissary, and the executioners.

"Had I been willing to tell all I know about the queen, well, I might have been hanged, but I should not have been dishonored"

She could say no more, for the commissary leaped upon the scaffold, followed by agents of the police who gagged the unhappy woman, and delivered her, palpitating, bruised, her face swollen, livid, bleeding, to the two exe-One of these again bent down his victim, at the same time seizing the non, which his assistant succeeded in handing to him But Jeanne, like a serpent, eluded his grasp, and springing up once more, she turned with frenzied excitement toward the executionei, and offered her bleast to him, defying him with her The fatal institument which was aimed at her shoulder struck her on the light breast, marking its smoking and consuming furiow in the living flesh, and wringing from the victim, gagged as she was, one of those moans which have no equivalent in sounds produced by the buman voice

Jeanne was vanquished by the pain and shame; she fainted The executioner took her on his shoulder, and with uncertain steps bose her down the ignominious ladder

The multitude, silent, either because they approved or because they were filled with consternation, did not withdraw until the doors of the prison were closed once more upon the victim. Then they slowly retired, and the place resumed its ordinary tranquillity.

At the end of the bridge two men, young and thoughtless, conversed as follows --

'Do you really believe, Maximilien, the total Madame de La Motte whom the executioner has branded?

'They say so, but I do not behave it," replied the taller of the two

"No, said the other, a small min of vulgar appear ance, 'it is not Vadame do La Motto whom they have branded to they have found a Mademosello Oliva as a way of escape for the queen so they have found a pretended Madame de La Motto to confess the forset; You will say that she was brande! — but a farce for which the executioner and the yettim were paid"

'It is a great deal to consent to be branded on the breast,' replied the taller speaker. The firee of which you speak cems to me not proved. You are more of a doctor than I, and you must have smelt the burning flesh.'

'A mere matter of monor, I tell you They have paid some one who was condemned to be branded --

'There, there, said he who had been called Maximilien,
'I will not follow you on that ground at is not solid

'But you yourself said just now that you did not believe it was Madame de La Motte who had been branded

"No, I still do not believe it," said the young man, smiling

'Who was it then?'

"It was the queen,' said the young man in a sharp tone to his sinister looking companion, and he accented the words with his indescribable smile

The other drew back, laughing explosively at the jest, then, looking around him Adieu Robespierre, he said

"Adieu, Marat, replied the other, and they separated.

CHAPTER LVIII

THE MARRIAGE

AT noon of the same day the king came forth from his cabinet, and took his way to the square salon, in which already was the queen, surrounded by her little court. Mane Antoinette, pale beneath her rouge, listened with forced attention to the questions regarding her health addressed to her by Madame de Lamballe and Monsieur de Calonne—But she often glanced furtively at the door, eagerly, as if desiring to see, and timorously, as if afraid to see

"The king!" cried one of the ushers.

Louis XVI stood on the threshold, and his eyes sought, first of all, Marie Antoinette. She rose and advanced to meet the king, who gracefully kissed her hand. "You are wonderfully beautiful to-day, Madame," said he.

She smiled sadly, and again searched vaguely among the throng

"The bridal party have not yet arrived?" asked the king.

"Sire," replied the queen, with a violent effort at self-control, "Monsieur de Charny is here, and waits in the confider till your Majesty shall order him to come in."

"Chainy is there?" cried the king "Let him come in at once"

Some of the gentlemen withdrew to carry the order to Monsieur de Charny. The queen nervously placed her

hand on her heart, and sat down with her back to the door
"Why at is need, saul the lung, 'the hands should

"Why, it is noon,' said the ling, 'the bide should be here'

Monsieur de Charny appeared at the door in time to hear the Ling's words, to which he immediately replied, 'Your Majesty will pardon the involuntary delay of Madeinosikle de Taverney Since her futher's death she has not left her bed To-day she rises for the first time, and she would have been here already but for a fainting fit by which she has been attacked?'

'That dear child loved her father so much! Well, since she has found a good husband, let us hope that she will be consoled"

The queen listened in a motionless attitude but the blood left her face to fill her heart.

'Monsieur de Breteuil said the l'ing suddenly, "have you sent the order for Cagliostro's builshment?'

'Yes Sire" replied the runister, with humility

"And that La Motte who calls herself Valois, — is she not to be branded to-day?"

"At this moment, Sire it is probably done"

The queen's eyes sparkled, a nurmur of forced approbation was heard in the salon

"It will amony Monsieur le Cardinal to know that his accomplice has been branded continued the king with a persistence in severity which was unusual with him Having uttered that word "accomplice applied to an accused person acquitted by the parliament, —a word that scourged the idol of the Parisins, and stignistized as a thief and a forger one of the princes of the Church, one of the first noblemen in France —the king as it in supporting the honor of his wife he would send a solemn defiance to the clergy, to the nobles, to the parliaments, to

the people, looked around with eyes in which flamed that anger and that majesty which no one had seen in Fiance since the eyes of Louis XIV had closed in eternal sleep.

Not a murmui, not a word of assent responded to that vengeance which the king was taking on all who had conspired to dishonor the monarchy. He approached the queen, who held out both her hands with an expression of profound gratitude

At this moment Mademoiselle de Taverney appeared, looking more like a ghost than a biide. Philippe held her by the hand—She advanced with quick steps, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, depending on her brother's guidance. Thus she approached the king—Philippe pressed her hand; she opened her eyes and saw Louis XVI smiling upon her. She made a reverence, and a murmur of the spectators applauded her beauty.

"Mademoiselle," said the king, taking her hand, "they tell me you are suffering, and that afflicts me But I must do what I can for the happiness of those who serve me as does Monsieur de Charny Should you not marry him to-day I could not be present at the ceremony, since I set out to-morrow with the queen on a journey through France. Come with me to the queen, Mademoiselle, and thank her, for her Majesty has a strong affection for you" Thus speaking, he led Andrée to Marie Antoinette

The queen, much agitated, could hardly raise her eyes; she saw only Andiée's marriage-robe

"To the chapel, gentlemen," said the king, and all followed the king and queen

The Mass was begun immediately. The queen listened with her head buried in her hands, and praying with all the strength of her soul

Monsieur de Charny, pale and handsome, was as cool

and brave as in the midst of battle, but was suffering much

Philippo give all his attention to his si ter trembling and tottering and was ready to support her by word and gesture

Andrea uttered no prayer, she formed no wishes She had nothing to hope nothing to fear Henceforth she was nothing in the eyes of men nothing to God Chri tian I she asked her elf 'Am I like other persons ? Hast thou appointed me to a nahteous life - thou, who art called the sovereign Arbiter? Thou has always pun ished me, who have never sinned. Thou hast provided that I should have for a mortal enemy the only man whom I have loved 1 No, the things of this world and the laws of God do not concern me, doubtless I was cursed before my birth It is very stringe. Here is a man the sound of whose name alone would make me die of happiness Had be come to ask me for my elf I should have been obliged to I neel at his feet and b a his pardon for my fault of other days - for thy fault, my (ol, and he perhaps would have repulsed me and now this man marries me, and it is he who will be for pardon on his l nees It is stringe strange indeed

The ceremony concluded the assembled party congratuated the newly married couple. The Admiral do Suffren on the return from the chapel, took Andrees hand and in Oliviers name promised her the happiness she so much deserved. Andree thankes the admiral and becomed him to conduct her to the king that she might thank him.

Charny followed at a distance without during to approach her

The admiral crossed the grand salon and conducted Andree to the kine, who bissed her on the forehead and

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said, "Madame la Comtesse, go to the queen, she has a nuptial present for you"

Having spoken these words, which seemed to him very gracious, the king withdrew, followed by the court, leaving the young bride despairing in Philippe's aims.

- "Oh," she murmured, "it is too much! It is too much, Philippe! I thought that I had already endured enough"
- "Courage!" said Philippe, in a low tone "Only this one trial more, sister."
- "No, no," said Andrée, "I cannot If she speaks to me, if she congratulates me, I shall die"
- "You will die if you must, my dear sister, and in that you will be happier than I"

Philippe uttered these words so sadly that Andrée, as if stimulated by a goad, rushed forward and entered the library, where the queen, notwithstanding the season, for it was the month of June, was sitting by a fire

Andrée remained standing, trembling with anger and with weakness too, and waited for the word which should strike her to the heart

A minute a century elapsed before the queen made any motion. Then she rose, leaning on the chair, and with trembling fingers took a paper from the table. She advanced toward Andrée, and without speaking, placed the paper in her hands

Between these two hearts speech was superfluous Andrée took the paper, and read it It was as follows

Andrée, you have saved me My honor is preserved by you, my lite is yours In the name of that honor, which costs you so much, I declare to you that you may call me your sister. Try me, you will not see me blush I intiust you with this paper,—it is the pledge of my gratitude, it is the dowly

which I give you Nour heart is noble at will be able to appreciate the present I beston on you

MARIE ANTOINETTE DE LORRAINE D'AUTRICHE

Andre looked at the queen. She saw her eyes mois tened with tears, as with drooping head she awiled a response. She slowly crossed the room placed in the fire the queen's note and bowing profoundly but still without speaking she passed out of the library. Were Antomette in the a movement to stop her to follow her, but the inflictible countess, leaving the door open went to right her brother in the salon.

Philippo called Charny tool his hand and placed it in that of Andree while on the threshold of the library behind the portions which she held aside with her arm, the queen witnessed the mainful scene

Charny withdrow ld o the brile room of Death curried off by his hird bride — looking brick it the pile fice of Mario Antoinette, who, as she thought saw him disappear in freeer

At the gate of the prince two triveling curringes were within Andrea get into the first and as Charny prepared to follow here then tear is he said you are, I believe setting out for Pleardy"

Yes, Madame

And I am 50mg to the place in the country where my mother duel Adicu Charny bowed without replying Andree departed alone

Have you remained to tell me that you are my enemy?' said Ohiver to Philippe

No Monsicur you are not my enemy since you are my brother in law

Olivier offered his hand got into the second carriage and departed

Philippe left alone wring his hands in the acony of

despan, and said in a voice choked by emotion, "My God, for those who do then duty on the earth, dost thou reserve some little joy in heaven? Joy!" he exclaimed, looking once more toward the pilice, "I speak of joy! Those only can look with hope to the future lite who there will meet with hearts who love them. No one here below loves me, I have not even the happiness of wishing to die."

Thereupon he cast his eyes aloft, without bitterness, but with the mild reproach of a Christian soul whose faith is wavering, and disappeared, as Chainy had done and Andrée, amid the first blists of a storm which was to uproot a throne, and involve in its ruin so many worldly honors and so many human passions

THE END

